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THE

WANDERER.

BY

JAMES A. MAITLAND.

AUTHOR OF "THE WATCHMAN," "THE OLD DOCTOR," "THE LAWYER'S STORY," ETC., ETC.

"Trudging along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistling as he went, for want of thought."

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PREFACE.

THE title of the following story, in a great measure explains itself: therefore but few words will be necessary by way of preface. "The fewer the better," I fancy I hear the reader exclaim, for I believe there is truth in the assertion, that few persons read a preface, and the few who do read it think it a bore; but it has, like many other disagreeable things, become a necessary evil.

I shall therefore merely observe, that in tracing the career, not only of the hero of my story, but that of every character that figures therein, I have fixed my thoughts on a living model, and have followed the original as closely as it has been possible for me to follow it, and at the same time weave from a mass of facts a continuous story, and develop a pre-arranged plot.

My story is no less fact, because it has assumed the form of fiction. Readers now-a-days look into fiction for fact. Now-a-days, do I say! Ought I not rather to say, that fiction has always been employed to exemplify fact! The story-teller of ancient times always sought—and the present story-tellers of

Eastern climes still seek—to point a moral, while relating their fantastic and gorgeous fictions; and the novelist of the present day is but the story-teller of by-gone years, habited in a coat of modern cut, to suit the altered taste, and the progress of the times.

Although I have not written an autobiography, I have pictured in the career of my hero the early history of his life; and in depicting every character in the book, I have portrayed the peculiar characteristics of each as faithfully as it has been in my power so to do.

My story has a moral, too: but what it is I shall leave the reader to discover. I shall not resort to the practice of the ancient painters, who wrote under their pictures, "This is a horse;" or, "This is a cow;" as the case might be, in order to prevent misconception. If the reader be unable to discern my moral, I confess that I shall have failed in my purpose; but I trust that such will not be the case, or at least I hope, should things turn out so unfortunately, he will find a moral in my story of his own making, which if it be a good one, will answer the purpose equally as well, and perhaps be more to his satisfaction.

At all events, I have written with an honest purpose, and I trust have chosen an acceptable theme. It has been said, that the history of any person's life, would, if truthfully written, be of interest to the reader; but in my opinion, the mere every-day adventure of many persons' lives, would be very humdrum

sort of reading. Still I believe, if the motive-springs could be disclosed, and the secret feelings be brought to light, which have urged to action at various important epochs of existence, the experience of the humblest and simplest would prove of the deepest and most engrossing interest. I am aware, that in striving to effect this, I have imposed upon myself a difficult task. I cannot hope that I have perfectly succeeded; yet, I trust, since I have adhered as closely as possible to truth, that I have not altogether failed in my endeavor, and I please myself with the fancy, that my story will at least strike some tuneful chord in the hearts of my readers, many of whom I hope will be old acquaintances, though we may never have met each other face to face. And if through this story, I should again enjoy with these an hour's mental communion, even if I do not succeed in my more ambitious aim, I shall feel that I have not written altogether in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE WANDERER.

CHAPTER I

In which the hero of the story is introduced to the reader, not in the most dignified manner, but after the fashion in which most heroes make their earliest appearance on this world's stage.

It was the 22d day of February, 18—; the guns were firing a salute from the Battery, which was shortly afterwards returned from the broadside of a man-of-war which lay at anchor in the stream, with the stars and stripes bravely flaunting in the wind from her mizzengaff end, while a pop-gun sort of cross-fire was kept up from the guns of several other vessels in the harbor. The streets were lively with the gay uniforms of the militia, the volunteer companies, and the members of the various civic societies, and the air was filled with music from the bands attached to each company that formed the brilliant procession. Out of doors all was joyousness and gaiety in the city, and within doors, too, many kept holiday in honor of the great day of national rejoicing: but to the poverty-stricken, the sick and suffering, the sounds of revelry without, afforded no delight, and those who wept o'er sorrows all their own, heeded little the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

Stretched on a bed, in a small and scantily furnished, but sufficiently commodious chamber on the second story of a tenement dwelling house, situated on one of the streets leading out of Broadway in the direction of the Hudson River, lay a young woman in a condition of pain and suffering, apparently

obtaining little relief from the rather over assiduous attentions of a nurse who had evidently been endeavoring to brace her nerves for some great coming occasion, by imbibing certain spirituous tonics, and who had, like many other over zealous folks, rather over-done the thing.

To her repeated inquiries of the sufferer, whether she lay comfortably in bed, the young woman made no other reply than to beg to be left to rest quietly, and a look of pain and supplication was all that the nurse received in return for her too frequent re-arrangement of the pillows and bed clothes; but finding expostulations and silent and imploring appeals equally fruitless, the young woman at length resigned herself with all the patience she could to the tormenting assiduity of her attendant. Only now and then when the door of the chamber was softly opened and the pale, anxious face of a gentleman appeared, did she make sign or motion; but on these occasions she turned her eyes towards the door and with a faint, wan smile, sought to give the consolation he seemed to need. An hour passed away, and the nurse wearied and vexed at the repeated appearance of the gentleman at the door, at length asserted her prerogative, and telling him, in no very gentle tone of voice, that the lady was doing well and was quite comfortable, and that if the poor dear became worse, she would let him know, without giving him the trouble to come to the door and make such a disturbance, (although, to tell the truth, the disturbance consisted solely in his appearance in, for the time being, the nurse's particular domain) the irate old lady closed the door in his face, and then with an air of triumph turned the key in the lock, muttering to herself the while various bitter anathemas against the impertinent curiosity of the male sex in general, husbands as a class, and young hus bands in particular, on such occasions as these.

The gentleman quietly submitted, as gentlemen on such occasions are wont to do, however imperious they may be at other times, and in fact, the sentence of banishment was not a

very severe one, since he had but to remain in an adjoining apartment out of which the door leading to the bedroom directly opened, and from which retirement he could distinctly hear, if he strove to do so, all that passed in the next room, and if called for could be on the spot in a moment.

He sat himself down before a writing desk in the room, on which lay a number of narrow slips of paper partly written over, and taking a pen in his hand wrote rapidly for some moments. Soon, however, the flow of his ideas seemed to have met with some obstruction. He ceased writing and sat apparently absorbed in thought; but in reality listening anxiously to discover the occasion of the slightest motion made in the adjoining room. He essayed to write again, but vainly, and throwing aside his pen in despair, he took from the floor one of a file of newspapers, and glanced hastily up and down the columns. With a pair of scissors he clipped out one or two paragraphs which attracted his attention, and laid them carefully aside; but even in this occupation on this particular day he appeared to fail. Newspaper after newspaper was taken up and glanced over, and yet the scissoring progressed very slowly until at last he gave it up in despair. He cast the last newspaper aside, pushing away the crumpled heap which lay at his feet, threw down the useless scissors beside the useless pen, and leaning his head on his hand, sat in silence and seeming abstraction, from which state, however, he was shortly aroused by the sound of a quick footstep on the stairs. He started up and at the same moment his room door was opened, and a gentleman made his appearance.

"How do you do, Mr. Dalton?" said the new comer, and, without waiting for a reply, he added, "how is Mrs. Dalton getting on?"—at the same time walking to the door which led into the bedroom, and tapping gently.

His tapping was unheeded, and he repeated it somewhat louder.

"It aint o'no use," now responded a querulous voice through

the keyhole, "you can't come in, not if you knock the skin off your knuckles, and you shan't—that's flat. Nobody shan't come in until the doctor comes—and it's time he was here if he know'd how to 'tend to his bis'ness."

"Silence, you stupid woman!" replied the doctor. "It is I—Doctor Sinclair. Open the door directly."

The key was turned, and amidst the muttered apologies of the grim duenna, the doctor entered.

Mr. Dalton was about to follow, but with a malicious grin the old dame closed the door in his face, and the poor gentleman returned crestfallen to his solitary writing desk.

In a few minutes Doctor Sinclair reappeared from the bedroom, and anticipating the anxious inquiry Mr. Dalton was about to make, he said—

"I am glad to inform you, Mr. Dalton, that your wife appears to be progressing most favorably. I should like to wait here a short time, if you will allow me, and, excuse me, but perhaps you had better retire into another apartment for the present. You know in case of necessity—not that I apprehend there is the slightest reason to anticipate any difficulty—you can be sent for immediately."

Poor Mr. Dalton! first turned out of his own room by a crusty nurse, and then politely requested to resign his private sitting room to the doctor. Independently of his natural anxiety, he was placed in a quandary. He had, in fact, no other apartment of his own to retire to, unless he took refuge in the kitchen, or in an attic room occupied as a sleeping apartment by his only servant maid.

A sudden thought struck him. He had been greatly comforted by the doctor's cheerful tone of voice when speaking of his wife, and he said:—

"Since you think there is no danger to be apprehended—no immediate——"

"None at all, my dear sir," interrupted the doctor—"I do not perceive that there is the least cause for anxiety; though,"

he added, smiling archly as he spoke, "there is always anxiety on the part of the husband in such cases."

"Well, then," continued Mr. Dalton, "I will run round to the *Trumpeter of Freedom* office, and leave some copy. The printers, I fear, will be waiting. I should have been there two hours ago to read proof. It is but a few blocks distant from the next street, you know; I shall be back again in an hour, and if before that time anything should occur—if I should be wanted, why—of course——"

"Of course you shall be sent for immediately," again interrupted the doctor. "But give yourself no alarm. I have no doubt every thing will progress favorably, and I trust that happy news will await you on your return."

Mr. Dalton grasped the doctor's hand and shook it with a vehemence that astonished tnat worthy gentleman. (It appeared as if he anticipated the happy news the doctor had alluded to and was tendering his gratitude beforehand;) and then seizing a roll of manuscript he left the room, turning about, however, before he closed the door, and repeating:—

"Of course, in case——"

"In case your presence is required you shall be sent for im mediately," interrupted the doctor, stepping to the door, and closing it himself—and Mr. Dalton, in a state of high nervous excitement descended to the street and hastened to the newspaper office.

Mr. Dalton had been absent an hour, during which period the doctor had divided his attention between the sitting room and the bed chamber. It was considerably past the hour of noon, and the last salvo of artillery had been fired from the Battery; the echoes of the pacific cannonade still resounded in the air, and Mr. Dalton, who had, sorely against his will, been detained longer than he had been expected, was still engaged in proof-reading at the newspaper office, and mentally and most unpatriotically anathematizing the noise and confusion in the street when a feeble cry might have been heard in the sitting room, proceeding from

the bedroom from which he had been so unceremoniously ejected, if any one had been in the sitting room to hear it. The lady of the house had been sent for a quarter of an hour before, and had made her appearance, accompanied by a lady lodger who chanced to be in conversation with her in the parlor when the messenger arrived; both these ladies, with the nurse and the doctor, were now in the bedroom, and Mr. Dalton was the father of a fine healthy male child.

The grateful intelligence was made known to him by the servant girl, who had been sent to his office by Dr. Sinclair immediately after the occurrence of the auspicious event, and he hastened home as soon as he heard it.

Loud and many were the congratulations poured into the delighted father's ears by the ladies in attendance, and again he shook hands with the doctor, murmuring the while various incoherent expressions of gratitude, and commendations of the doctor's skill. After a short time he was allowed to visit the sick chamber, and to imprint upon the pale cheek of his young wife the joint husband and father's first kiss, and to take an admiring look at the pledge of their mutual love; but the doctor soon begged him to retire, as the lady needed rest—and he unwillingly returned to the newspaper office, there to waste the hours till midnight, as was his daily obligation; his weary labors only, on this special occasion, relieved by two or three brief visits to his home, to satisfy himself that all was going on well.

Having thus introduced my hero to my readers in the person of the newly born babe, I shall leave him for the present, while I, according to precedent established in such cases, give some account of his parentage and trace back his ancestry as far as is necessary to the proper development of my story.

The infantile period of the most interesting hero's life, unless he chance to be born King of Rome, or Algiers, or heir to some great estate, can possess nothing of interest worth recording beyond the pale of the family circle—that circle, in most

instances, narrowed to the fond father and mother alone therefore, I shall allow some years to pass over the hero's head before I again introduce him in *propria personæ* to my readers.

I may state, however, that the fact of his being born on the anniversary of the birthday of the immortal Washington, afforded much food for gossip among the sisterhood of the boarding house in which he drew his first breath. The landlady of the house thought it decidedly a good omen, and prophesied all manner of good luck in consequence; but she was in the minority, the other two lady boarders who, with the family of Mr. Dalton, comprised the whole number of lodgers in Mrs. Hammond's select boarding house, thought differently. They professed to believe that ill-fortune always befals the unhappy infant who chances to be born on the 22d of February, on the ground that it is a sort of presumption on the part of any child to come into the world on a day that has been rendered sacred by the birth of the Father of his Country; and being both elderly ladies, who had had a great deal of experience in the world, and who had not, in their own opinion, been lacking in observation, they brought several cases in point to bear against the landlady, who, however, stoutly persisted in her own opinion.

This gossip, of course, was carried on in the parlor, over a glass of mulled wine that was brewed in honor of the occasion by the landlady, and out of the hearing of the young mother, who, while these speculations respecting the future prospects of her first born were being made, was soundly sleeping to the droning music of the nurse, who, wearied with anxious watching and her drowsiness increased by her potations, was snoring in a rocking chair by the bedside.

Whether the prognostications of the hopeful landlady, or those of her lady boarders proved correct, will be learnt by the reader who traces the career of my hero through the following pages.

CHAPTER II.

Strangers in a Strange Land, without a European Reputation.

About thirty or thirty-five years ago, there arrived one day an emigrant ship at the port of New York. At the present period the arrival of an emigrant ship is a matter of every-day occurrence, and even at the distant period of which I write, it was not an event of such rarity as to call forth any extraordinary curiosity, for the tide of emigration from the Old World had many years before set Westward, and although it had been temporarily checked by the war of 1812–14, the return of peace had given to it an unwonted activity. Consequently, though there might have been a few more curious lookers-on than are found in the event of a similar arrival now a days, the matter was regarded with no very great interest by the citizens generally.

There was the customary hurry and bustle on the pier; the customary quarrelsome vociferation among carters and porters and the customary endeavors to practice knavish tricks upon the unwary passengers by emigrant runners, boarding house, keepers, *et id genus omne;* and by-and-by the strangers were scattered in every direction hither and thither throughout the city, seeking rest and refreshment after their long sea voyage; some were dreaming hopeful dreams which were never destined to be realized; some were again mingling in the flights of their sleeping fancy with the loved ones they had left behind them, and a happy few were hatching plans to secure the favors of

fortune in their newly adopted country, which were destined to succeed to a degree beyond even their own sanguine expectations.

The next morning the ship lay alongside the pier, deserted by all her late living freight except the crew.

Among the passengers that had arrived in the city of New York on board this emigrant ship, were a young Englishman named Charles Dalton and his still more youthful wife, whom he had wedded only six months before he sailed from England.

This young couple had engaged a steerage passage, from motives of necessary economy; but it was evident from their appearance that they belonged to a more cultivated class of society than usually composes the steerage passengers of an emigrant vessel.

On landing in New York they took lodgings in a comfortable but economical hotel, and after chatting awhile before a cheerful fire about the friends they had left at home, and over their future prospects in the United States, they retired to rest.

Mr. Dalton left England with a very scanty supply of ready money and a very large stock of hope. In fact, he felt assured of success, although he had scarcely given a serious thought in regard to the method by which success was to be achieved; but he firmly believed that before his slender funds were exhausted, he would be able, in the young and energetic land of his adoption, to discover some stepping stone by the aid of which he might secure a favorable position on the ladder of fortune.

If he had thought at all upon the subject of his future exertions it is probable that he mainly depended upon his expectations of obtaining literary employment. He had received a liberal education, and had been thought by his friends to possess more than mediocre talent; but he had been taught no trade nor profession, and his hopes of literary advancement in America were simply founded on the strength of several literary compositions of his writing having found their way into the newspapers of his own country.

Like many others, he had quitted the Old World impressed with the belief that the services of a man of education would be eagerly sought after and liberally remunerated in the New World, and that so far from finding himself under the necessity of seeking employment, he would be requested to choose from a multiplicity of offers the situation that best pleased his fancy, and like many others, he was doomed to find himself most wofully mistaken in his notions.

He spent the first few weeks after his arrival at New York in looking about him; in endeavoring to make himself familiar with the manners and customs of the people, and in writing letters to his friends in England; but he was somewhat disappointed when, at the expiration of this period, he found that he had had no offer of employment.

But a little reflection reassured him; for how was it possible, he thought, that any body could make his acquaintance or become cognizant of his capabilities unless he first introduced himself to them.

By this time the small supply of money he had brought with him from England had become alarmingly reduced, and he felt that it was really time that he was doing something to replenish his purse—so, after due consultation with his wife, he resolved to make application at some of the newspaper offices, and by this means procure employment.

It was Saturday afternoon when he made this determination, and on the following Monday morning he sallied forth in high spirits to make the first application for employment that he had ever found it necessary to make. As he left his room at the hotel, he kissed his young wife, and playfully remarked that in future she would have to make much of him when at home, for he intended to work hard when he once commenced.

Alas! poor Charles Dalton; he soon discovered, as many others have discovered before and since, that the loftier a man's aspirations the lesser his prospects of success. Before he returned to his hotel that night, his high blown hopes had proved to

be mere empty bubbles, which had collapsed and wasted into thin air with the shock of the first collision they met with.

Newspaper office after newspaper office was visited in vain. Every where, with few exceptions, he was courteously received and his proffers of service patiently listened to, and then quietly and courteously declined.

The newspapers of New York of that period did not employ the host of editors and the large corps of reporters attached to every influential journal now, and he discovered to his surprise and regret that every journal was fully supplied with all the literary assistance it needed.

Some few of the editors, however, to whom he applied questioned him as to his ability, and his acquaintance with the routine of newspaper labor.

"Ah! you are recently from London," said one gentleman, after having listened to his story. "What journals have you been engaged upon there, and in what special department were you employed?"

"I have never had any regular engagement with any," was the young man's reply.

"Ah! I see. You have been engaged as an occasional reporter. Do you write short hand?"

Charles Dalton honestly confessed that he knew nothing of stenography, and in fact had never reported a speech or a trial in his life.

"You have been simply a literary man; perhaps a reviewer? We scarcely require the services of such a gentleman here just now."

The young man was fain to confess that he had been in no way connected with any journal either as editor, reporter or occasional correspondent. "I have, to amuse myself, sometimes written articles for the newspapers and magazines," he said, "but I sent them to the editors anonymously, and never received or sought for remuneration. Circumstances, unforeseen, have compelled me to look for support to my own exer-

tions, and I resolved to visit the United States in the hope and belief that a wider field was open here to the educated and industrious than in England."

The gentleman with whom he had been conversing was a kind-hearted man, and he regarded the youth, for Charles Dalton was only twenty-two years of age, with sympathy, as he replied :—

"I fear, young gentleman, that you will find your hopes disappointed. As you truly observe, there is a wide field open here to the energies of the educated and industrious; but unless you have a practical acquaintance with some useful trade or profession, education will avail you but little. If you were a printer, now—we are in no particular need of hands—but I would give you a job until you could find some employment better suited to your views. This is a large city and a vast amount of business is daily transacted within its limits, yet there are always to be found in the city more laborers in every department of industry than there is work for them to do. The city is especially overstocked with persons like yourself, accustomed to and fitted only for educated labor. The country is the place where strangers should seek for employment; there they will find it in abundance; but you are scarcely adapted for a country life, yet unless you possess remarkable talent and have some extraordinary opportunity afforded you to bring it into notice, you can scarcely hope for literary success, even after years of struggling, and patient endurance of poverty and its attendant evils.

"I should advise you—I speak plainly, because I wish to serve you—to lay aside your literary tastes, and go into the fields. As a farmer your education will still be of service, and common industry will always supply you with the necessaries of life; with the aid of perseverance you cannot fail, in the course of time, to become independent.

"I tell you honestly, young man, were I as young as you, and had my time to go over again, I would shun the city as I would

a pest house and betake myself to the fields, and become that most independent class of all men—an American farmer.

"If, however, you feel unable to cast aside the habits of your past life, you may perhaps succeed with the magazine publishers or the booksellers; but, take notice, I give you little encouragement. You can, however, if you think proper, write a short article that will afford some proof of your capabilities, and I will then direct you to a friend of mine, a magazine publisher; you can talk the matter over with him, and perhaps you may come to some terms; but again I warn you—the chance in your favor is but small."

Charles Dalton thanked the friendly editor, and left the office. He returned to the hotel depressed in spirits and weary with his travel through the streets, for he had during the day called at every newspaper office in the city, and his imperfect acquaintance with the localities had led him to traverse many a needless distance and often to retrace his steps.

Mrs. Dalton met her husband at the door of the sitting room they occupied in the hotel. She had heard and recognized his footsteps in the passage, and full of hope and confidence in her husband's talents, she had anticipated his joyful return.

The first glance that she cast at his face, however, satisfied her that he had met with disappointment. She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. He affectionately returned the caress, and threw himself on the sofa without speaking. His wife seated herself by his side.

"You have been unsuccessful, dear Charles," she said. "I see disappointment in your face. Is it not so?"

"It is, Mary," he despondingly replied. "Nor do I perceive the faintest hope of success. I have been grievously misled. Such as I have no business in this country."

"Do not be discouraged, Charles, with the ill-success of one day's endeavor," said Mrs. Dalton. "Think no more about it to-night; perhaps to-morrow you may be more successful."

"I fear not, Mary, and yet something must be done, and

that speedily. You know as well as I, dear, that our funds will not support us much longer."

The subject was talked over earnestly during the evening. Charles knew that his previous habits had utterly unfitted him for manual labor, and he shuddered at the thought of the privations to which his young and delicately nurtured wife would be subjected if he were compelled to remove with her into the country, and depend for subsistence upon farm labor.

Mrs. Dalton's affection for her husband caused her to treat the matter lightly, and in the hope of cheering him and restoring his spirits to their customary buoyancy, she expressed her willingness to go at once to the country; but Charles would not listen to her, and he finally resolved, notwithstanding the faint hopes held out to him by the friendly editor, to try if he could not succeed in obtaining an engagement with more publishers.

He closely calculated his expenses for three weeks longer and thought that by observing the strictest economy, he had sufficient money left to support himself and his wife during that period, and satisfied of this he resolved at once to go to work and write a series of short articles suitable for a magazine or perhaps for a small book or nouvellette—and when he had completed his task to call again upon the friendly editor and solicit his assistance in obtaining the promised introduction to a publisher.

He labored intensely, working early and late, and at the termination of the three weeks he had completed a series of papers sufficient to fill a moderately sized volume. He had some doubts as to their quality; but in his wife's partial opinion they were the most delightful sketches she had ever read.

She had assisted him from time to time, in copying now and then a blotted sheet and in looking out passages in his books of reference, and in arranging the sheets of manuscript and stitching them together, and at length, with a beating heart, he again set forth to visit the editor.

He was kindly received by that gentleman, and after a few

words of explanation the young man offered the editor his manuscript for inspection, begging him to read a few pages here and there, and requesting his candid opinion regarding it.

The editor carefully read a few pages in different parts of the stitched manuscript, without speaking a word. At length returning it to the young man, he said:

"You have asked my candid opinion—and I will not flatter you; at the same time you are aware that my opinion is simply that of one individual; others may differ widely from me. Some of your articles appear to be very well written; but there are marks of haste, and evidence, occasionally, to show that you have not been accustomed to write for the press; but your style is scholar-like, and your ideas are clearly expressed in simple and elegant language. There is much room for that improvement which practice will bring. Altogether your specimens are at least equal to the majority of those which appear in the magazines and reviews of the day. I will give you a letter to the gentleman of whom I spoke the other day, he perhaps may publish your manuscript for you, or advise you what to do with it, but I cannot conscientiously give you much encouragement. However, there is nothing like trying; a man that perseveres generally succeeds in the end, and I heartily wish you success."

The promised letter was written and handed to the young man, and wishing the editor good day, he wended his doubtful way to the publisher's office.

It was situated at a considerable distance from the newspaper office, and Charles Dalton consequently had ample time to collect his thoughts and calm down the nervous excitement which he felt creeping over him; but his efforts were in vain. His nervousness increased as he neared the place where his hopes were to be realized, or the labors of the past three weeks rendered worthless and himself and his wife thrown upon the world to starve—for one dollar was all that remained in his pocket. He rarely tasted spirits, but he felt so faint, so much

in need of some stimulant, that for the first time since he had been in New York he entered a public house, and called for a glass of brandy, changing his last dollar to pay for it.

He drank it hastily and pursued his way; at length he arrived at the office he was in search of. It was a dreary looking place, occupying the first floor of a dingy looking building, the lower portion of which was occupied by a dealer in hardware, and the publisher's office was reached by ascending a dirty ladder-like flight of steps, on one side of the store. It was a very different place outside as well as inside from the well-built, commodious, handsomely fitted up houses occupied by the publishers of the present day; but it must be recollected that publishing was carried on in a very different style thirty years ago, from what it is now.

"Is Mr. Jenkins within?" asked Charles Dalton after he had entered the office, of a young man attired in a threadbare suit of clothing, that had once been black but had assumed a tawny reddish hue with age and dust.

The young man looked from behind a heap of old books which he had taken down from a shelf to arrange—and briefly replying in the affirmative, pointed towards a stout red-faced elderly gentleman, wearing spectacles, who was busy in examining a ledger, at a desk at the further end of the room.

Charles Dalton walked up to the gentleman to whom he was directed.

"Your name, sir, is Jenkins?" he said, as he drew near.

"Yes sir, that is my name," was the reply, and the publisher looked at the young man beneath his spectacles which he had pushed up on his forehead on being spoken to, with an expression which seemed to ask the question, "and what is your especial business with me?"

"I have called," replied Charles, in reply to this mute interrogatory, "at the instance of Mr. S—, of the New York —, I have brought a letter of introduction from him,"—and the young man handed the letter to the publisher, who immediately opened it and read the contents.

"I have a very great respect for Mr. S——," said the publisher, after he had read the letter, again pushing his spectacles up on his forehead and addressing the young man. "He informs me that you wish to show me some manuscript—Have you it with you?"

"It is here sir," said Charles, handing the manuscript to the publisher.

"A great deal of it; a vast amount of manuscript here, sir," continued the publisher, turning the pages over, and glancing at the numbers at the head of each sheet. "Three hundred and twenty-five folios. My good Sir—ah! excuse me; pray take a seat. I observe you are standing—I was about to remark that if I were inclined to publish it—mark me—if I found after due examination that it were suitable matter—I don't say that I can publish it until I examine it—you understand that: but if I were to do so, there is sufficient manuscript here to occupy all the space I could spare in my magazine for the next twelve months."

Charles trembled with nervous excitement as he replied:—

"I know, sir, that there is more matter than space could be conveniently found for in a magazine even in several months, but I thought—that is, I was led to hope that you might feel inclined to publish it in book form;—that is, if you found it satisfactory after perusal."

"In book form, young gentleman!" exclaimed the publisher, actually starting from his seat with astonishment at the presumption of the supposition. "Why, Sir, allow me to ask the question, 'Have you a European reputation?'

"I am an Englishman by birth," replied Charles. "But unfortunately I have no European reputation as a literary man. You will readily perceive, Sir, that I am too young to have yet been able to acquire such a reputation, even had I made it my ambition!"

"Ah! of course—I see. But, really, young gentleman, you quite startled me with your proposition. Why, Sir, it would

be a perfectly ruinous speculation on my part were I to attempt such a thing. Who would read the work after it was published; or what comes more directly to the point, who would buy it, Sir?"

"I really cannot undertake to say," replied Charles, gaining courage from very despair. "But I had no idea it was necessary to the sale of a book here, that the author should enjoy a European reputation."

"It is necessary, Sir, absolutely necessary; and even then I could not undertake to pay a copyright for the work. You see the way we manage is, to reprint the books after they have been published on the other side of the Atlantic and have attracted notice there. Still, if, as I have observed, you *had* a European reputation, I might be induced in consideration for my friend, Mr. S., to give the manuscript more attention."

"Surely, Sir," said Charles, "America is capable of supporting a literature of her own? You have men of talent in all other professions in this country. Surely the literary profession is not altogether ignored? Even in light literature, such as I have ventured to try my humble skill upon. I think I have heard of Charles Brockden Brown?

"Brockden Brown? ah, yes—a tolerably clever writer he was; but his novels never sold much here. Somehow or other he managed to gain attention abroad and he did rather better, but he never did much, Sir, he never did much."

"I have heard him highly spoken of," replied Charles, "though I happen never to have seen any of his works."

"Yes, yes, he has been pretty highly spoken of," returned the publisher, "but still, Sir, his books don't sell like the books of the Minerva press class, Sir. Our people's taste runs that way just now, and publishers, you know, like other people, must look to the main chances."

"I have heard also," continued Charles, "of a humorous work entitled the 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,' which gained much credit for its author in this, his own country, and which has been read with great delight in England."

"Ah, yes, the Knickerbocker—a humorous thing, written by a young man—what *is* his name, now? It slips my memory—ah, by one Washington Irving. Knickerbocker's History of New York was well enough as a mere piece of humorous writing; but it had but a brief existence, Sir. It has had its day, and I venture to predict will not be heard of five years hence. The author is now in England and he has published there another work called the Sketch Book; but he might as well spare his pains. It is not at all probable he will ever achieve a European reputation."

"Then you positively cannot publish my manuscript?" said Charles, in a tone rendered firm by desperation.

"I really cannot entertain the thought; at least not as a book. Although since you have been recommended to me by my good friend Mr. S., perhaps I might make use of portions of it occasionally in my magazine."

"A drowning man will catch at a straw," says the old adage Charles in his despair caught at this suggestion. He could hope but for little remuneration for the short articles which might occasionally appear in a magazine; but he eagerly asked on what terms Mr. Jenkins would accept his shorter articles for the magazine.

"Why," replied the publisher, "as to terms, I could'nt pay anything at present, you perceive, till I see how your matter takes with the public. By and by, if it suited, I might give a trifle, and perhaps increase the price as we become better acquainted; but, to tell the truth, literary matter is a drug in the market—a mere drug, Sir. There are so many young ladies of a literary turn of mind, Sir; sweet, amiable, accomplished creatures, who write for my magazine, to which they all subscribe, and who consider themselves sufficiently repaid by seeing their compositions in print, that I should really be doing very wrong to myself and my family if I were to pay *anything*. If, however, you would like to read one of your

articles in print, to oblige my friend Mr. S., I will stretch a point, although my magazine matter for the next month is nearly up, and insert one of your articles, leaving the choice of the subject to you."

"What do you offer for the article?" eagerly demanded the young man, flushed with the dawning of renewed hope, faint though it was.

"I shall be happy to send to your address a copy of my magazine," returned the publisher. "Three or four copies, if you like, for distribution among your friends."

Without replying, Charles Dalton seized his manuscript, and bowing to the publisher, proceeded to leave the office, when, just as he reached the head of the stairs, Mr. Jenkins called to him:

"Sir," said he, "I shall be glad to see you any time you are passing this way, and if, at any future time you have any fresh proposals to make—why, perhaps we may come to terms."

"I shall call upon you again, sir, when I have achieved a European reputation," sarcastically replied the young man, as he closed the door.

"A very singular young man that, very presuming, very," observed the publisher to his clerk, "I wonder how S—— came to think of recommending him to me."

Charles descended the creaking, dirty stairs rapidly; but when he gained the open street he paused, as if uncertain which way to turn his steps. His last feeble thread of hope was broken; the labor of three long weeks had proved fruitless; he saw nothing before him but hopeless penury. He thought of his wife, anxiously awaiting his return, and almost breathed aloud the impious wish that crossed his mind, that they both had perished in the ocean they had recently crossed, rather than have lived to endure the misery which appeared to be in store for them.

But soon better thoughts succeeded, and breathing a prayer

to God that He would not utterly forsake them in their distress, he hastened back to his wife, to pour out his sorrows into her ears, and to receive from her the consolation and support he had often received in the midst of the troubles that had come upon them during the four months that had closed, since he had led her to the altar, a happy bride.

CHAPTER III.

In which troubles thicken, and clouds grow darker, until Charles fortunately becomes acquainted with a man of large mind and universal philanthropy.

Had people but resolution enough while not cynically indifferent to the opinions of others, to be less solictitous about what others may think of their own affairs, of what a load of trouble might they at once relieve themselves!

At last one half of the toil, the anxieties and the fatigues of life, is occasioned by the struggle to cut a figure.

Charles Dalton had never been accustomed to manual labor; until within a few months he had never known the want of money; he had quitted England, because, he could not endure the idea of descending in the social scale in his native land. This was well enough, if he had been contented to forget what he had been, now that he found himself in a new country, in which there were abundant opportunities of gaining a livelihood, if not of carving out a fortune, although, perhaps, not immediately such opportunities as were most desirable; but the phantom of pride followed him across the ocean, and clung to his back still, with the tenacity of the "Old man of the Sea," in Sinbad's wonderful story. Had he made up his mind to work, without thinking it absolutely necessary that the work he engaged in must be of his own choosing, he need not have been so many weeks in the city of New York, and still have been unemployed. He had proof of this while he was despairingly wending his weary way to his hotel; indeed he had not unfre-

quently met with some one or other of his fellow passengers from England, men whom he considered his inferiors, although he had been compelled for the time being to associate with them on shipboard, but from whom he had held himself aloof as much as possible, yet now these once despised mechanics and laborers, all seemed to be doing better than he.

On the present occasion, while walking moodily along Broadway, deeply absorbed in harassing thought, he was hailed by a passer-by. He turned, and saw that the man who had addressed him by name had occupied, with his wife and family, the next berth to his own on shipboard.

He was an uneducated Irishman—a bricklayer's laborer, with whom Mr. Dalton had scarcely exchanged a word during the voyage; but misery makes us eager for the sympathies of our kind, regardless of the fictitious grades of civilized society, and the kindly tone of the man's voice, and his apparent delight at meeting with a fellow voyager, touched the heart of the disappointed young man, and he heartily returned the Irishman's salutation.

"Ah, Dolan!" said he, "I am glad to see you, you are looking well and hearty, I hope you are doing well in New York?"

"Doing well, is it?" returned the Irishman; "doing better than iver I expected, Misther Dalton. Ah! Sir—this is a grate counthry for a poor man. No workin', for tin pence a day, when ye can get it; but a dollar a day, an' plinty of work at that, an' if it be o' paper, sure it sarves the purpose as well as silver."

"Did you soon succeed in getting work, Dolan?" inquired Charles. "I got work, sir," returned the Irishman, "afore I'd been three days in the city—in fact, as soon as I had time to look about me, afther I'd got me say legs into shoregoin' shape again, and I've had work iver since."

"I'm glad to hear of it," replied Charles, "and I'm glad to see you looking so well and happy."

"And I'm sorry I can't return the compliment," continued

Dolan. "Troth! but you're lookin' like the shaddy of what ye was on boord ship, Sir, and your face is thoughtful and throubled. Ye'll excuse me for making bowld to say so. An' how's the good lady, Misther Dalton, Sir?"

"My wife is pretty well, Dolan," replied Charles, "but I have not been very well lately, myself. How are your wife and children?"

"Quite well and hearty, Sir, and Biddy she takes to the counthry amazing; as for Pat, he's an American right off already, and little Katy, sure she's as fat as a pig, the crather!"

Charles shook hands with his humble fellow-voyager, and passed on. The temporary excitement occasioned by the meeting soon subsided, and still more gloomy thoughts took possession of his breast.

"This man," he soliloquized, "uneducated, unused to the refinements of life, satisfied if he can procure by his daily toil the simplest necessaries, can find employment readily in this country, and obtain remuneration sufficient to enable him to supply himself with all he needs, while with a thousand advantages that he does not possess, I have nothing before me but starvation. I should not care if I alone were concerned; but my poor Mary! what will become of her if things continue thus?

He had gained the hotel, and passing in by the private entrance, he ascended to the room occupied by his wife and himself.

Mrs. Dalton rose from the sofa on which she had been sitting, and welcomed him home with a kiss. She did not speak, but there was anxious expectation in her look, and he met and understood the interrogative glance of her eye.

"Disappointed, as usual, my love." was his response, "I see no probability, present or prospective, of obtaining employment, such as I am fitted for."

Oh, Charles, Charles! there was the rock upon which you split! No work that you were fitted for! Then why not seek other work, and watch narrowly, but wait patiently for the opportunity of engaging in more agreeable employment?"

The young man had endeavored to speak in a cheerful tone of voice, but the keen, anxious ear of his young wife was not to be deceived. She saw that his cheerfulness was assumed and knew that it was assumed for her sake.

"Do not despair, dear Charles," she replied, "surely if you have failed again to-day it will not be always so. Success may attend your efforts to-morrow. We shall not be permitted to starve in this favored land, of which we have heard so much and entertained such pleasing anticipations."

Poor child! she was little more than a child in years although eight months a wife. She smiled as she spoke and threw her arms around her husband's neck. The light from the window shone full upon her fair young face, and as her husband returned her embrace, he observed that she had been crying.

"What has been the matter, Mary?" he asked. "Your poor eyes are swollen with weeping, darling."

"Oh nothing," she replied. "I have been foolish, that's all. I am so lonesome here when you are absent, Charles."

"That is *not* all, Mary," said Charles, "something more than usual has happened to give you annoyance; tell me what it is."

"Promise not to be angry, then, and I will," returned Mrs. Dalton. "You *will* promise?"

"If possible I will not permit myself to be annoyed, my dear," he replied.

"Because," continued his wife, "I have arranged everything so nicely, that I am sure you will be pleased, and we shall have means to support ourselves a few weeks longer till you do get something to do, and then you know, you are so clever that when once people know what you can do, you will have more to do than you will be able to find time for; and our expenses will not be so heavy as they are at this hotel—and—"

"What *is* the matter, Mary?" impatiently demanded Charles, contemplating his wife. "I cannot understand your meaning. Has any one dared to insult you?"

"It is simply this, Charles," she replied, "you know we made a little miscalculation, and that manuscript took so long to write, and our bill was not paid on Saturday night, so while you were absent to day, the landlord sent it in, and he demands immediate payment. Now, I see you are going to be angry, although you promised me you would keep your temper. You know he knows nothing of us beyond Captain Lyman's recommendation. His message was very civil; but the waiter said his boss, so he termed his employer, had had an offer from another person to engage the room permanently, and unless we could give reference and engage to remain for some definite period, he would be glad if we could vacate the apartment as soon as convenient."

"Cursed, impudent scoundrel!" muttered Charles, between his teeth.

"Now, Charles, you said you wouldn't get angry and there is really no occasion for you to do so," continued Mrs. Dalton. "You don't know how cleverly I have arranged matters. All the money we brought with us is spent; but we have means of obtaining more, that you are not aware of. I have never shown you the jewelry left me by my aunt, shortly before we left home. I kept its possession a secret when I found that you had resolved upon going to America, in anticipation of some such occasion as this when it would be of service. It is old fashioned, but really valuable, Charles. I should not like to part with it altogether for poor aunt Mary's sake; but I have heard there are places in which loans can be obtained on such trinkets, and where they can be redeemed when better times come round to the owners—are there not such places, Charles?"

"Yes," said the young man, moodily, "but your little ornaments, dear, must never go there."

"Do not say so, Charles; what are my ornaments to me, when you are in want of money—indeed but for poor aunt's sake I should care nothing about them—you know I never wear them. I should like to dispose of them temporarily in

that manner; then we can pay the bill due to our landlord and get cheaper lodgings."

"I'm sure there must be many places where we can get rooms, quite sufficiently comfortable, at half the price we pay here; and the trinkets ought to fetch a good deal of money. There are a pair of ruby earrings, and a diamond ring, and breastpin; so you see, dear Charles, that we are not so destitute as you thought."

It was quite a surprise to Mr. Dalton, this revelation of his wife's hidden wealth of jewelry, and although his pride revolted at the idea of visiting the pawnbroker's shop or the office of the money lender, poverty had so blunted the edge of his sensibilities, that after some faint show of opposition, he promised to try what he could effect in the way of raising money on these heir-looms on the following day. Indeed the prospect of temporarily relieving himself from his difficulties even by these humiliating means, rendered him comparatively cheerful. He sent down to the office a message, informing the landlord, with the air of a man of abundant means, that his bill should be paid on the following day, and that he should leave the hotel at his earliest convenience, and he and his wife sat up till a late hour of the evening chatting together hopefully over many Utopian schemes.

The next day, fifty dollars was advanced at a loan office on the articles of jewelry—the hotel bill was duly paid, and before night Mr. and Mrs. Dalton had removed into cheap but comfortable private lodgings.

But still weeks passed away, and nothing came of all Mr. Dalton's endeavors to obtain employment. The hotel bill and other necessary expenses consequent upon their removal, had considerably lessened the amount of the sum received from the money lender—and at the expiration of other four weeks they found themselves again utterly destitute. The daily and weekly newspapers had been searched through and through with the hope that something available might be found in the advertis-

ing columns; but in vain, and Charles began to give way to utter despair, when one morning as he was about to go out to wander through the streets, he knew not where, he was startled by an expression of joy from his wife, who was anxiously scanning the columns of the *New York Mirror.*

"What is the matter, Mary?" he asked. "Here is an advertisement which will exactly suit you, Charles," was her reply—listen;

"To GENTLEMEN OF EDUCATION, ACCUSTOMED TO LITERARY LABOR.—Required immediately, a gentleman to assist in the editorial department of a new daily paper. He must be thoroughly conversant with European politics, and fully competent to undertake the sole charge of the literary department of the journal, and willing to devote his whole time and attention to his duties. A knowledge of the French language is essential, and one who understands and can read well Spanish, German and Italian, will be preferred. The salary will be liberal, and as there can be no doubt of the success of the paper, the situation may be considered a permanent one. Apply to A. B. at the office of the *New York Mirror.*"

"There, Charles," said Mrs. Dalton, when she had finished reading the advertisement. "There is something that will perfectly suit you, you speak nearly all the languages of the southern portion of the continent of Europe, and are familiar with European politics. I knew that something would turn up, after all."

"But my dear," said Charles smiling at his young wife's enthusiasm; "I may not obtain the situation, even if I apply for it; there may be fifty applicants besides myself, and then I don't understand a word of the German language, and you know that is specially mentioned."

"No, Charles, French is essential," said Mrs. Dalton—reading again from the paper, "one who speaks German and the other languages will be preferred"—and as to fifty applicants, why, there can't be so many persons, qualified for the situation

in New York—at least," she added, "fifty qualified persons out of employment, you know." "I am not so sure of that, my dear; there may not be fifty persons whose qualifications are equal to the requirements of the advertiser; but I doubt not there are that number of persons in the city fully as well qualified as myself."

"Do you think so, Charles?"

"Yes, my dear. Since I have been in New York, my ideas respecting my particular abilities have become much modified."

"But you will make application?" said Mrs. Dalton, apparently disappointed with the tenor of her husband's remarks.

"Undoubtedly, my dear. I will write to the office at once." And he sat down and wrote a letter, honestly stating his actual qualifications for the duty required, and then bidding his wife farewell for the day, left his lodgings to tread his customary weary round, and as he passed the *Mirror* office, he left the letter according to the directions.

The day passed away with the usual result. Wearied and sick at heart with hope deferred, Mr. Dalton returned at night having met with no success.

"No answer has been sent to that letter I wrote to A. B. this morning, I suppose, Mary?" he observed to his wife when he entered the room, on his return.

"None yet, Charles," was the reply.

"Of course, I knew there would be none. I might have known that I should meet with disappointment when I wrote it."

"But, Charles," interposed his wife, "there has not yet been time. An answer may come to-morrow morning."

"I don't expect any answer at all—I never did," was the rather sulky reply of the young man, and no further allusion was made to the subject that night.

The next morning, however, just as Mr. Dalton was preparing to go out, the postman's knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Dalton went to the head of the stairs and listened eagerly.

"A letter for Mr. Charles Dalton," said the man; and Mrs. Dalton almost flew down stairs to receive it. In a few moments she had returned breathless to the room, with the letter in her possession.

"I knew it would be so. I knew there would be an answer, Charles," she said, as she handed it to her husband. "Now, am I not a true prophet."

Charles did not reply. He had opened the letter and was reading the contents. They were brief, and ran thus:—

"A. B. has received Mr. Dalton's letter and will be glad to see him at No. — Hudson street, at eight o'clock this evening, and talk matters over. A. B. thinks it very probable that Mr. Dalton and he will be able to come to satisfactory terms."

"There, did'nt I say so? didn't I know it?" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton, perfectly overjoyed, as she listened to the contents, read aloud by her husband, after he had first silently perused them.

"I have not got the situation yet, my dear," said Charles, smiling at his young wife's earnestness, "and I have not now to learn that there are many disappointments even when things appear most secure. You must not be too sanguine, Mary. Perhaps nothing may come of this; however, I don't think I shall go out to-day. I am weary of vainly walking the streets of this city. I will stay at home with you, and in the evening will call according to the request contained in this letter."

It is singular how people will sometimes trouble themselves to discover that which it is quite impossible for them ever to guess at with any possibility of success, and how, at the same time, they will give themselves the trouble of guessing and surmising, when it is in their power to discover the secret at once. A letter is sometimes received and turned over and over, the seal examined, and the handwriting subjected to a rigid criticism, in order to satisfy the recipient in regard to the name of the writer and the object he had in writing, when he could at once satisfy himself by breaking the seal and opening

and reading the letter. In the present instance it was utterly out of the power of Mr. or Mrs. Dalton to form the least idea who was the person who shrouded himself under the mysterious letters A. B., and it was equally impossible for them to guess the name or the peculiar characteristics of a newspaper which had as yet no existence, and the advent of which had not as yet been publicly announced. Yet still they did trouble their heads the whole day to do both, until the futile endeavor became positively annoying, and the hours till eight o'clock passed so slowly away that the day seemed thrice as long as any ordinary day.

Half past seven o'clock came, however, at last, and Mr Dalton sallied forth to the appointed rendezvous, leaving his wife in a state of great anxiety and himself feeling no little nervous excitement, as he drew near the house.

It was a dwelling-house of ordinary pretensions, and evidently occupied as a boarding-house, for a dozen or more gentlemen were coming up stairs from the tea-table as Mr. Dalton stood in the passage-way, after having been admitted by the servant maid. It was a strange thing to ask for Mr. A. B., but Mr. Dalton had no clue to the real name of the gentleman he had called to see, and the servant, unable to understand who he meant, had recourse to the landlady.

This lady, it appeared, had received her instructions from the veritable A. B. himself, for she requested Mr. Dalton to walk into the parlor, and in a few moments a stout, portly gentleman presented himself.

"Mr. Dalton?" he said, addressing Charles.

"That is my name, Sir," was the reply.

"My name, Sir, is Biggin—Amos Biggin," said the portly gentleman. "You have called, Sir, in reply to a note I sent you this morning?"

Mr. Dalton said that such was the case.

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Sir, and let me hope, that our acquaintance, now formed for the first time, may

be of long duration," said the gentleman; "but we must converse in private. The fact is, it is not generally known that I am about to publish a new paper, Sir. It is an arduous task, Sir; one that requires a great deal of consideration, and involves vast interests; but, Sir, humanity requires it; the retrograding social and political condition of the country—which no person holding sentiments of universal philanthropy can view without dismay—demands it, Sir, and I am resolved to make the hazardous venture; aye, Sir, and if necessary, not only to spend my whole time, and my whole talent, and the whole amount of my pecuniary resources, but to sacrifice myself on the altar of patriotism, sooner than relinquish the long cherished idea of starting in this great city one honest, fearless, independant journal, which shall be the mouth-piece of the people, and the exponent of the true principles of liberty, patriotism, and philanthropy. But please to follow me up stairs to my own room, Sir, where we can talk the matter over quietly and come to a mutual understanding, and I hope to satisfactory terms."

Charles followed the portly gentleman to his room on the second floor, wondering greatly why he had spoken so loudly and with such vehemence if he wished to keep the matter a secret from the other members of the household, who could have hardly helped hearing all he had said, and somewhat scandalized at the thought that in the great city of New York, where there were several newspapers, there should be such urgent necessity for *one* honest, fearless, independent journal, that should be conducted under the guidance of truly liberal, patriotic, and philanthropic principles: for of course, the inference to be drawn was, that among those which existed, there were none possessing those sterling qualities.

CHAPTER IV.

In which the principles that govern a true Philanthropist are explained, if the reader chooses to accept the explanation.

Mr. Amos Biggin was a philanthropist, not, perhaps, according to the ordinary acceptation of that much misunderstood noun-substantive, but a philanthropist in the broadest sense. Mr. Amos Biggin had never been known to give away a cent to a beggar, or to assist any individual in distress, whether the case was a deserving one or not. Even had he been a rich man, which he was not, being himself often very much in need of money for necessary purposes, he would not have expended a shilling for the relief of individual distress. He held to the belief that it was necessary to the well-being of society that there should be a proportionate amount of misery and poverty in the world, and that to endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the poor was to fly directly in the face of Providence. Providence, he was used to say, had willed it so, and if Providence wished it otherwise, Providence could change the face of things when it chose. Poverty was like salt, very nauseous in itself, but very grateful when used to flavor other food. The best cooked viands would be tasteless without that condiment, and in like manner, the utmost wealth would fail to gratify its owner, if he were unable to contrast his abundance with the necessities of others. But inasmuch as regarded general panaceas for the universal benefit of the human race, Mr. Amos Biggin was a man of large grasp of mind—a true philanthro-

pist. Had he flourished twenty or thirty years later, he would have been just the man to take a prominent position in the "vote yourself a farm" movement, or to have originated the benevolent idea of the gift lotteries. The gold pen gift society would have thrown him into ecstacies. The magnificent project of placing a gold pen into the hands of every man, woman and child in the United States, at the cost of one dollar each, and the chance of obtaining a gift, besides, ranging in value from a magnificent brown stone dwelling house, with stabling, outhouses, and all necessary conveniences, to a bundle of dried, sweet-scented herbs done up in painted paper, would have set him wild with excitement. To have presided at the head of such a society, and to have received the gold dollars, as he handed out the gold pens, would have been to him the height of human felicity. "Ah!" he would have thought to himself, as he dealt out the thin pieces of glittering metal, and heard the rustling of the crisp bank paper—or the ring of the sonorous coin, that he received in exchange, "ah! what glorious thoughts shall permeate throughout the universe when every man, woman and child in the land shall with these gold pens give tangible form to the secret aspirations of their souls! Henceforward no "mute, inglorious Miltons shall rest unknown, and if Cromwells are still guiltless of their country's blood, they shall freely spill their country's ink."—But unfortunately for Mr. Amos Biggin, he lived thirty years ago, before these grand ideas were fully developed, still *he* had tried *his* hand in various philanthropic movements of a similar kind, though perhaps less lofty in their flight, as the reader will in due time perceive.

"Mr. Dalton," said Mr. Biggin, when the two gentlemen were seated in the private apartment of the latter, which apartment, by the way, was by no means calculated to impress the visitor very favorably in regard to the pecuniary prospects of the owner,—for it was evident that either from motives of eccentricity or economy, Mr. Biggin's apartment served him for

bedroom, and parlor and all, and was not over large at that. "Mr. Dalton, you have called upon me to obtain an engagement on the new paper I propose to start?"

Charles intimated that such was his object; indeed, the question was quite unnecessary on the part of Mr. Biggin; and was merely put by way of opening the subject.

"You are aware of the qualifications that I deem necessary?" continued that gentleman.

Charles said that he was perfectly aware of the qualifications demanded in the advertisement; but, he observed, he was afraid that if they were indispensable, that further conversation would be needless, for he didn't understand German and had but a slight knowledge of Spanish.

"A mere trivial matter," said Mr. Biggin, carelessly, "you understand French?"

"Yes, French and Italian."

"Good—very good; and you have a tolerable acquaintance with European affairs—political, social, and so forth?"

Charles intimated that he was tolerably well read in European history, ancient and modern, and that having travelled considerably on the continent, he thought he might venture to say that he was as well acquainted with European affairs socially and politically, as most men who had not had occasion to make the subject their special study.

"Again—very good," observed Mr. Biggin. "And of course you are a ready and facile writer?"

Charles intimated again, that he had been accustomed to original composition from his boyhood upwards, and had no doubt that by dint of a little practice he would find no difficulty on that score.

"Then if we can agree upon certain other points, such as salary and political principles, and so forth, we may consider the matter settled," answered Mr. Biggin; "but before I proceed further, let me explain to you my motive in starting a new paper. You are aware, sir, that we are on the eve of a general election?"

"Indeed," replied Charles. "I understood that the general election was to take place in November next. This is January. And it is not until March of next year that the new President, whoever he may be, will take his seat."

"Exactly so. When I said we were on the eve of a general election, I meant that the active members of the body politic, the men who guide the people in their choice of a fitting candidate, or in other words, who feel the pulses of the public, and have control of the secret strings which set the political machinery in motion, are now actively but secretly bestirring themselves, and it has struck me that an honest, independent, and incorruptible organ of public opinion is especially needed at this critical period."

"I should have thought, sir," said Charles, "seeing that each of the two great parties has its especial advocate in this city, and I presume in every other city in the Union, that there would be hardly room for a new newspaper, especially as independently of the leading journals, there are others already in the arena of politics, and ready, I imagine, when the occasion calls for it to take an active part therein."

"The very reason, sir, that a new paper should be started. Among all the journals of this city there does not exist one truly honest, independent sheet. The writers for the press, sir, are all actuated by the love of gain—sordid gain, either in the shape of money or place. There is not one among them who would do what it is especially the province and privilege of a journalist to do, be ready to sacrifice himself, if need be, for the happiness, the prosperity, and the liberties of the people. What political principles do you affect, Mr. Dalton?"

"I am but recently arrived in this country, sir, as I informed you in the letter I sent to the *Mirror* office, and have, of course, attached myself as yet to no political party."

"Ah! I am glad to hear that; you will be all the more capable of writing fearlessly and independently respecting all parties."

"May I ask, sir," said Charles, "whether you belong to the Whig or Democratic party?"

"I belong, sir, to that party among my countrymen who are in favor of the widest liberty, the most perfect independence, and the purest philanthropy. I shall hold myself aloof from party while the preliminary arrangements are making for the coming contest. I shall feel my way, sir, shrewdly and cautiously, giving a hit here and a cut there, as I see occasion for it, and when the moment arrives for prompt action, I shall throw my weight, and that of the independent party to whom I at present look for support, in behalf of that party which appears most likely to suit the requirements of the times."

Mr. Biggin might as well have said in behalf of that party which would pay the best, or that seemed most likely to step in and win, for, in spite of his circumlocution and pompous declamation, Charles possessed sufficient sagacity to perceive that the only object of this man in starting a newspaper was to take advantage of the excitement anticipated during the forthcoming election, and to make money by pandering to the prejudices of politicians of either side, who, in the hope of sharing some of the spoils of office, would make use of any means whatever that promised to bring them into notice. He, however, said nothing, and Mr. Biggin resumed:—

"My paper, our paper, I should say, for the journal will be started by a subscription raised by a society of independent gentlemen, who have done me the honor of selecting me for its editor, on the first day of February next. It will be called *The Trumpeter of Freedom*, a noble name, indicative, I trust of the generous purpose that will give it birth, and of the noble end its projectors have in view. I feel satisfied that in you I shall find a willing and able assistant. What salary shall you expect? I shall be able to offer but a very moderate amount at first, and if the paper succeed, as I have no doubt it will, the salary shall be raised accordingly."

"I should wish to have my duties specially defined before I speak of salary," said Charles.

"Your duties, sir, will not be onerous, although they will be

such as will keep you actively employed. I will give the tone to all the political articles, and, as a general thing, will write the leaders. You will collect the general news, attend to the literary department, write the puffs, the critiques, I mean, and do the foreign correspondence and attend to everything else that may be necessary."

"A pretty arduous task, take it altogether," said Charles; "but there is one thing I do not exactly comprehend? What do you allude to when you speak of *doing* the foreign correspondence?"

"Why, you see, Mr. Dalton," explained Mr. Biggin, "all the leading journals throughout the country publish a foreign correspondent's letter, some of them several, once a month or so, when the packet arrives with the European mails. Now, our paper cannot afford to pay the high remuneration demanded by foreign correspondents, so you will be expected to read the foreign papers when they arrive, and dish up a letter on such occasions; do you take? That was my object in advertising for a gentleman conversant with the languages of continental Europe."

"I understand you, sir," said Charles, smiling at what to him appeared the absurdity of such a procedure. "To do all this will require a great deal of time and attention, but I shall leave the salary to you, only trusting that it will be as liberal as the paper can afford."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Biggin, after remaining silent for some moments. "I have observed that we shall start poor, very poor; I should say that to commence with—mind, I say, only to commence with six dollars a week, will be as much as we can conscientiously afford."

Charles had expected that Mr. Biggin would name at least twice that sum, and he staggered at the offer that was made.

"Six dollars a week, sir!" he exclaimed. "That will be quite inadequate to the decent support of myself and my wife."

"I do not think we can afford more," said Mr. Biggin; but seeing the hesitation of the young man, and believing that he had found in him a man of education and talent well suited to his purposes, he increased the munificent offer to seven dollars.

Charles still demurred, in the hope of obtaining a reasonable salary, although he really would have accepted the first offer rather than have refused the situation. Fortunately, however, Mr. Biggin was not aware of what was passing in his mind, and finally the offer was raised to nine dollars per week, and the arrangement settled.

Charles Dalton returned home in high glee to inform his wife of his good fortune and to receive her congratulations as the assistant editor of *The Trumpeter of Freedom* that was on the following week to sound its notes of defiance in the ears of the sordid trucklers to mammon and political sycophancy, and to rejoice the hearts of the truly independent and liberty-loving citizens of New-York.

It was but a few weeks after he had commenced his engagement on *The Trumpeter of Freedom* that my hero was ushered into the world.

CHAPTER V.

In which Mr Dalton's unhappy career is brought to a premature close.

Mr. Dalton continued to labor at his multifarious duties in the office of the Trumpeter of Freedom; working early and late, generally leaving home at ten in the forenoon and not returning until long past midnight, when the last item was set up by the compositors, the forms locked up and the paper dispatched to the press room. His labors were indeed more multifarious than he had even anticipated, for Mr. Biggin scarcely ever wrote a line for the paper. *His* duties were chiefly confined to mingling with politicians of that class which was willing to listen to the arguments of a man of his description, and whose only object in becoming politicians at all, was to wriggle themselves into some petty official position, and in occasionally taking a tour into the country, for the purpose of "stump speaking" as it is technically termed. For this work he was specially adapted, since he had for several years been in the practice of travelling through the country in various vocations, pompously advocating the several schemes in which he had engaged in the endeavor to push his fortune. He was of little assistance to Mr. Dalton when he did condescend to write, for his acquaintance with Lindlay Murray was very limited, and it involved more irksome labor to correct his declamations and his defamatory leaders than it required to write an original article.

Months passed away, but the promised increase of salary was as far off as ever. In fact the paper was only supported by temporary and not very honorable expedients, and was

never, in fact, in a position to render an increase of salary probable. At length the month of November arrived: Mr. Biggin had a few months before decided as to the party in whose favor he would throw the weight of his influence; but it happened to be the weaker side, and when this was discovered it was too late to retreat.

The election came off, the candidates whose names graced the head of the leading column of the Trumpeter of Freedom were defeated, and the following week that tremendous organ of liberty and independence blew it last blast, and thenceforward subsided into silence and oblivion.

Mr. Dalton was again thrown upon his resources, which were a little more available than they had been at the commencement of the year. His connection with the press, obscure as it was, had however, introduced him to some of the writers for the leading journals of the city, and in a short time he procured an engagement on one of these; but he had never been trained as a reporter, his habits of life, notwithstanding the severe schooling he had had, were still against him, and he was soon informed that his services were no longer needed. From that time, for the space of two years, he struggled with innumerable difficulties, sometimes obtaining temporary employment in an office, or a store, but most of the time out of employment, and plunged with his family into the deepest poverty; his health at length began to give way beneath the joint influences of mental anxiety, disappointed hope, and privation, and he must soon have succumbed beneath the weight of his difficulties, when a gleam of sunshine broke upon his cloudy prospects, and decided him upon changing his views.

One day a letter was received from London in which he was informed that two hundred pounds, the remnant of an inheritance which once promised to make him the possessor of thousands, awaited him, and that bills of exchange to that amount were deposited in the hands of a banker in New York.

He should now have returned to England, for he lacked the

energy necessary to success in a young country. But his pride forbade him to return, a disappointed man, and to take up a position at home inferior to that which he considered to be his birth-right, and he took it into his head that he would try his chances in the country and become a farmer.

He purchased a few acres of land in the State of Ohio, and removed thither with his wife and child.

It was a wild wooded tract of land, which he had purchased on the recommendation of a speculator, without having even visited the property until the purchase money had been paid. It required the remainder of his small stock of capital and some credit besides, to purchase stock and agricultural implements, and in ill health and without possessing the slightest qualification for his novel duties he undertook to become a farmer.

The result may be anticipated. In the course of a few years his little property was mortgaged to its full value; in another year these mortgages were foreclosed. Every thing passed away from him except a small strip of swamp land on the bank of a river, which nobody would purchase, and poor Charles Dalton, reduced to utter destitution, took his losses so much to heart, that he died in a few months of grief, leaving his widow and child, but for the charity of some kind-hearted people who had taken pity on them, houseless and friendless in a strange land.

Broken in spirits and in health, Mrs. Dalton's only desire, now that her husband was removed from her, was to return with her child, now a fine boy of eight years of age, to her friends in England.

She wrote to her late husband's sister, Mrs. Ashley, who had married a dissenting minister, stating her destitute and deplorable condition, and throwing herself upon her sympathy although she knew that she too was struggling hard with poverty.

She had corresponded regularly with her relatives in England, but Mr. Dalton's pride had prevented either him or his

wife from making known to their relatives their condition in America. All that had been written had breathed hope, and hinted at future success, though hope had long ceased to exist in the hearts of the writers.

CHAPTER VI.

Which treats of Family Matters, and introduces the reader to some new acquaintances.

The father of Charles Dalton, Gerald Dalton, Esq., of Dalton Hall, Cumberland, had died suddenly from the effects of a fall from his horse, while hunting, only a few months prior to the period at which this history commences.

Up to the day of his death he was considered to be a man of large property. He was the representative of an ancient family, whose members had for many generations held a prominent position in the county, and Mr. Dalton had at the age of thirty inherited from his father a handsome estate, giving him an unincumbered rent-roll of three thousand pounds per annum. But the young man had deviated from the course of his forefathers; he had been educated at Harrow and at Oxford, and had at these places acquired habits of extravagance which required an income twice as large to support. The consequence was, that he soon became embarrassed, and was compelled to resort to ruinous measures to raise a larger income than his estate brought him.

The property was not entailed, and he had no difficulty in mortgaging it piecemeal, and obtaining in this manner all the money his extravagancies required. Nay, so obliging were his creditors, that they bound themselves to supply him with the funds he needed without stint, and without letting the matter be known to any one until after his death, when of course they would be enabled to foreclose the mortgages and dismember the estate.

It is not likely that Gerald Dalton when he first fell into the clutches of the money-lenders thought of the ruin that was sure to follow.

He was not an ill-meaning man, and, at first would have been shocked at the thought of the ruin that he was bringing upon his family. But, the fact is, he was a careless man, who never gave the matter a serious thought at all until it was too late to hope to recover himself, and then, when years began to crowd upon him, and he was driven to think, he consoled himself with the unctious proverb, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," which proverb, by the way, he grossly perverted, as many others are apt to do.

His wife died a few years after his marriage, and the consequence of his criminal weakness and thoughtlessness was, that his two children, his son Charles, with whose unfortunate career the reader is already acquainted, and his daughter Ellen, grew up in complete ignorance of the distracted condition of their father's affairs.

Educated in the expectation of enjoying affluence, and foolishly indulged in the gratification of every extravagant whim of the moment, their distress may be conceived, when in due time the will of their deceased father was read to them and they discovered that, although the whole of the property was left to them, it was so involved that the estate would be brought to the hammer for the benefit of the creditors, and they were in reality paupers.

Only a few weeks before Gerald Dalton's death, his son Charles married an amiable and accomplished young lady to whom he had been attached from early boyhood; but she was an orphan, and though of highly respectable parentage, dependent solely upon a miserly uncle. Gerald Dalton, probably with a foreshadowing of the ruin that awaited his son's hopes, had strongly opposed the intimacy of his son Charles and Mary Allen; indeed, he had positively refused to give his consent to their union—and they had at last recourse to a clandestine

marriage. The uncle of Mary was cognizant of his niece's marriage, and he had not opposed it. Nay, he rather urged it upon the youthful couple, since it relieved him from the expense he incurred in the support of his niece, and he felt gratified at the idea of her forming a union with the son and heir of the reputed wealthy Squire Dalton, of Dalton Hall.

Ellen Dalton was likewise aware of the step her brother had taken; but she had encouraged him in so doing, and had kept his secret.

In this, she had a fellow feeling, for she had been for several years betrothed to a young man named Edward Ashley, who was pursuing his studies at a Dissenting College near London, with the view of entering the ministry. Gerald Dalton, in all likelihood, opposed this union on similar grounds to those which led to his opposition to his son's choice, viz.—the want of fortune on the part of the young man. Still he never had the moral courage to state his reasons to his children, and when his death occurred, Ellen was still unmarried, although she was three years older than her brother Charles.

When the ruinous condition of Gerald Dalton's affairs became known, Ellen wrote to her lover, explaining unreservedly her altered position and generously offering to relieve him from his engagement.

"My poor father is dead, dear Edward," she wrote, "and he has left his affairs in the utmost confusion. My brother Charles and I, are beggars, and though I am still, and shall remain as devotedly attached to you as ever; though it would break my heart to hear that you had wedded another, and though I shall ever remain unmarried, for I can never transfer my love to another, nor give my hand to one whom I cannot love, I cannot expect you to blight your prospects by uniting yourself with one who would be a clog to your hopes of advancement. Dear Edward, you know how often we have conversed together upon the subject of your poverty, and how we have fondly and hopefully looked forward to the day when

my poor father, would, as I always believed he would, at last—perceiving as he must have done—the firmness of my attachment, give his consent to our union, and how we have laid out our plans for the future, when the weath which I believed would one day be mine, would be yours also.

"They were happy dreams, dear Edward, but they have fled forever. And yet, I cannot, I dare not, reproach my poor father's memory.

"Charles and Mary are going to America. Mary, you know, came into possession of a small sum of money left her by her father, for a marriage portion. It is very little; but Charles hopes that with proper economy, he can make it suffice until he can obtain literary employment, (that is his object) in the United States. I am going with them; and though I *should* like to see you once more before I leave England, perhaps it were better that we should not meet again. The meeting would be too sorrowful, the parting too painful. God bless you, dear Edward; though I shall be separated from you by several leagues of ocean, my heart will still be with you, my prayers daily offered up for you, my good wishes, alas! they are all I have to bestow, ever exercised in your behalf. Shall I not have yours in return?"

I feel, I know, that we shall meet again at some future day—but no, I will not raise hopes that must meet with disappointment, and whose nonfulfilment would plunge me into despair—

"I cannot trust myself to write more; my eyes are dimmed, and the paper is blotted with my tears—

"Again God for ever bless you, Edward, may every success attend your endeavors.—That happiness may await you here and hereafter is the heartfelt prayer of

Your ever affectionate

Ellen."

This letter was duly received by Edward Ashley, and the result was that he immediately obtained leave of absence from

his studies at Hackney College, and hurried down to Cumberland.

Ellen and he held an interview, and in one month afterwards they were married.

The young man returned with his wife to London, and shortly afterwards accepted a call from an Independent Congregation in a certain town in the county of Kent which I shall call Herrington, and became the pastor of Zion Chapel in that town at a salary of sixty pounds a year.

During the years that Charles Dalton had spent in America, Mrs. Ashley had brought her husband four children, the youngest of whom were twins. He had also taken into his house, out of pure charity, the little orphan daughter of a former brother student, and still his paltry stipend had not been increased.

His wife was now in ill health, and he had received a demand for the immediate and prompt payment of certain bills, on the same day that he received the letter acquainting him with the death of his unfortunate brother-in-law, and the destitution of his sister-in-law and her child, who had been named—I have omitted to mention this hitherto—after his grandfather, Gerald Dalton.

It was Saturday evening, and he was sitting in his study busily engaged, or seeming to be engaged, in the preparation of his sermon for the ensuing Sabbath morning, when the postman knocked at the door.

By his side, on the table at which he was writing, lay a pile of manuscript, lined and interlined after a fashion that showed that whatever might have been the worthy gentleman's usual facility of composition, he must have found great difficulty on that particular evening in concentrating his ideas.

He started when he heard the knock at the door, and listened attentively. He was in the act of rising from his seat, when the study door was opened, and a blowzy country girl, evidently a "maid-of-all-work," presented herself.

"Who is that, Sarah?" he asked, without waiting for the

girl to declare her errand. "Is it Doctor Knight? How is your mistress now?"

Without immediately replying to his questions, the girl handed him a letter bearing the American postmark, and said:

"The postman be a waiting, sir. He says the letter is two-and-four pence." Then, as if just recollecting the questions her master had asked, she added:—

"Dr. Knight comed in when I opened the door for the postman, and nurse says misses aint no worse."

"Dear me! bless me! a letter from America in Mary's handwriting, with a black seal!" exclaimed Mr. Ashley. "What can have happened? Little Gerald dead, perhaps. You say Doctor Knight has come, Sarah, and your mistress is no worse, eh?"

"Please sir, the postman be waiting for the money. Two and four pence," repeated the girl.

Mr. Ashley took from a drawer the amount demanded, and handed it to the servant, breathing a sigh as he did so, however, as if regretting the expenditure of money for such a purpose.

He had laid the letter on the table without opening it.

"My poor sermon," he muttered with a sigh, "it's useless for me to try any longer, I cannot write to-night, I must preach an old sermon to-morrow morning, come what will of it, although I shall be sure to be told of it by Deacon Milton. I can't help it, my poor brains are wool-gathering to-night."

So it seemed, for he appeared already to have forgotten that he had received the letter.

In another moment his glance fell upon it. He smiled at his abstraction, and again took it in his hand, but the smile changed to a look of perplexity and dread as his eye again encountered the ominous black seal.

With a shaking hand he opened the letter and commenced to read it, but he had scarcely read the first half dozen lines before he stopped and gave utterance to an exclamation of surprise and grief.

"God bless me! poor Mary!" he exclaimed. "How shocking! how very shocking!" Then endeavoring to nerve himself to the task, he read the letter to the end, and putting it aside, sat for some moments absorbed in deep and painful thought.

His reveries were interrupted by the entrance of Doctor Knight.

"Ah! how do you do this evening, Doctor?" he asked. "How have you left my wife?"

"Mrs. Ashley is by no means alarmingly ill; she is laboring under one of those nervous attacks to which she has been for some time subject, but you must prevail upon her to take more rest, or her disorder will become chronic. She must live generously and take plenty of exercise. In a day or two she will get over the present attack, and if she follows my advice, I think I can guarantee her from future attacks of the disorder."

"Yes, yes; true, Doctor, true, Mrs. Ashley *is* too much confined to the house; too much hurried; the twins are a sore burden to her, but she must take more rest. I will see to it that she does," said Mr. Ashley, abstractedly.

"I observe you are engaged to-night, Mr. Ashley, and I will not trespass further upon your time," said the doctor, glancing at the paper and writing materials upon the table. I wish you good evening, and do not alarm yourself about Mrs. Ashley."

The doctor took his leave, and Mr. Ashley again took up the letter and read it. He then glanced at the old-fashioned clock which stood in one corner of the room. It was past ten o'clock. He rose and put aside his manuscript, and drawing his chair towards the fire, he sat down to muse over his present and future prospects, and upon the unexpected additional responsibility that now devolved upon him.

Unconsciously, yet as if by force of habit, his eye rested for a moment on a file of papers upon the mantel-piece, consisting

for the most part of unpaid accounts. The sight of these changed for a time the current of his thoughts.

"It is impossible," he soliloquized, "that things can go on thus much longer. I have exhausted the patience of my creditors, and they will give me no longer time. The two hundred pounds Ellen received from her late father's executors, I had hoped to have set aside for some future object. It is her money, not mine, and has remained untouched in the bank for years. Now, when I find it absolutely necessary to withdraw it, there comes this additional claim upon me, for poor Mary and the boy must be sent for, and it will cost at least fifty or sixty pounds to bring them home. Then there will be another constant drain upon me, and to keep out of debt will be impossible. Sixty pounds a year cannot be made to supply my family even with the commonest necessaries, and my profession obliges me to make an *appearance* of respectability at least. If I apply to the vestry again for an increase of salary, I shall be refused; there are plenty to be found who will take my place for that salary. If I tell them that I cannot support my family without incurring debt, I shall be blamed severely; the very profession to which I belong will be brought up to bear witness against my extravagance. My extravagance!" and the poor man smiled bitterly as he repeated the word. "Then Knight insists upon Ellen's taking more rest, and so she ought, and shall, but in that case who is to see after the household affairs?"

He took down the bill-file and turned over the accounts. "Seventy-five pounds eight shillings and four pence halfpenny!" he said, after having summed up the total. "Very little of Ellen's money will remain when these bills are paid and I have sent Mary the money she requires. Then there is Knight's account, but *he* will not be pressing."

Wearied alike in mind and body, he fell asleep in his chair, and a whimsical fancy flitted through his dreaming brain, suggested, perhaps, by the remarkable manner in which his family

had increased within the last year. His wife had during this period given birth to twins; he had received into his family the little daughter of a deceased friend, and now his brother's widow and child had claimed his protection; somehow or other in the fanciful vagaries of sleep he associated these latter with the twins, and dreamed that twins of all ages and both sexes were gamboling around him, and climbing his knee and clinging to the back of his chair, while he and his wife were devising schemes for their support, and for the support of fresh couplets that by some unaccountable means still kept coming, but at last human ingenuity was at fault, and he thought that he and they were left to perish with cold and hunger. He shuddered at the thought of the fate that awaited them, and awoke to the discovery that the candles and fire had both burned out, and that the latter portion of his dream had been occasioned by a nightmare caused by the uneasy position into which he had fallen in his chair, and by the cold air of the blustering March night which had penetrated through the chinks of the window and chilled him to the bone.

He rose and felt his way through the darkness to the bedroom, where his wife was sleeping soundly, and he did not awaken her.

Quietly as possible he undressed and got into bed, so wearied, that despite the agitation of his mind and the thought of the many troubles the day had brought him, he was soon asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

Treats of various matters in connection with Mr. Ashley's position, and relates how it was arranged that Mrs. Dalton should return to England.

Mr. Ashley awoke the next morning much refreshed, and with his mind less clouded and oppressed with anxieties than when he retired to rest on the previous night.

His wife was already awake and much better in health than she had been for several days. It was the Sabbath morning, and he strove for the time being to forget his cares. He did not tell his wife that he had received the letter from Mrs. Dalton. He feared that, in her present weak condition the too sudden and unexpected intelligence of her brother's death might be productive of evil consequences and he therefore resolved to break the news to her in the course of the evening, after the labors of the day were over.

That Sabbath morning Mr. Ashley preached a sermon he had preached a year before. It was, in his opinion, one of his best, and certainly a better one than he could have written under the depressing influences of the past week. But as he had anticipated, Deacon Milton, the chief pillar of Zion Chapel and the wealthiest member of the congregation, and several other members, recollected to have heard the same sermon preached before. They took umbrage at this, and a committee was appointed to wait upon the minister during the ensuing week and remonstrate with him upon the enormity of which he had been guilty.

The afternoon service passed off satisfactorily and in the

evening, Mrs. Ashley still improving in health, her husband thought it advisable to acquaint her with the sad news he had heard from abroad.

He thought it a good opportunity after the children had been put to bed to introduce the subject by some remarks in relation to his family and after he had bestowed a paternal kiss upon the twins who were carried to bed by the servant-maid, he observed carelessly :—

"We have a large family already growing up around us, Ellen; a couple more would fill up the circle of our small table."

Now, Mrs. Ashley was a kind-hearted, amiable woman, as the reader already knows; she had perhaps fewer weaknesses than usually fall to the lot of humanity. She was as kind to the little orphan her husband had adopted as to her own children, and had she possessed the means would have permitted no one to suffer distress that it lay in her power to relieve. But she had one sore point; it was the twins. On the occasion of their birth, a year before, Mr. Ashley had incautiously made some regretful allusion, half jocularly, and half earnestly, to the rapid increase of his responsibilities, which allusion had been carried to the ears of his wife by a tittle-tattling nurse, and the lady had never entirely forgotten or forgiven it. It had rankled in her bosom ever since, and whenever any allusion was made to her family increase she resented it. On the present occasion, Mr. Ashley having but that moment caressed the twins, the allusion to an increase of two to the family circle was particularly *mal apropos*. What else could he allude to but twins?

"It is really too bad of you, Edward," she replied, "to be continually harping upon those dear babies. You seem to regret the occurrence of an event which most fathers would, and all ought to be proud of. I believe you actually begin to regard the poor children with dislike."

"My dear Ellen," replied Mr. Ashley, observing that his

wife was greatly annoyed at his remark, "You misunderstand me entirely. I was not thinking at the moment I spoke of our own dear children. God knows that I should care not how many olive branches were gathered around my table, if I had the means of supporting them. No, Ellen, I repeat, I was not then thinking of our own children, but of the half orphan child of one nearly related to us, who, poor thing, has a claim upon us, which, poor as we are, we cannot deny."

"Of whom are you speaking, Edward?" said Mrs. Ashley "surely no relative of ours has died lately.

"Death has laid his hand upon one near and dear to us both, Ellen," solemnly replied Mr. Ashley. "I have received a letter from America which contains some sad news."

"Nothing has happened to my brother or Mary?" said Mrs. Ashley in a voice of alarm.

"Mary writes that she is in low spirits but does not say she is in bad health," replied Mr. Ashley

"The child—"

"Is well," interrupted Mr. Ashley.

He said no more, but the saddened tone of his voice satisfied his wife of that which her fears had not permitted her to ask.

"I know all, Edward," she said, "my brother Charles is dead."

She turned pale and Mr. Ashley thought she was about to faint; but she recovered herself and in a voice trembling with agitation begged her husband to tell her all—she was able to listen to him.

Without speaking he placed the letter in her hands, and unfalteringly she read it through to the end; then folding it and returning it to her husband, she said:—

"I understand your allusion now, Edward. Mary and the child must come to us." She was about to add something further, but her fortitude failed her, and murmuring "Charles, my poor, dear brother Charles," she burst into tears.

Mr. Ashley permitted her to weep freely without making any effort to repress her emotions. He knew that it was better that her distressed feelings should find full vent in tears, and in the course of a few minutes she dried her eyes, and again addressing herself to her husband she said—

"This is sad news, Edward."

"Sad news, indeed, Ellen."

"And poor Mary is in poverty in a strange land."

"In poverty, but let us hope not in utter destitution," returned her husband. "Mary writes, as you perceive, in the most touching terms of the kindness and sympathy she has met with, especially from the American ladies who knew her husband, and who have been her neighbors for a long time. She says that they were indefatigable in their kindness to poor Charles during his last sickness."

"God bless them, for their kindness to poor Charles," said Mrs. Ashley, again giving way to tears.

"Calm yourself, Ellen," said Mr. Ashley, "endeavor to compose yourself, my dear. We have both decided that Mary and the boy must come to us, for I knew what your decision would be before I told you the sad news."

"You have not written to her?" sobbed his wife.

"No, Ellen. I only received the letter yesterday and I do not yet know when the next mail will be made up for America, besides it is necessary that we should arrange matters together before I write. You are aware from the letter that Mary has no funds to enable her to return."

"We must send her money," impulsively replied Mr. Ashley.

Her husband smiled sadly, and she understood the meaning of the smile.

"You would infer that we have no money ourselves, Edward, but there are the two hundred pounds that were paid over to me out of the remnant of my poor father's estate. We can send her that. That will be sufficient."

"Less than that amount will be sufficient, I hope," returned Mrs. Ashley. "It grieves me sorely, Ellen, to touch that money which I had hoped to set apart for you and the children in case anything should happen to me, but you know, for we spoke of the matter the other day, that necessity will compel us to withdraw a portion of the money for the payment of debts unavoidably incurred."

"I know, Edward. How much will be required for that purpose?"

"One hundred pounds will be more than sufficient for the present," replied Mr. Ashley, but he sighed inwardly as he spoke, for he knew not what would be necessary in the future which loomed so darkly.

"And then there will be one hundred still to send to Mary."

"Mary writes that she merely needs money enough to pay the price of her passage and that of her child to England," said Mr. Ashley. "She says that the sale of her effects will pay her outstanding debts and provide her with sufficient funds to reach New York. I think sixty pounds will be sufficient to provide her a comfortable passage home in one of the packet ships; less might do, but of course she must take passage in a good ship."

"Of course, Edward," returned his wife.

"Then we will consider that matter settled. To-morrow I will make the necessary inquiries and write to Mary, transmitting the money as soon as possible. You had better write too, Ellen."

"I will," replied Mrs. Ashley.

"And now, my dear, you had better retire to rest and endeavor, if you can, to banish this sad subject from your mind."

In a few minutes Mrs. Ashley left the parlor and sought her chamber, leaving her husband seated by the fire deeply absorbed in thought.

Neither of them had said a word in relation to the destitute

condition in which Charles Dalton had left his wife and child. As I have said, they had been led to believe that he was doing well in his adopted country, and the news of his poverty was quite unexpected to them. Both Mr. Ashley and his wife were aware that America offered opportunities to the energetic and industrious that were not easily to be found in England, provided that their energy and industry were rightly directed. They were aware, too, of the peculiar failings of Charles Dalton's character, and perhaps both suspected the cause of his want of success, but at present they were silent on the subject. Respect for a beloved brother now no more, kept their tongues sealed from any expression of their thoughts.

During the week Mr. Ashley wrote to the banker who had the little legacy of his wife's in his possession, and the money was transmitted to him. His pressing debts were paid forthwith, and inquiry having been made as to the cost of a passage from America to England, and sixty pounds found to be more than would be necessary, Mr. Ashley and his wife both wrote to Mary Dalton, and bills of exchange on New-York for that amount were transmitted for her use.

The poor minister and his wife now found themselves once more free from pressing debt; Doctor Knight still visited Mrs. Ashley, and there was a bill of long standing due to him, but they knew that he would not press for its settlement. Indeed, he was aware of the impoverished condition of Mr. Ashley's affairs, and in an off-hand yet delicate manner had hinted that he was in no hurry for his money. Yet of the two hundred pounds, little more than forty now remained, and to the weight of care which hung like a millstone upon the shoulders of the poor pastor was about to be added the support of his sister-in-law and his nephew. Indeed, he had need for the exercise of all his faith and trust in Providence!

Fresh trials also beset him during this momentous week. He was taken sorely to task for his remissness, as they termed it, by the deacons of his church. It was in vain that he

pleaded in excuse his many cares and troubles, the illness of his wife, and the news that he had received of his brother-in-law's death. His pecuniary troubles he did not attempt to plead in extenuation, for he knew that to imply that he was not sufficiently repaid for his clerical labors would only lead to recrimination on the part of the zealous devotees of Zion Chapel. He was told that a minister of the Gospel should detach his mind from earthly cares, which were only sent in order to purify his soul and render him better fitted for the duties of his sacred calling. The Pharisees! It would have been well had they been burthened with the load of care they treated so lightly when borne by anotner, and compelled to support in respectability a wife and family on sixty pounds a year; but then they were not ministers of the Gospel, and therefore might, in such a case, murmur as much as they pleased.

Mr. Ashley was in fact bluntly informed that unless he pleased the elders of his congregation better, they would be compelled to dispense with his services; there were others who would willingly undertake his duties for the salary that he received.

Had the minister been a single man, or had he possessed any other means of support, he would have cared little for these threats, and would have thrown up his charge in disgust, but he was crushed and humbled, borne down to the earth with trouble, and he dared not retort. Let no one blame him for this submission who has not himself felt the crushing burden of dependence.

One only friend he had save Doctor Knight, and that friend was the vicar of the parish. He was not a rich man, but his income was sufficient for his necessities. He was a man of education, as was Mr. Ashley, and he deeply sympathized with his brother preacher, though he belonged to a different persuasion. But they differed little in sentiment. Both believed that it mattered little as to the peculiar form of worship, if the spirit of devotion were right, and Mr. Ashley,

when he first entertained the idea of entering the ministry, had inclined to the doctrines of the Established Church. It was the want of an Oxford or Cambridge degree which alone had restrained him and obliged him to turn his attention to the Independent persuasion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gerald Dalton falls in with a fellow-countryman in the stage, on his journey to Kent, and what comes of the meeting.—Mrs. Dalton is welcomed home by her sister.

It is unnecessary to comment upon the feelings of Mrs. Dalton when she received the sympathizing letters from her brother and sister, and when knowing them to be poor, and burdened with many cares, she found them respond so generously to her appeal.

A passage had been pre-engaged for her in England by her brother-in-law, and it was necessary that she should hasten immediately to New-York, for the vessel in which her passage was taken had but to discharge her cargo and take in another already waiting for her, and then to sail directly for Liverpool again.

Yet when the time came that she was to quit, perhaps forever, the land which had so long been her home, which notwithstanding the trouble she had experienced since she had set foot upon its soil, she had learned to love only second to the land of her birth, and which, had her husband lived and prospered, she might have learned, in time, to love and cherish as fondly as her native soil, she found that she could not bid it farewell without a pang of regret. Nay, more, she then felt that its soil was hallowed to her memory forever, for beneath it lay the remains of her deceased and beloved, though unfortunate husband—doubly beloved, in consequence of his misfortunes. The thought of returning to her friends had cheered

her sad, solitary heart, during the earliest days of her young widowhood, yet now, she felt that if she had the means of living in her adopted country, in the land in which was her husband's grave, and in which her child was born, she would still have remained near the spot where she had met the last expiring look of love from the partner of her joys and sorrows, had received his dying embrace, and had seen his body consigned to the grave. The kind friends, too, who had sympathized with and comforted her in her afflictions, she could not leave them without regret and a longing desire to see them again. But fortunately for her, perhaps, there was little time to spend in brooding over the past or thinking of the future. The ship was waiting her in New-York, and thither it was necessary for her immediately to proceed. A hasty good-by to all was all she could give, and with mutual good wishes, the widow and those whom in her affliction she had found to be true friends, were parted forever in this world.

Six weeks after she left her late husband's home in Ohio, Mrs. Dalton and her son arrived at Liverpool.

Mr. Ashley, regardless for once of the rebukes of the leading members of his congregation, had hastened to Liverpool to meet his sister-in-law as soon as he saw the arrival of the vessel announced in the newspapers. Sorely as the expense cramped him, he had written to an hotel-keeper in Liverpool to meet her on board the ship on his arrival and convey her to his house, and the third day after her arrival, he himself met her there.

The meeting was a sorrowful one on both sides. Both felt it to be so, though both endeavored as much as possible to disguise their feelings and assume an appearance of cheerfulness they could not feel.

Mr. Ashley could not afford time or money for any delay at the great seaport, and on the following morning the party started for the minister's humble home.

In that day railroads were unknown, and Mr. Ashley, the

widow and her little son, travelled inside the stage, the fourth seat of which was occupied by a stranger. It was scarcely daylight when the coach drove out of the hotel yard and rattled over the rough paving stones of dirty, busy Liverpool; but as they advanced into the country, the spirits of the widow, which had been low enough at starting, began to revive as she gazed wistfully on the bright green herbage and the lovely domestic scenery of her native land.

"Now for the first time, I feel that I am in England again," she said, her eyes sparkling with an animation to which she had long been a stranger. They were the first words that had been spoken since the stage had left the noisy town.

"May I ask if you have come from the United States, madam?" said the stranger, looking up from the folds of his cloak, which had hitherto been drawn over his face.

"I have, sir," was the reply.

"I thought as much," continued the stranger. "You are an Englishwoman, I perceive. I am an American myself, but at present I am residing in Liverpool."

The stranger now relapsed into silence, but he did not again enfold his features in the folds of his ample travelling cloak. On the contrary, he appeared to gaze with delight upon the ever changing scenery. He was a tall, spare, gentlemanly-looking man, with a keen dark eye, and hair also dark, although slightly grizzled, apparently from the effects of care and anxiety rather than from age, for his years could not much have exceeded thirty.

Again Mrs. Dalton made some remark upon the beauty of the scenery.

The stranger answered her.

"Yes," said he, "your island can boast of lovely scenery; no one will deny that; but you will excuse me for asking, since you have resided in the United States, if you have seen nothing to admire in the scenery there?"

"Much, very much," replied Mrs. Dalton. "The country

is very different from this, but it possesses a beauty peculiarly its own."

"I am glad to hear you acknowledge that, madam," said the gentleman, "for to tell the truth, I am too much accustomed to hear your countrymen speak in a tone of superciliousness of the United States. Not that I care much about it, for I am too proud of the growing greatness of my native land to feel anything but contempt for those who traduce it, but it is not pleasant to listen to such remarks, especially when one knows them to be false."

"Few would make such remarks who have lived long in America," observed Mrs. Ashley.

"There I am sorry to differ with you," returned the gentleman; "few of the educated gentlemen of England would make them, but unfortunately, the Englishmen who in these days visit America are of a class that represent their country but very indifferently. Nothing is good enough for them. Everything is better and finer in England, though if that be the case, what on earth leads them to visit a country they affect to despise so much? You must have observed this feeling amongst those of your countrymen whom you may have met in the United States."

"I was seldom thrown in the way of English people during the whole period I resided in America," answered Mrs. Dalton. "The last four or five years I have spent in Ohio, and I believe there are few of my countrymen settled there, not at least in the part of the State in which I resided."

"In Ohio!" exclaimed the gentleman; "that is my native State. You have lived there, you say, four or five years. This little boy here," looking towards Gerald, who was listening earnestly to the conversation, "is perhaps a countryman of mine; that is to say, if you resided long in America before you went to Ohio?"

"Yes, Sir, little Gerald was born in the city of New York."

"Let me welcome you to England, my fine little fellow,"

said the gentleman, taking Gerald's hand, and patting his cheek. "And at the same time introduce myself as your fellow countryman. My name is Brower, George Brower. What is yours?"

"Gerald Dalton," replied the boy.

"Gerald Dalton—Dalton, from Ohio?" exclaimed the gentleman. "May I ask you, Ma'am," addressing Mrs. Dalton "if your husband bought the farm on the road to Port William about ten miles from Cincinnati, now I should think five years ago or thereabouts?"

"He did, Sir," replied the widow.

"Then I was once slightly acquainted with him. I come from Cincinnati, myself, and my father owns a farm about four miles distant from your husband's. I don't know how he gets on; well, I hope. But you will excuse me for saying that he made a very sorry bargain when he bought that land. It's the worst on the line of the river for miles."

"My husband is dead, Sir," said Mr. Dalton, "and the farm belongs to me no longer."

"Dear me, Madam!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Pardon me for my rudeness. I was foolish not to have perceived that you are in mourning; but I would not have intentionally hurt your feelings."

The excuse was readily accepted by the widow, for, in truth, there was no cause for offence; but the stranger had touched a tender spot in her breast, and she remained silent.

With ready tact he changed the subject, and addressed himself to Mr. Ashley, displaying so much intelligence, cheerfulness, and good-humor, that very shortly Mrs. Dalton again joined in the conversation, and before another hour had passed all were talking again of America, and Mrs. Dalton had related how the farm came to be sold.

"At present," observed Mr. Brower, "the purchaser has got a bad bargain; but, believe me, it will not prove so in the end. It is a pity for the sake of my little Gerald that your

husband could not have held it. As farming land it will never be worth anything; but one of these days it will be among the most valuable property in the State."

"All was sold," said Mrs. Dalton, "for less than my husband paid for it, with the exception of a strip bordering close on the river, that no one would buy."

"And that is still yours?" exclaimed Mr. Brower with animation.

"It is," replied the widow. "No one, I fancy will be in haste to dispossess me of it."

"Be not too sure of that," said Mr. Brower, "Have you the title deeds in your possession?"

"Yes, Sir, they are among my late husband's papers."

"One question more. Had your husband taken out his naturalization papers? Was he a citizen of the United States when he died?"

"He was. He became a citizen two years before his death."

"All right then," exclaimed Mr. Brower. "Keep fast hold of the deed, for the sake of your boy. That piece of swamp that you now believe worthless, as it in fact is, will one day be worth twice the value of the rest of the property. Why Gerald, my little countryman, you will one day become a rich American citizen. It may be many years before that happens; but the day will come, as sure as my name is Brower, and yours is Gerald Dalton, my fine little fellow. But I see we are approaching Derby, I alight there. Here is my card, Sir," addressing Mr. Ashley, and handing him a card. "I am the agent for a mercantile house in Cincinnati, and I reside in Liverpool. I shall be happy to see you there, should you visit the town again. I am going to write to Cincinnati next mail, and I will direct my brother to keep a look out after that piece of swamp land. If it were not yours, madam, I could wish it were mine."

Mr. Ashley exchanged cards with the American. The stage stopped to change horses at Derby, and the traveller

alighted, gaily bidding his late fellow travellers good-bye, and shouting aloud from the door of the hotel, "Good-bye, Gerald, my boy," as the stage rattled swiftly away.

"What do you think of our late companion's notion respecting that bit of land you have been conversing about, Mary?" inquired Mr. Ashley.

"The American people are ever sanguine," answered the widow. "I do not place much faith in his prophecy."

"He seems to be a well informed man, and very gentlemanly and frank in his manners," observed her brother-in-law.

"Most Americans of his class are," replied the widow; "far more intelligent and gentlemanly than the same class in England. I have said no more than the truth; there is indeed much to admire in the United States and in its people. Nor was he far wrong in the estimation of too many of the English who visit the United States."

"It is a pity that such foolish prejudices should exist," said Mr. Ashley. "I should much like to visit America."

"And you would be much pleased with all you saw there," returned the widow. "Poor Charles had much to contend with; had he in early life been trained to labor and to depend upon his own exertions, things would have been very different with him, poor fellow! but it was no fault of his. Both he and I had much to unlearn and much to learn when we first set foot on American soil. We were both at fault, and poor Charles bitterly paid the penalty of his mistake."

The conversation ceased, and both Mr. Ashley and the widow sat silently, occupied with their own thoughts, only occasionally interrupted by the childish prattle of little Gerald.

Several times the stage stopped to change horses, and at last, as night drew on, the passengers all removed into another stage. It was a long weary journey from Liverpool to the town in which Mr. Ashley resided, and they travelled all night, little Gerald sleeping soundly in his mother's lap, and Mr. Ashley and the widow sleeping and waking by fits and starts

as people do sleep and wake in stages. The daylight seemed as if it would never re-appear; but it came at last, displaying in all its fresh spring verdure the sweet scenery of the county of Kent, and by ten o'clock the stage entered Herrington. Mr. Ashley was once more at home, and a fresh sorrow, not unmingled with joy, awaited the widow in meeting the only sister of her late beloved husband.

A few minutes' walk from the coach office, took the travellers to the minister's humble abode, where Mrs. Ashley, who was expecting her husband's return, had everything prepared in her power to give them a hearty welcome.

Little Gerald was introduced to his cousins and the little orphan guest of the household, and the first joy and grief of the meeting over, and every one refreshed with a homely but plentiful breakfast, the ladies retired to talk and perchance to weep over times gone by, and Gerald was taken by his cousins to inspect their toys and treasures, while Mr. Ashley, tired as he was with his long journey, was obliged to forego his much needed rest, for the present, and to set hard to work to redeem his lost time, and endeavor to satisfy the rigid exactions of the leading members and elders of his flock.

CHAPTER IX.

Showing who prove to be friends in time of trouble, and attesting to the truth of the old adage, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Mr. Ashley certainly had sufficient on his hands, for in addition to his clerical duties, the task devolved upon him of educating his two sons, Frederick and Henry, (the twins were girls, and, as I have observed, still infants,) Alice Thornton, the orphan child alluded to in the foregoing chapter, and little Gerald Dalton, his nephew, for he was quite unable to pay for their tuition elsewhere. Frederick, the elder son of Mr. Ashley, was about the age of Gerald, as also was Alice Thornton; Henry was two years younger, but still old enough to require the attention of a preceptor, and all the overburdened minister's spare time was occupied in teaching these children; but otherwise, the arrival of his nephew and sister-in-law did not impose upon him the additional burden he had anticipated, since Mrs. Dalton, by her skill and industry as a needlewoman, was soon able to support herself and her child, though she still remained beneath the roof of her brother-in-law.

Two years passed away, during which period the difficulties already hinted at as occurring between Mr. Ashley and the leading members of his congregation greatly increased. The minister was a patient, much-enduring, long-suffering man; in all reasonable things he endeavored to conform as much as possible to the wishes of others; but patience has its limits, and his deacons at length became so capricious, and at the same time so exacting, that the long smothered discontent on

both sides broke out into open warfare, and one Sabbath morning Mr. Ashley announced his resignation from the pulpit, greatly to the astonishment of Deacon Milton, who had no idea that it was possible for the harassed pastor to take so decided, and, as he thought, so desperate a step, and greatly to the regret of many of the poorer members of the chapel, who had taken no part in the various controversies between the minister and the deacons, and who only knew the former as a good and zealous pastor, and a kind hearted man, ever ready to offer his sympathy in the hour of trouble, though he had nothing else to give.

The deacons, in obedience to the general desire of the congregation, endeavored to induce the minister to change his mind; they even, after finding all other attempts fail, offered to increase his salary to seventy pounds a year, in their opinion a munificent mark of generosity, but the offer had come too late, and Mr. Ashley courteously but positively declined to continue in the exercise of the duties of his sacred office.

He had not arrived at this determination without due consideration. He had advised with Dr. Knight and Mr. Pearce, the vicar of the parish, the only friends with whom he could advise, and he had resolved upon opening a school for boarders and day scholars, in the belief that he should find the profession of a schoolmaster at least as remunerative as that from which he was about to retire. There was, to be sure, another boarding and day school in the town, a long established, highly respectable school, with three or four tutors, besides the principal, to which most of the well-to-do residents—and the town was but small—sent their children. Still Mr. Ashley believed there was room for another academy, and if there were not day scholars enough to make it pay, why should he not succeed in obtaining boarders from a distance, as well as Mr. Clarke, the other schoolmaster?

So in a short time a house was rented with the necessary accommodations, in front of which a sign-board was put up

with the words "Prospect House Classical and Commercial Academy" painted upon it in big letters, and circulars were distributed freely, which informed the townspeople and strangers that at Prospect House Academy, young gentlemen could be instructed in the ordinary branches of English education at a moderate cost, and for certain extra charges enumerated, in Mathematics, Algebra, Astronomy, and the Use of the Globes, Drawing, Latin, Greek, and the Modern Languages. A few young gentlemen, also, could be received as boarders for the sum of twenty-five pounds per annum, paid quarterly in advance, every attention being paid to their comfort by Mrs. Ashley, &c. &c.

But alas! fortune seemed to frown upon Mr. Ashley in all his undertakings; very few of the children of the townspeople came to his school, and these not the children of the more respectable class; and as to parents at a distance, they remained perfectly indifferent to the fact that board and tuition in the English language and all the comforts of a home were offered their children by the proprietor of Prospect House Classical and Commercial Academy.

The inevitable result was, that after two years of desperate struggle, Mr. Ashley was arrested for debt, while in London during the vacation, endeavoring to borrow money, and consigned to the Fleet Prison.

This was a dreadful blow to his unhappy wife and family, though the children were still too young to feel the whole weight of its severity. Things took their usual course. An inventory was taken of the furniture and effects of the bankrupt, and Mrs. Ashley removed with the children into humbler lodgings, to which, however, her sister and niece did not accompany her, Mrs. Dalton having taken separate lodgings for herself and Gerald, who was now a fine boy of twelve years old, and also relieving Mrs. Ashley of the charge of Alice Thornton.

There was great commotion in the little town when the bankruptcy of Mr. Ashley became generally known. It was astonish-

ing to learn how often the event had been mentally predicted, although until it occurred, no one had ever breathed the prediction to his neighbor; and equally astonishing was it to learn to how many different causes the misfortune was attributed.

"I knew it would come to this when Mr. Ashley resigned his charge over Zion Chapel," observed Mr. Milton to a neighbor whom he met while taking his morning walk on the pier. "When people grow proud and stiff-necked, and greedy of riches, they are sure to meet with a fall. It'll be a desperate blow to the family. *He'll* never recover it."

"Don't bear too hard on the poor man, now he's fell into misfortune," was the reply of the person addressed, an honest farmer, who was personally unacquainted with the minister, but who sympathized with him and his family in their trouble. "And the poor wife and children," he continued, "what'll they do?"

"Do as best they can," returned the deacon, "when folks go beyond their means, they deserve to suffer. There was aller's too much pride about Ashley, and now he's reaping its fruits."

"Poor fellow! in prison," said the farmer. "But, you say, they must do as best they can. What means of support have they? You know they musn't starve"—

"Oh, they won't starve; if I thought that likely, why, I'd try and get up a small subscription for them myself, though they have no claim on me or any of *us*, since Ashley left Zion Chapel. Mr. Pearce, and Dr. Knight I have been told sent Mrs. Ashley some money, as a loan. I have no doubt that such is the case."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that at any rate," returned the farmer. "And he, the minister as was, he'll get his sartificate I s'pose,"—

"Oh aye—in a month or so. Meanwhile a little confinement won't do him any harm. It'll humble him and his family, and teach 'em to know their places better in future,"

replied Deacon Milton, as he turned away in the direction of his house.

Mr. Clarke had predicted, so he said, the very day that he heard Mr. Ashley was about opening a rival Academy, that his presumption would meet with a check. *He* to think of succeeding in establishing a school! It was only a source of wonder to Mr. Clarke that he had not failed sooner. "He ought to," added that worthy and conscientious man "for it's downright robbery for a man to try to keep afloat when he feels himself sinking all the time."

Various other reasons were given to account for the misfortunes of the poor schoolmaster; but the general belief amongst the gossips was that he was one of those unhappy men whom Fortune constantly plays football with, and consequently it was useless to sympathize with him, and would be foolish to endeavor to assist him. This last opinion, being a very satisfactory one, inasmuch as it saved a great deal of pain, and trouble, was pretty generally accepted, and amidst these conflicting opinions Mrs. Ashley and the children might have starved or gone to the parish poor-house, but for the kindness of the vicar and the doctor, both of whom visited the family, and afforded them such temporary assistance as they stood in need of.

They had, however, still another friend, who was willing to serve them in his humble way, and this was Jemmy Milton, the brother of the deacon. This man had been a sailor, but had retired from the sea some years before on the occasion of his receiving a legacy left by an older brother, whose life had also been spent at sea, and who had accumulated a handsome competency. There were, however, certain restrictions imposed upon Jemmy Milton by his brother's will. The greater portions of this brother's wealth had been bequeathed to deacon Thomas Milton, who was possessed besides of considerable property. Jemmy only came into the possession of a small annuity of fifty pounds, which was left in the possession of

the deacon, to be by him applied in the manner he thought most advisable for the younger brother's benefit. For some time Jemmy had received it in quarterly payments, and as he still owned a fishing boat, and earned some money as a fisherman, he managed to maintain himself as decently as he cared to do; but within a year or two, Jemmy had prevailed upon his brother to change the method he had originally adopted.

The fact is, unjust as it may seem, there was reason in the unequal distribution of his property by the oldest brother, Richard Milton. He knew that his brother Thomas, niggardly as he was by nature, would not allow Jemmy to suffer from want; and he knew also, that if Jemmy had a thousand pounds a year to spend, he would spend it all recklessly, and feel the pressure of want before the year was ended—Jemmy was content, nay proud, to earn his living as a fisherman, although he had ceased to go long voyages to sea as a sailor. The fifty pounds a year was pocket-money for the purchase of luxuries. Had it been five times fifty, Jemmy would not have worked as a fisherman; would not have been half so happy and contented as he was, and would have spent foolishly the larger sum, while he husbanded the smaller one, with, for him, some degree of caution.

Having formed a resolve, that as long as he was able his labor should supply him with the actual necessaries of life, he was just as fully resolved not to earn any more than sufficed to procure these necessaries, but he found, after a fair trial, that the quarters came round slowly, and that when they did come, and he received his usual quarterly pittance of twelve pounds ten shillings, the next payment was at a date so far distant that he was pretty sure to be out of pocket money long before it arrived. It would have been just the same had the quarterly allowance been doubled or trebled. So Jemmy hit upon a novel scheme. One day, when he was in the act of receiving his little pittance from the hands of his brother, the following conversation took place between them.

"Now Jemmy," said the deacon, "try and take care of that money. A little spent to-day and a little to-morrow, and so forth, and it will last well enough till next quarter. I will take care of it for you if you like, and you can get it from me just as you fancy." Jemmy looked at the money as it lay on the table before him. He gave an extra twist to the chew of pig-tail tobacco he held in his mouth, scratched his head and seemed half inclined to close with his brother's proposal; but the prospect of the forthcoming jollification was too much for his prudence, and he swept the money into his hand, and thrust it into his pocket.

"I'll tell ye what, Tummas," he said, "I must take the money as it is this time, I can't 'conomize this bout, but for the future I'd like to sail on another tack. D'ye see twelve pound ten's a heap of money to spend—It's a short homeward bound v'yage—While I've got it to spend, I'll spend it like a man; but, if so be, as I hadn't got so much to spend, why I couldn't spend it, in coorse, and the odds is, I should be just as well satisfied."

"Just so, Jemmy," replied the deacon, "just so, now suppose from this time I give you the money monthly, or weekly, if you like, what do you say to that?"

"That it's very sensible; but it won't do no ways"—answered Jemmy. "It comes to this, I feels the want of a jollification at sartain times, and I wants money to carry it out, and enough money to carry it out properly too, but not so much as this here. Now I wants you to pay me a shilling a day, soger's pay, Tummas, till the quarter comes round, and then I'll take the balance. I shall allus have money in my purse to buy my porter and bacca then, and something to go on a spree with at the end of the quarter, as usual."

The deacon, after vainly endeavoring to induce his brother to make some wiser arrangement, consented at length, to Jemmy's proposition, and from that time forward Jemmy received and spent his shilling a day, and had his quarterly payment reduced to eight pounds.

Deacon Milton often attempted to give his brother moral advice; but it was entirely thrown away upon him, for Jemmy with all his simplicity, was shrewd enough to read his brother's character perfectly, and to know that on the score of morality, it would scarcely compare favorably with his own—for he was no debauchee—nor was given to any vice. His money was not spent in drink or dissipation, but rather flung away foolishly, given to every one that asked for it, so long as he had a penny remaining to give.

With the boys of the town Jemmy Milton was an universal favorite. He was always ready to join them in their amusements; to take them out to sea in his boat; to build and rig toy ships for them, and to spin yarns of such absorbing interest to his youthful auditors, that they would listen greedily to them for hours together.

Gerald Dalton, who was a boy of a courageous and generous disposition, was especially a favorite of the old fisherman's. He had often accompanied him home to assist in the construction of some new toy, or to teach the boy how to rig a ship properly, and he was among the few who really sympathized with the unfortunate uncle of his favorite.

A day or two after Mrs. Dalton had removed to her new lodgings, Jemmy met Gerald and Alice, walking on the beach.

Evincing a delicacy of feeling that few would have suspected him of possessing, the rough old fisherman hesitated to approach them for some moments, for fear they should think he wished to pry into the secrets of the misfortune that had befallen them; but, at length, upbraiding his own folly, he advanced towards them, and observed that he had not seen Gerald for several days. "We have moved, Jemmy," said Gerald. "Alice and I don't live with Aunt Ashley, now."

"No! where do you live, then?"

Gerald gave him the information he asked for, and he desired the boy to tell his mother that Jemmy Milton was coming to call upon her that evening.

"Oh, do, Jemmy, do," cried Gerald and Alice, in a breath, "Won't we be glad, and" added Gerald, "You'll tell mother the funny tale about the Alligators, won't you. She's so dull sometimes. It'll make her laugh won't it, Alice?"

"Your mother's dull, is she?" said the old fisherman, "well, well, stormy weather comes upon us all times. It can't be helped, and 'what can't be coored must be endoor'd,' as the copy book says. But, tell her to cheer up bravely, and all 'll come out right in the end."

Gerald promised to deliver the message to his mother, and walked homeward with the little girl.

"Now what an old fool I be, to send sich a message as that, arter all," said the old man, as he stood watching the children. "She'll think, the Widow Dalton will—no, no, she won't be quite so silly as that, nuther," he continued, after a pause, slapping his leg with the palm of his hard hand, and chuckling heartily at some ridiculous fancy. "She won't be quite so silly as to think I means anything improper, sich as makin up luv—an old weather beaten chap like me, to sich a young widder as she be. She'll have more gumption than that comes to; but how the dickens I'm to get over it, I don't know. Mebby, I'd better have gone to Mrs. Ashley at oncet; but its ork'ard bisness —very ork'ard business, any how."

Mrs. Dalton certainly was surprised at the intimation that she was to expect a visit from Jemmy Milton that evening. She could not conceive what it was the old fisherman whom she had never spoken to and whom she only knew as the brother of Deacon Milton, could want with her. However, not being able to conceive what he could want, she thought no more about it until the time appointed by Jemmy arrived.

He was true to the minute, and after having sent up his name by the woman of the house who opened the door to him, he was at the request of Mrs Dalton, shown up stairs.

"I hope you're well well, marm," he said, as he entered the room, first giving his trowsers a hitch, and then bowing in

sailor fashion, and jerking alarmingly at the forelock of his hair.

"Your name is Milton, Sir, Mr. James Milton," said the widow.

"Jemmy Milton, or plain Jemmy, at your sarvice, marm," replied the old fisherman, with another awkward bow, and another pull at the unfortunate forelock.

"Pray, be seated, Sir, I am glad to see you."

"I am glad to hear that, marm," said the old man. "Because, d'ye see, I somehow thought as I might be intrudin'."

"By no means. My little boy ——"

"And a right smart boy he is, marm," interrupted Jemmy.

"My little boy," continued the widow, "has told me that you wished to see me on business this evening. May I ask what it is about?"

"*To* be sure, *to* be sure," returned the old man. "That's comin' right to the pint at oncet. That saves a great deal of trouble. But—" and he looked at the children, and whispered in a voice, however, sufficiently loud for them to hear, "I shouldn't like, marm, to speak right afore the children. It's a delicate subject as I've come about."

Much surprised at the old man's remarks, Mrs. Dalton requested the children to retire to the bedroom, the only other apartment she possessed, and after Jemmy had thrice vainly attempted to clear his throat, for he spoke in a hoarser voice than usual, he proceeded to explain the object of his unexpected call.

"You see, marm," he said, "I'm only a rough seafarin' man laid up in ordinary, as I may say; but I know'd Mr. Ashley, marm, and I respects him. *Darned if I don't!*" he exclaimed with emphasis, dashing his hat upon the floor to give greater force to the expression. "And I think he ain't been kindly dealt with by my brother, Deacon Tummas. "He's fell into misfortin, marm, and I respects a man as falls into misfortin' and bears it *like* a man—as I knows he does. Now, I'm

comin to the pint, and you'll excuse me when I say, as it was quarter day yesterday, and I've got a little matter o' money, which I ain't got any use for whatsomever, and which I should like some keerful body to keep for me, to use, you know, and pay me some day, when I wants it, which won't be p'raps for a year or more. D'ye see, marm. I'm beginning to think as I ought to lay by something, altho' I'm as hearty as ever I was for the matter o' that."

Jemmy hauled out the eight pounds he had that morning received from the Deacon, and laying the gold on the table, seemed to be awaiting Mrs. Dalton's reply. But the widow did not speak; she new not what to make of the old fisherman's remarks. She knew him to be an eccentric character, and had heard that he was profuse in the expenditure of the little money that fell into his possession, and she had an inkling of his object, still she scarcely knew what to reply.

Observing her silence the old man resumed:—

"I see, marm, as you don't rightly understand me, and no wonder. A man ain't to be understood when he don't speak out plain, to the purpose, as a man ought to do. To come right to the pint then, I wish you to give this here small matter o' money as a loan to Mrs. Ashley. Don't tell her who lent it her: say, please, that a friend sent it who respects her husband, and I wish it wur more—*there*."

Jemmy emphasized this last word, as if it had eased his mind of a troublesome load, and Mrs. Dalton, as she looked at him, could not help admiring the generosity of character that beamed in his eye. The weather-beaten old man looked positively handsome.

"Mrs. Ashley," she said, after a pause, "has met with many kind friends in her trouble. Mr. Pearce and Dr. Kinght have been very kind to her. I feel your kindness much; but excuse me, Mr. Milton, you are not rich. You will have need of this money."

"Not at all, marm, not at all," replied the old fisherman. "I can allus earn my living while God gives me strength, and independent of that, I has my shilling a day, for baccy and drink, and this here sum of eight pounds every quarter. More by token, my brother Tummas, close as he is, wouldn't let me want, if my old hulk should give way and lay me up in ordinary. You see I didn't like to make the offer, direct, myself to Mrs. Ashley, seeing as I didn't know her, so I thought it 'd be more delicate like to make it through you."

Observing that Mrs. Dalton still hesitated, he added:— "Supposing you don't take the money, it 'ill do me no good, nor nobody no good. I shall go down to the boathouse, under the cliff, and treat all the boatmen and may be they'll lose a day's work in consekence."

"I will accept your kind offer in behalf of my sister, Mr. Milton," said Mrs. Dalton, "but you must permit me to tell her to whom she is indebted."

"Not at all, not at all," said Jemmy. "Say a friend of her husband's, and a friend of the minister's, that's all. And now, marm, I wish you good evening." And without waiting for further acknowledgments, the old fisherman left the room.

The generous donation of the honest old fisherman was of essential service to Mrs. Ashley, who, with all the kindness of the few friends who sympathized with her husband's misfortunes, found it difficult to get along with her large family, thus left so dependent solely upon her exertions.

It was not long, however, before her husband was restored to her. He found little difficulty in getting his certificate, for it was proved in court that his bankruptcy had been caused by misfortunes over which he had no control, and he was discharged. Some friends likewise assisted him with a trifling loan, and he returned to his family, with the intention of opening a school in a village on the sea coast, a few miles distant from Herrington. It was a small watering place to which he

retired, much frequented in summer on account of its excellent advantages for sea-bathing, and he thought here there was a probability of success.

Thither he removed with his wife and children, leaving Mrs. Dalton and her son and Alice Thornton in the town, where for some years she had earned a living, poor enough, it is true, but still a living for herself and her boy, with her needle.

CHAPTER X.

Contains some account of Herrington and its inhabitants, and tells how Gerald Dalton made up his mind to leave home and seek his fortune.

It was not the best situation for a high spirited boy of twelve years old to be placed in, that in which Gerald Dalton was placed in now. Debarred by his mother's want of means from the advantages of a regular school education, for Mr. Ashley had removed too far off for him to attend his school any longer, he was dependent for such instruction, as she had time to give, upon his mother; but she had but little leisure during the day-time to bestow upon him, and the consequence was, that, although a well-disposed boy, much of the time that ought to have been employed in study was spent in wandering abroad, and though in obedience to his mother's wishes, he kept himself aloof from the vicious boys of the neighborhood, such a training as this, for a boy of his years, necessarily led to a love of roaming and a disaffection to steady, settled pursuits, calculated to have a bad influence over him when, after a lapse of a year or two more, he should commence to earn his own living and to learn to depend upon his own exertions.

A great portion of his time was spent upon the sea beach, watching the operations of the sailors, boatmen, and fishermen, or listening to their marvelous yarns—Jemmy Milton standing pre-eminent as a narrator of wonderful stories. Nothing, in fact, was too stupendously marvelous to cause Jemmy to hesitate. Whether in his younger years he had read Gulliver's travels,

and Baron Munchausen's adventures, and the History of Robinson Crusoe, and mingled the whole together and thought over them until he believed them true, and himself to have been an actor in the wonderful adventures through which these heroes passed, or whether his marvelous stories were the product of his own imagination, aided by a recollection of the scenes he had witnessed during a long and adventurous ocean career, I cannot say, but it is certain that Jemmy had become so habituated to dealing in the marvelous, that he actually believed what he said, and told his stories with so much sententious gravity, never allowing a muscle of his face to relax, although the listeners were convulsed with laughter, that to the boys in Herrington he was a living story-book, always full of new fairy tales and wonderful adventures by sea and land, infinitely more amusing than any printed story-book they had ever read, while overgrown men listened to him with wonder and admiration; but then, with the few exceptions that always go to prove the rule, the inhabitants of Herrington were not remarkable for refinement or intelligence.

Steam and the electric telegraph have done great wonders for Herrington, which is now a thriving seaport and a fashionable watering place, possessing several admirably appointed hotels, elegant streets and piers, and numerous villas situated on the summit of its lofty cliff, affording a glorious view of the straits, and on fine, clear days, of the French Coast opposite, at a distance of some twenty-five or thirty miles. It is now, in fact, the chief outlet to the continent, and the first place that the continental visitor sets foot on visiting England. Where in former days lay the Dutch galliot, discharging its cargo of cheese and eggs, direct from Holland, or the single-masted "hoy," waiting to convey passengers to the channel ports, may now be seen the packet steamers, just returned from or just about to depart for Boulogne, freighted with passengers of all ranks of life, and the bustle now observable upon the quays, would have astonished the inhabitants of Herrington of the past gen-

eration. The Dutch galliots, with their quaint crews and odd cargoes, may still be seen; but the modest, humble hoy, has gone the way of the old stage coach, and is now among the things that were.

Yet Herrington boasts of great antiquity, and according to its inhabitants, once possessed seven churches, and streets and houses, stretching far out where now flows the sea, which according to ancient legend has encroached upon miles of land, and undermined and crumbled vast masses of the huge cliffs, the remnants of which, while they seem to bid defiance to its further encroachments, still to this day suffer from its never ceasing process of undermining; but the men of Herrington,

> "——— Grown wiser than of yore,
> Build rearward now, who seaward built before."

At the period of which I write, and for many years before, the ostensible occupation of the greater portion of its inhabitants had been that of fishing and curing red herrings. From this latter occupation, probably, was derived its euphonious designation. But the real occupation of the people, "and that in which they took the most delight," was smuggling. For several generations the Herringtonians had been smugglers, root and branch. The wealthy residents, and there were several possessed of considerable wealth, had made their fortunes by contraband trade and then retired from the profession. The mayor, and the members of the corporation, the town clerk, and the parish clerk, the beadle, the town crier and the very watchmen, had been or were all more or less concerned in this nefarious occupation. Probably there was not a resident of the place, excepting the vicar, and the dissenting minister, and the doctor, and the schoolmaster, that had not been more or less a smuggler. As to the lawyer, the only lawyer the town boasted, he was well known to be the most successful smuggler of the lot. Smuggling was, however, on the wane. The vigilance exercised by the officers of the coast-guard, had rendered it more perilous and less profitable than of old, and the wealthy

few who had retired from the business now professed to look upon it with holy horror.

This occupation, carried on for years, and looked upon as the natural destiny of a Herringtonian, although it had in some respects rendered them shrewd, brave, and sharp-witted, had not been favorable to the progress of education, and probably a body of people more ignorant of "book-learning," as they con temptuously expressed themselves when speaking of education, was not to be found in Great Britain. It is a well known historical fact, that towards the close of the last century, the Board of Admiralty in London, sent orders to the mayors of all the channel ports to whitewash the land marks in order to render them more readily recognizable to mariners. Herrington church, perched high upon the cliffs, was a well known land mark, and the mayor of Herrington received an order to the same effect as his compeers. His worship was overpowered with conflicting emotions of delight and consternation. Arrant smuggler as he had been, he was elated at the idea of receiving a communication in his official capacity from the Board of Admiralty; but the matter was one of too great importance, in his estimation, to be decided upon without holding a consultation with his civic advisers. The corporation was forthwith assembled to hold a special meeting in the Town Hall, and in a flutter of agitation the mayor handed the official letter to the town clerk, to read. "Reading and writing coming by nature, and being no gift of fortune," as honest Dogberry hath it, was not one of his worship's qualifications.

The document was read, or rather spelled through by the clerk.

"We must appropriate a sum of money to this purpose immediately," said the mayor, when the clerk had finished the reading, looking round with conscious dignity upon the assembled civic officers.

"May it please your worship," said an old alderman, rising

from his seat, "there is more room for discussion and reflection in this order than your worship perceives."

"Ha! what is that?" said the mayor. "To me it seems clear enough. What say you, gentlemen?" addressing the remainder of the Board.

"Has your worship observed," continued the alderman, "that their gracious lordships have not said what color the church is to be whitewashed?"

"No," responded half a dozen voices. "We must send to London for further explanation before we proceed. Their lordships have evidently forgot to state what color the church is to be whitewashed."

The mayor was convinced. He marveled that he had not noticed the omission before, but it might be a mistake of their own. The clerk was ordered to read the document again. No, there was no mention of the color, and forthwith the clerk was directed to draw out a letter of inquiry, to which the mayor and aldermen each affixed "+, his mark," requesting the necessary instructions, to which it is presumed a reply was duly received, for in process of time the church was—*white*washed.

A story also is told of the Herringtonians, to the effect, that fearful of contagion, once upon a time, when the small-pox was raging violently in a neighboring village, they stretched fishing nets around the town to keep out the horrible disease; but this story is not so well authenticated as the latter, and many persons incline to believe that it is a malicious libel cast upon the Herringtonians by some of their envious neighbors.

Encounters between the coast-guardmen and the smugglers were by no means of rare occurrence, nor were the magistrates at all prompt in rendering their official aid to the officers of the government in these instances; for, although they professed to frown upon the offence against the laws, even those who no longer traded in contraband themselves could not dispossess themselves of the fellow feeling that makes us won-

drous kind towards certain sins of others. It was not an uncommon sight to witness a stalwart smuggler, who had been captured, led to prison between a file of coast-guardmen with their officers at their head, all with their swords drawn to be in readiness to oppose any attempt at rescue that might be made, and that but for these precautions, would have been made; and as the prisoner passed haughtily along the streets, carelessly smoking his pipe while surrounded by his captors, windows would be thrown up, sometimes those of the houses of the magistrates, and fair ladies would wave their handkerchiefs in sympathy with the shouts of the populace, encouraging the offender against the laws, and bidding him be of good cheer.

It was in the midst of such a population as this that Gerald Dalton lived from the age of eight to fourteen years, and during the last two years of this period he was free from the salutary restraints that would have been imposed upon him had he regularly frequented a school.

However, the anxious care of his mother preserved him from the effects of many of the evil influences that might otherwise have operated dangerously upon his young mind.

That which she most dreaded was the effects of his companionship with boys of his own age, who, not subjected to the moral restraints, nor influenced by the teachings her own boy found at home, might counteract her endeavors; and she endeavored, as much as possible, to render his home, and the society he found there, attractive to him.

In this effort, she in a great measure succeeded, and his evenings were generally spent at home, where he was sometimes engaged in study, and sometimes in reading aloud to his mother and Alice Thornton.

Gerald, however, had formed a strong attachment to Jemmy Milton, and he was never so happy as when he could catch the old fisherman alone, mending his nets or repairing his boats, and entice him to talk of the strange scenes he had witnessed

and the perilous adventures he had passed through on the ocean and in foreign lands. Though he was sometimes a little staggered by the fabulous tone of Jemmy's yarns, he generally received them as truth, and often wished that he could witness such strange sights and dare such perils.

Setting aside the glaring improbability of Jemmy's stories, they were neither dangerous nor immoral. Indeed, in his wildest flights of imagination, it would appear that he endeavored to convey some moral to his listeners, and the kind-hearted though eccentric old man was never so happy himself as when he had a happy group of children round him and witnessed the delight they derived from hearing him tell his wondrous stories.

Thus two years passed away, and Gerald Dalton and Alice Thornton were each fourteen years old. Gerald, although he had missed the educational advantages possessed by boys more favored by fortune than he had been, was a well informed lad. Mrs. Dalton was a lady of superior education, although reduced in circumstances, as the reader is aware; and in some respects, perhaps Gerald had profited more by his home instructions than he would have done at school, and he had acquired a refinement of manner from the constant society of his mother and Alice, which most favorably distinguished him from the generality of the town boys.

It was now time that he should be bound apprentice to some trade or profession, or go into some office in which he could learn to maintain himself, and the knowledge of this and the difficulty of finding a place suitable for him was a great source of anxiety and trouble to Mrs. Dalton.

Gerald had a taste for drawing, and it was his mother's desire that he should make it useful to him, as it would be if he were to become an engraver, and although the boy was willing to follow her wishes, his own fancy leaned to some more adventurous life, he cared little what, provided it gave occupation to his daring spirit. But his mother shrunk from the thought of this; and yet, to place him in the office of a merchant, or

the shop of a tradesman, would require a fee beyond her means. She resolved at length, after much thought, to consult with Doctor Knight and the vicar upon the subject.

One day Gerald had, as usual, when he had a leisure hour to spare from the studies to which Mrs. Dalton kept him confined as closely as she thought advisable, strolled down to the beach in the hope of meeting with Jemmy Milton. He found the old man in the boat-house mending his nets, and whistling merrily the tune of an old sea-song. A mug of beer stood on a bench by his side, on which also lay his pipe.

"Ah, Gerald, my boy," said he, as the youth entered the boat-house, "so you've come to have a chat with old Jemmy, have ye. Well, sit down, take care of the pipe though, don't break that.—There, that'll do. Well, what's the news at home?"

"Nothing," replied Gerald, who appeared to be in lower spirits than usual. The old fisherman observed this.

"Why, Gerry, boy," he said, "you seem dull and mopish to-day. You're not sick, eh?"

"No," replied the youth, "I'm pretty well, Jemmy."

"Then you should never be down-hearted. I hold it a sin and a shame to be downhearted, in God's world, where there is so much to enjoy, if anybody only takes the right view of things. If it storms to-day, why what's the odds, it's more like to be sunshine to-morrow. No good ever comes o'mopin." And the old man sung in a cheerful voice, a snatch of a song as was his habit often in the midst of a conversation.

> "Then away with melancholy while time is on the wing,
> We can't prevent its flying, so let's merrily, cherrily sing
> Fal la."

"There's good sound sense in that 'ere ditty, Master Gerald, if the world only knowed it," he said, as he ceased singing.

"I am not down-hearted without a cause," replied Gerald.

"Why, what's the matter, boy?" asked the old man; "you said there was nothing the matter at home. Folks all well and hearty, eh?"

"Yes, mother is well, and so is Alice; and so were Uncle Ashley's folks when last we heard from them. But, Jemmy, I'm fourteen years old to-day, and it's high time that I ceased to be a burden to my mother. Alice maintains herself by sewing; but here am I, a great lazy fellow of fourteen, without anything to do that will bring me in a penny, or relieve my mother of the charge of supporting me. I ought to maintain her now, not she me."

"There's some truth in that, Master Gerald," thoughtfully observed the old fisherman.

"I'd go to sea, or go and seek my fortune somewhere or other, if mother would give her consent," continued Gerald. "By George, I'm almost inclined to go away from home secretly. Mother would forgive me, I know, when she came to know that my object was to assist her and myself at the same time."

"Not go away from home agin your mother's wish, Master Gerald?" said the old man.

"Why, what do women know as to what a man ought to do? and I ought to be a man now," said the boy, impatiently. "It would be better for myself; better for mother—and," he added, after a pause, "better for Alice."

"Master Gerald," said the old man, gravely, "I'm sorry to hear you talk that a ways. I never had a wife, or I should p'raps have been a better and a happier man. I should have had a wife if I had followed the advice of my mother; but I was headstrong, and went a long v'yage to sea agin her wish. *She* wished me to stay in the coastin' trade and marry poor Jane, who's dead and gone years and years ago. They heerd as I was lost, and Jane, agin *her* will, poor thing, married somebody else. I came back, and she took it so much to heart that she'd been and gone, and married a man as she didn't care for, while I was living, that she broke her heart. I vowed arter that as I'd never marry, and I didn't. But Gerald, take an old man's advice as has seen the world and is old enough to be your

grandfather. Never speak contemptuous of women. No man ever spoke contemptuous of women without his havin' a bad heart as well as a bad head. God made 'em to be our helpmates, boy. *He* made 'em to be man's earthly support, his encouragement in trials, his comfort in sorrow and affliction, his nurse in sickness, his earliest teacher, his last friend, his mother, his sister, his wife. And without mother, sister or wife, what would man be? Sister or wife, wus luck, I never had; but I had a mother, boy, and if she war alive now, or if I *had* been blessed with a wife or sister, mayhap Jemmy Milton wouldn't be the poor unfortunit old vagabone he is now."

The old man's voice had trembled with suppressed emotion as he spoke, and now, for some minutes, he remained silent, and when he again spoke, it was to repeat his voice of warning.

"Master Gerald, whatever you do, don't go agin your mother."

"Nor will I, Jemmy," replied the youth. "I never entertained such a thought; but I wish I had some friend who could persuade mother that it were better for herself, as well as for me, that I should be endeavoring now to make my own way in the world."

"Well, there is sense in that; there is sense in that," repeated the old fisherman. "Suppose, now, you should get your uncle to speak to her. He's a clever man, Mr. Ashley. I've a great opinion on him myself. S'pose you was to go over now to Sandgate and ax him to come over to Herrington and give Mrs. Dalton a bit of his mind."

"I have thought of that, Jemmy," replied Gerald, "but I don't think Uncle Ashley would be of much use; Cousin Frederick is as old as I am, and he's at home yet."

"Ay, to be sure, to be sure," returned the old man. "Still I've lived long enough to know as two heads is wiser nor one. Mr. Ashley and your mother mought put their heads together and summat mought come out o't."

"Well, then," said Gerald, "I will go over to Sandgate one day next week, and speak to uncle."

"And if nought comes, o' that, Gerald, you mought speak to Mr. Pearce, the parson, up at the vicarage, you know, or to Dr. Knight. Both of 'em are real gentlemen, and friends of your mother. I would speak to her myself, but the words of an old wagabone like me wouldn't go for much."

Gerald coincided with Jemmy's opinion as far as regarded the assertion that his advice would not be such as his mother would be prone to listen to; not that he or his mother thought the honest, eccentric old fisherman a vagabond, but anything that Jemmy might suggest would, as Gerald well knew, be of a nature to frighten his mother into the belief that he was urging her son into just the reckless course of adventure she wished him to avoid.

"Now, I'm goin' to launch my boat, Gerald, boy, and examine the nets I laid last night in the creek," said Jemmy, rising up and putting his tools in the locker. "S'pose you lend me a hand, and mayhap, if I've luck, I'll give ye some fish to take home."

Nothing could have been more agreeable to Gerald than such a proposition as this. He consented with alacrity, and for the present, the subject of conversation was dropped.

CHAPTER XI.

In which it is shown that misfortune still presses upon Mr. Ashley; but he meets with a friend in the hour of need, and goes to London. Showing further how Gerald Dalton accompanied him thither.

Mr. Ashley had not succeeded so well as he had anticipated in Sandgate; true, it was a snug little watering place enough, and during the summer season was tolerably well supplied with visitors, and the visitors brought children with them; all this was very fine, but the children came for pleasure and recreation as well as their parents, and did not go to Mr. Ashley's school. With the exception of the few hotels and boarding-house keepers, the villagers were all fishermen, smugglers, coast guardsmen, or petty shopkeepers, all of a class that did not care for the education of their children, or if they did, could not afford to pay for it, while the children of the aforesaid hotel and boarding-house keepers, were weekly boarders at Mr. Clarke's school at Herrington. Mr. Ashley's success at Sandgate was limited to the patronage of some half dozen of his former Herrington friends, who sent their children as weekly boarders to Sandgate, and so got them educated for nothing, and boarded for nothing into the bargain, since they paid for neither.

Gerald Dalton walked out to his uncle Ashley's, as he had intimated to the old fisherman, and after relating his troubles, asked Mr. Ashley's advice.

"Upon my word, Gerald," was the reply, "I scarcely know what to advise. You are right, quite right, not to wish, at

your age, to be longer a burden to your mother; It is time, too, that Frederick should be doing something for himself, and he is anxious to do something, poor fellow! but I am utterly unable to do any thing for him."

"Cousin Fred might help you, uncle, in the school," interposed Gerald, "I only wish I could help my mother with her work."

Mr. Ashley smiled mournfully.

"The school, Gerald," he replied, "does not suffice to furnish me with employment: but come, I am going, over to Herrington this afternoon to see Mr. Pearce. Suppose you walk over with me if you have rested yourself sufficiently, and ask his advice. Mr. Pearce has often spoken favorably of you to me. He may suggest something."

Gerald willingly complied, and the uncle and nephew sat out together.

The object of Mr. Ashley in calling upon the Vicar, was to hold further conversation respecting a matter which had heretofore been discussed between them.

Ever since the former had resigned the pastoral care of Zion Chapel, he had entertained a desire to unite himself with the Established Church; in fact his ambition was to become a minister of that persuasion: but there stood in his path an insurmountable barrier, he had not received a university education, and this additional one, he had no family or church influence to aid him. Mr. Pearce, however, desirous of assisting him as far as lay in his power, had exerted his influence to obtain for him an appointment as chaplain to one of the colonies; not, be it said, with much hope of success, for he was well aware of the difficulties that interposed themselves in the way of his obtaining even this by no means covetable preferment, even if he could succeed in getting ordained to holy orders; but the vicar had written to one of his friends, who had spoken of the matter to one of the bishops, and as soon as the vicar received the letter notifying him of this, he had sent for Mr. Ashley to call at the parsonage house at his earliest leisure.

The few miles between Sandgate and Herrington being a pleasant walk along the margin of the cliffs, were soon passed over, and within a couple of hours from leaving Sandgate, Mr. Ashley and his nephew reached the vicarage.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Ashley," said the vicar, when his visitors were ushered into his presence by the servant; "and you too, Gerald. Pray be seated. Why, what a tall boy you are growing. Do you go to school at Sandgate?"

"No sir," replied Gerald; "I have been over to see uncle, and we walked back from Sandgate together."

"Well then, you will both need some refreshment after your walk, and then your uncle and I will have a little talk together, and meanwhile, you can go and amuse yourself in the garden."

Refreshments were ordered, and soon brought in, and a variety of common-place subjects filled up the conversation until they had been partaken of, when Gerald left the room, and Mr. Pearce at once broached the subject on account of which he had sent for Mr. Ashley.

"How does the school succeed, Mr. Ashley?" he asked, by way of preliminary. "Any prospect of an increase?"

"Indeed, no sir," replied Mr. Ashley; "I shall be compelled to give it up. It is useless endeavoring to carry it on longer. I find it impossible to make both ends meet. In fact, I am getting unavoidably into debt, and my prospects grow every day more gloomy."

"I am sorry to hear that, very sorry," said the kind-hearted vicar; "however, let us talk of other matters. I have received a letter from a friend of mine, a member of Parliament, who is acquainted with the Bishop of ——. He has interested himself, through my representations in your behalf. A meeting is shortly to take place. Let me see—this is Saturday—a meeting will be held this very day fortnight at Exeter Hall in London, which will be attended by several of the dignified clergy, to take into consideration the qualifications of the various candidates for the appointment of chaplain to three or four gov-

ernment establishments; one, the most eligible, I mean as regards the climate, is in Newfoundland; the others are on the coast of Africa. Your application, sent through me, will be taken into consideration among the rest; but I do not wish to raise high expectations. Some of the candidates have been already ordained, and others have not the impediments to contend with in getting ordained that you will meet with. Still, I should not like you to miss the chance, and even if you should not succeed in this matter, there are several schools to be organized by the government, to one of which, I think, in the event of your failing in your principal object, you may succeed in getting an appointment. But it will be necessary for you to be present on the occasion. Can you go up to London during the week after next?"

"The school will be no hindrance," replied Mr. Ashley, "since I shall close it next Saturday; but"—he hesitated, and the vicar, suspecting the cause of his hesitation, observed:—

"You will excuse me, I know, Mr. Ashley, for speaking so freely; you would observe that you have not funds sufficient to bear the expenses of the journey?"

"You have surmised correctly," said Mr. Ashley, the color mounting to his forehead.

"And I have met the difficulty," continued the vicar. "There is a society in London—you may have heard of it—the object of which is to afford relief to gentlemen of your class who have unavoidably, and through no fault of their own, fallen into poverty. I have obtained for you the sum of thirty pounds through the friend of whom I have spoken, and do not think that in doing this your delicacy has been wounded. Except to the committee appointed to examine into the merits of the cases presented to them, your name and circumstances are unknown."

Mr. Ashley grasped the worthy vicar's hand, and with tears in his eyes thanked him for his generous interference in his behalf.

"Well, well, we will say no more about that," said the vicar. "I am only glad that I have had the opportunity of serving you. I suppose, now, there will be nothing to prevent you from being at Exeter Hall at the time appointed for the several candidates to meet?"

"Nothing," returned Mr. Ashley.

"Then we will say nothing further about the matter at present. By the way," he added suddenly, with the object of changing the conversation, "I have quite forgotten to ask after your family. How are Mrs. Ashley and the children?"

"They are all quite well at present, though my wife is still subject to frequent attacks of illness," replied Mr. Ashley.

"I am sorry to hear that," returned the vicar. "Let me see, Frederick is the name of your oldest boy; I have not seen him for some time; he must be about the age of Gerald, is he not?"

"Nearly the same age; both have passed their fourteenth year. It is time that Frederick was learning some business. It is wrong for a man in my circumstances, with a family like mine to support, to keep the boy at home so long; but what am I to do?"

"Very true—very true," said the vicar; "but if you go abroad, you would of course like the boy to go with you, and I have no doubt he will be either useful to you there, or something eligible for him will offer itself. Here comes Gerald. What does Mrs. Dalton intend to do with that lad? He is a fine intelligent little fellow."

"Poor woman," said Mr. Ashley, "she is in the same predicament with myself. She does not know what to do with him; and the boy himself is anxious to be no longer a burthen to her. He would soon settle the question himself if he could have his own way; and, I believe, would go to sea, for he is an adventurous youth; but he is his mother's only child, and she cannot bear the idea of his leaving her to engage in such a perilous avocation. In fact, the boy walked out to Sandgate to-day to advise with me upon the subject."

Gerald now entered the room, and the vicar, addressing him, said :—

"So Gerald, your uncle tells me you want to be doing something for yourself, eh?"

"Yes sir," replied the boy. "If I were in America, I know I should find plenty to do, young as I am."

"You are an American by birth, I believe?" said the vicar.

"Yes sir," answered the boy, proudly, "I am a citizen of the United States; leastwise, I shall be when I'm twenty-one. I shall go to America then."

The clergyman smiled. "You show, at all events, that you have within you something of the independence of spirit that I have heard attributed to your countrymen," he said. "Your father died in America; did he not?"

"Yes sir."

"Yes, poor fellow!" interposed Mr. Ashley, "he did not find there the El Dorado he had pictured before he left England."

"I know the reason of that," said the boy; "I have heard my mother speak of it. But I should act differently. My father was not educated as I have been."

"Perhaps you are right, Gerald," answered Mr. Ashley.

"I have no doubt that he is," said the vicar; "but tell me Gerald, what would you do if you had your own way?"

"Anything that is honest, that would enable me to earn my own living and assist my mother, sir."

"Bravely answered, my good boy. Always adhere to that resolve—'Anything that is honest.' But what business or profession would you prefer?"

"I should like to go to sea, very well; but better still to travel in foreign countries; to go all over the world," replied Gerald.

"Rather an ambitious desire, my boy," said the clergyman, smiling at the reply; "but what does your mother think is best adapted for you?"

"She would like me to learn to be an engraver, if she had money enough to apprentice me," said the boy. "I should like that pretty well myself, for I like drawing."

"Would you like to be employed at a picture-dealer's, in London?"

"Oh! very much! I should so like to go to London, sir."

"And your mother, would she be willing to let you go to London?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I am sure she would, if she had means to send me there."

"Well, then, when you go home to-night, tell her that I will call in to see her to-morrow, and we'll talk the matter over. I have a friend in London, a picture-dealer, who, I think, would take you into his employ upon my recommendation. And as to the means of getting there, we'll try and manage that."

Gerald thanked the clergyman, and soon afterwards his uncle and he wished him good-night, and quitted the vicarage. Mr. Ashley returned home to his family, building *chateaux en Espagne*, to which he was too much addicted, and already having succeeded, in imagination, in the realization of his hopes; while Gerald was overjoyed at the prospect of getting a situation, and of going to London.

On the following morning Mr. Pearce called upon the widow —who had already been informed by her son of the topic of conversation between him and the vicar the previous evening, and although she was sorrowful at the thought of separation from her boy, as is natural to all mothers, she was grateful to the worthy clergyman for the interest he had taken in her behalf. Mr. Pearce had brought Doctor Knight with him, and after it had been settled that Gerald should go to London, he said:

"And now, Gerald, I promised you a Christmas box, which I have not yet given you. Here are two sovereigns; they will pay your fare to London, and leave you some pocket money besides. I only hope that you will make a proper use

of it, and that you will strive to give satisfaction to your em ployer."

"And I will add another sovereign," said the doctor, presenting the boy with the coin.

Gerald proudly pocketed the coins and returned his thanks to the donor, while the widow was profuse in her expressions of gratitude.

"Now," said the vicar, "your uncle, Mr. Ashley, intends to visit London in the course of a fortnight. Do you think you can get ready in time to accompany him? Let us hear what your mother says."

Mrs. Dalton thought she could make all necessary preparations by the time specified, and expressed herself to that effect, and shortly afterwards the two gentlemen took leave.

It was a pretty hard task for the widow to prepare for her son's approaching departure, for though it had been her pleasure and her pride, restricted as were her means, to clothe him respectably at all times, he necessarily required many new garments, which her funds were little able to supply. Nevertheless, by dint of economizing and setting aside for the time being the anticipated purchase of various articles she had in tended to have procured for herself, and aided by Alice Thorn ton, in carefully repairing and altering old garments, she man aged to make up for her boy a respectable wardrobe, or at least to provide him with sufficient clothing to serve him for some months. Perhaps it was well that her time was fully occupied in this employment. Had she been idle, she might have felt more deeply her son's approaching departure. Thus it is that what we consider our misfortune often proves our greatest blessing. And as to Gerald, like most boys of his age about to leave home for the first time, his mind was too much occupied with hopeful anticipations of the future, to allow of its lodging much regret for the present, much as he was attached to his mother.

The day previous to that on which he was to leave home, he again met Jemmy Milton on the beach. Gerald and Alice had

walked out together, leaving Mrs. Dalton to pack up her son's clothing. The widow had desired them so to do. She wished to be for a few hours, on this last day, alone with her own thoughts, to collect her mind, and to think over a thousand things that she wished to speak of when she and Gerald should be alone that last evening at home—and perhaps to pray that her fatherless boy might be protected and guided, now that he was going forth into the world, by Him who has promised to be a father to the orphan, and a husband to the widow.

Gerald and Alice were in serious conversation when they saw the old fisherman. It was the first time that they, young children as they were, had held serious conversation together.

The old man came out of his favorite retreat, the boat-house, to meet them.

"Ah, Master Gerald," he said, "What's this I hear? So you are going away to Lunnun?"

"Yes, Jemmy," replied the boy, "I was coming with Alice, here, to tell you. I did'nt know that you were aware of it."

"Oh, yes," said the old man; "old Jemmy hears everything that's going on; but what be going to do in Lunnun, Master Gerald? It's an awful place for a youngster to drift into."

"I hardly know myself," replied Gerald. "I am going to a friend of Mr. Pearce's, who has promised, through his recommendation, to take me in his employ. He is a picture-dealer, or something of that sort, I believe."

"Ha! a picture-dealer. Well, no doubt if so be as Mr. Pearce got you the berth, it's all right; though for the matter o' that, I've heered as paintin's a mighty onsartain trade; but you allers had a notion of paintin', I will say that. Do you recollect the beautiful pictur' of the Herrington hoy—agoin' spankin' down channel—colored, too, like natur."

"Yes," said Alice, laughing, "he showed me that picture; the hull was of a sky blue color, and the sails yellow, and braced different ways, while the position of the red vane showed that she was sailing with a square foresail, right against the wind."

"For all that, it was a real handsome pictur'," said the old man, "and I've got it at home pasted up over the chimbly-piece ever since. Master Gerald explained as how it was done in perspective, as he called it, and that was how the cutter came to be sailin' agin the wind."

"Never mind my picture," said Gerald, laughing, yet seemingly a trifle annoyed at Alice's criticism, "and as to my talent for painting, I don't suppose it would be called into request at a picture-dealers, even if I possessed any talent of that kind."

"Well, come and sit down, both of ye, in the old boat-house," said the old man. "Mayhap it will be a long time before we meet here again; but I shall think of you often, and, haply, you won't forget Jemmy Milton?"

"I hope not," said Gerald. "You and I have always been good friends. As soon as I get any money I shall send you something from London to remember me by."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Master Gerald," said the old fisherman, "but think of your mother, boy, and send her all the money you can spare; that will be the best way for you to get rid on it. Miss Alice won't forget you, nuther, I warrant—will you, Miss?"

Alice did not reply; she looked serious and thoughtful; the arch merriment which had led her to criticise Gerald's vaunted picture of the cutter, had vanished, and she was evidently grieved at the idea of parting from him.

They were now seated on the bench in the boat-house, and Jemmy had lighted his pipe, after having taken a drink from a mug of beer which stood on a rude table near him.

"Lunnun's a wonderful place," said he, after having smoked for a short time in silence. "I have been there myself, though I didn't go much into the city 'cept over to St. Paul's, and once to the moniment. I spent most of my time there in Radcliffe Highway and Wapping. There's heaps of bad company and curious company in Lunnun, boy—heaps on 'em. You'll be tempted to drink. Take an old man's advice, and don't give

way to drink," and the old man took another swig at the beer as he spoke. "Drink is the ruin of half the young men," he continued; "don't get the taste of it, boy. I once fell into a pot o' beer, and I took to drink arterwards, and never did no good for myself."

"You once fell into a pot of beer!" cried Gerald, as he and Alice looked at the old man with astonishment. Gerald was used to Jemmy's marvellous stories, but this assertion eclipsed all he had heard.

"Aye, but I wasn't so stout at that time as I am now," said the old man, thoughtfully.

"I should think not," said Gerald, laughing, as he scanned the burly proportions of the old fisherman. "You would have some trouble to get into a beer barrel now."

"For all that, boy, laugh as you may, I once fell headforemost into a pot o' beer, and this is how it came about. D'ye see, I was then a youngster much about your age. It was my third v'yage to sea. We were bound from Liverpool to Australy, and the ship was a crossing the Indian Ocean, when thick weather came on, and the skipper couldn't take an observation of the sun for a whole week. We had lost our reckoning and didn't know where we were adriftin' to. By-and-by it came on to blow great guns—the hardest gale ever I see, and I have seen and weathered many on 'em. For three days we tossed about, losing all our sails and springing all our spars, every moment expectin' to go down to Davy Jones' locker. The bulwarks were gone and so were the boats, and every-thing that the sea could sweep from the decks, and still there seemed no sign of the gale's abatin'. At last there came a lull, and then suddenly the wind chopped round and blowed ten times harder than ever from the opposite quarter. The ship came up in the wind, broached to and careened over on her beam ends. The skipper shouted to cut away the masts; but he'd hardly got the words out of his mouth when a terrible sea burst over the deck and swept every living being from the wreck. Down, down, I

went, fathoms deep into the dark water. I soon lost all consciousness, for I don't recollect rising to the surface, but when I came to I found myself floating on a spare mizzen topmast spar, to which I was clinging might and main. Nothing of the wreck was to be seen, 'cept here and there a broken spar tossing madly up and down upon the water. The gale, howsomever, had spent itself, and the wind begun to grow less violent, though the sea was still so rough that I had enough to do to hold on to the spar. Night came on, and with it no hope of relief. I gave myself up for lost, but all that long, dreary night I clung like grim death to the spar. At last daylight came. It was nearly calm, and the sea was much smoother. I looked around in hopes of seeing some of my shipmates; but nothing, now, not even a piece of wreck was to be seen. I strained my eyes into the horizon in hopes of seeing land, and at last I thought I did see a speck in the distance, which might be land, or might be only a cloud. I fixed my gaze upon it, and as the sun rose higher in the horizon, I discovered, to my great joy, that it was land, and in another hour I found that I was slowly drifting towards it. By noon I had got so close to it that I could distinguish the outline of the shore and of the division in the mountain range that formed the back-ground. The current now begun to set in rapidly, and I drifted nearer at the rate of three knots an hour, at least, and by night-fall the spar to which I was clinging drifted on shore. I was so weak that I could scarcely disengage myself from it, and I was sorely bruised as it jerked me to and fro on the beach; but at last I got clear, and crawled up high beyond the beach, and took shelter under a strange tree, which was for all the world like a weed, with its green stem and its broad leaf on the top; but it was full twenty feet high, and the leaf lopped down almost to the ground, and made a very comfortable shade. I was wet and hungry, but withal so fatigued that I soon fell asleep. When I woke, the sun was again high in the heavens, my clothes had dried upon me, and the warmth of the sun was very agreeable

but my limbs were so stiff that I could hardly move. I made shift, however, to crawl about and look for something to eat. For a long time I was unsuccessful, though as my limbs grew less stiff from exercise, I must have wandered several miles into the country. What amazed me was to see how big the trees were—a thousand times as tall as that which I had slept under during the night, which was only a mere plant in comparison. They were so lofty that I could scarcely distinguish the uppermost branches. I saw a lot of large round bodies lying about under one of those monstrous trees, of the shape and color of nuts, but big enough to lodge half a dozen men inside. Presently a monstrous animal, shaped like a squirrel, came bounding past me with one of these large round things in his mouth. He saw me, and seemed to be frightened of me, little as I was compared with him, for he dropped the thing he had in his mouth, and scrambled up one of the monstrous trees. I was so desperately hungry that I dared risk anything, and I walked up and examined the thing he had let fall from his mouth. Sure enough it was a nut which he had cracked, and there was meat enough inside to serve a dozen men for a week. I soon eat a hole in it big enough to effect a lodging, and there I staid for a week, making the nut-shell serve me for my lodging, while the kernel supplied me with food. Water I had in plenty, for several large rivers, as I thought, flowed in every direction around me. I afterwards learnt that they were streamlets, created by the drops of water which trickled from some rocks near by.

"One day, while I was still lost in amazement at all I saw in this strange country, I saw a great thing in the shape of a man, but as big as a mountain, coming towards me. I was frightened, and crept into my nut-shell, which by this time was getting pretty hollow, for I had consumed the greater portion of the meat. On he came, however, so close that I feared his next step would crush the nut-shell and me with it into atoms.

"I made a desperate spring to avoid the threatened danger,

and 'lighted on his foot, from which I crawled up to his stocking. He wore knee breeches, and I clung easily to the stockings, which were made of stuff like worsted, but as coarse as a cable, and the strands as far apart as the ratlins of a ship's rigging. I was afraid of being shook off as he walked, so I crawled and crawled up until I got hold of the tail of his coat and at last I slid down into one of his pockets, where I lay pretty comfortable, but dreadfully frightened. Away he walked with me, making tremendous stride at every step till I could hear him talking in a voice like thunder to some other person who was speaking quite as loud. I guessed by this that he had got home, and think's I to myself—"Jemmy Milton, my lad, you've got into a fix. S'pose this here mountain should take it into his head to sit down. He'd squash you like a pumpkin. So I crawls up out of the pocket, mounts up his back to his shoulder, and without his observing me, slides down his arm and hides myself in the big cuff of his sleeve. By and by he calls for a pot of beer———"

"Did he speak English, Jemmy?" said Gerald.

"To be sure he did," replied the old man. "What other lingo would you have him speak?"

"I don't know," said Gerald, "only I thought it odd that English should be spoken so far away from England."

"Don't they speak English in Ameriky, where you were born?" said Jemmy. "Everybody speaks English but Injun savages, and them outlandish Frenchmen; and they'd speak English if they could, but they ain't got savey enough."

"Go on with your story, Mr. Milton," said Alice, "never mind Gerald."

"I will, Miss, but Master Gerald, you mustn't interrupt me again with sich silly questions. As I was a sayin' he roars out for a pot o' beer, and it was set on the table afore him. He stretched out his hand to take hold of it to take a drink and jerks me right out of his sleeve and I falls plump, head foremost right into the pot.

"You may be sure I made a splutter. I'd narrowly escaped being drowned in salt water, and I didn't fancy being drowned and suffocated besides in a pot o' beer.

"He heard me a struggling and splashing and down he puts the pot and raps out a big oath, crying out what on earth's this here in the beer—a pesky cockroach, I do believe. Sally, says he, you've left the bung out of the barrel.

"No I ain t, father," says another voice, not quite so loud as the old man's, and a mighty deal softer and puttier, and when I heard it I know'd as it was Sally as spoke, and that Sally was the old chap's daughter.

"He puts his finger into the beer, and draws me out, and when he and Sally seed what I was, my eyes! you should have heerd the screaches of surprise they give.

"Why, I declare, it's a little man, father!" says she.

"By George, so it is," says the old man. "Where in the world can he have come from?"

"I came from England," says I, shaking myself and spluttering, for I was half choked with the beer.

"And where th ———'s England?" says the old man, swearing an oath which I won't repeat.

"Yes, where's England," says the girl, "I never heerd tell of it in my jography." So I up and told 'em where England was, and how I had got shipwrecked and had drifted ashore on a log, and lived a week in a nutshell, and the old man told Sally to call her mother, and then I had to tell my story over again, and then strangers came in and I told it again and again ever so many times, and they wanted to know all about the countries where the little people lived, and I told them all I knew; but they didn't believe me, I know. They said as I was a *lusus natural*, or summat like that, but I wouldn't deny my country and I stuck to it that I was an Englishman. Well I lived there a year or more and saw many strange sights, and might have lived there till now; but I had built me a little boat, just big enough for me to manage cleverly. And I used

to go out to sea in it for my own amusement, and one day when I was out fishing for shrimps, which were about as big as a large salmon, a gale of wind came on, and I was blown off the shore, and should have starved to death, but two days afterwards a ship hove in sight, and they saw my signal and bore down to me and took me aboard. I told them all about the strange country I had lived in, and the big men and women, but they wouldn't believe me. Howsomever *I* couldn't help that, and I didn't care. The ship was homeward bound from China, and I came to England on board of her, and landed at Bristol. I never met with any body since as had been in that country, but I once read of a skipper named Gulliver, or some sich name, who had been cast away on an island where the people was monstrous big, and I ain't got no doubt as it was the same place."

"Have you no idea whereabouts in the world that country lies," said Alice.

"No, Miss, not in the least. We was shipwrecked in the Injun Seas, but the ship had been blown leagues out of the regular track of navigation."

"I never read of such a country in geography, nor heard of its being laid down in any chart," said Alice, demurely, pretending to believe the old man's yarn.

"Nor I, Miss," he replied; "but jographys aint always to be trusted to, and charts is very imperfect; but I got a liking for beer through that accident, and what I wants to pint out is, that it's dangerous to take the first taste of strong drink; you mayn't like it at first no more nor I did when I fell into the pot of beer, but you gets into the habit of drinking it, and it sticks to you through life: there's the moral of my story."

"Well," said Gerald, "I am glad you have enlightened me in regard to that, for I should never have discovered otherwise that your yarn had a moral."

"It has, and a right good one too," said the old fisherman; and then he added abruptly: "When do you go up to Lunnun, Master Gerald?"

"To-morrow, Jemmy," was the reply.

"What, so soon?"

"Yes, and that reminds me that Alice and I must be going home. So I shall wish you good-bye, Jemmy. I shall write to Alice, and she will sometimes read part of the letters to you. You will see that I shall not forget you."

"Are you a going to take a cat with you to Lunnun?" asked the old man.

"A cat! for what?" said Gerald.

"Because I read once in a history that a poor boy went to Lunnun, and all the wealth he had was a cat, and he came to be rich through that cat, and to be thrice Lord Mayor of Lunnun."

"Whittington, you mean," said Alice.

"Aye, Whittington; that was the name. He heard Bow Bells say:—

"Turn agin Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of Lunnun."

"You take my advice, Master Gerald, and when you hear them ere Bow bells, you say, 'Turn agin Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of Lunnun.' Mayhap then you will come to be Lord Mayor yourself—same as Whittington did."

"I hope such good luck will befall me," said Gerald, laughing, "but I fear not. However, Jemmy, I shall recollect your advice."

"Do, boy, do," said the old man as he shook the youth's hand. "You start by the coach to-morrow, you say? I shall be at the coach-office to see you off. Good-bye, and God bless you."

Alice and Gerald walked slowly homewards, talking earnestly together. Now for the first time they felt the full force of the attachment they bore each other, now when they were about to part for a long time—perhaps forever. So it is with us all. We seldom feel the real value of a friend, even the full strength of the love we bear to those closer and dearer

than mere friends, till fortune bids us part from them. They exacted many promises from each other, and agreed to write by every opportunity; but in those days postage was expensive—far beyond their means to pay—and they could not hope that their correspondence would be very frequent.

That last evening at home, Gerald spent in private with his mother; even Alice was not permitted to intrude upon that privacy. Nor will I attempt to penetrate into it. A mother's parting with an only son, and that mother a widow, is of too sacred a nature to be rashly intruded upon or lightly spoken of. It was late—very late, far beyond Mrs. Dalton's usual hour of retiring to rest, when she and Gerald retired to their own rooms that night.

The family was up betimes in the morning, for the coach started at nine o'clock, and Mr. Ashley was to call for his nephew at eight o'clock. They were seated at the breakfast table when he came; but little had been partaken of by any one; Mrs. Dalton and Alice, and even Gerald himself, were each and all too low-spirited to eat much that morning.

Mr. Ashley was invited to join them at the table, but he said that he had breakfasted with his family before leaving Sandgate, and as they had some distance to walk to the coach-office, it was time they were starting.

Gerald was quite ready, and his mother and Alice said they would accompany him to the office.

The coach was nearly ready to start when they arrived. It was as well. It is always better to allow of short time for leave-taking. Jemmy Milton was waiting also to bid his young friend farewell and see him off. He held a small parcel in his hand, and as they approached, he came forward to meet them.

"Good morning, Ma'am," he said to Mrs. Dalton. "So Master Gerald's off to Lunnun to seek his fortune; well, let's hope it'll be a happy one; nothing like hoping, Ma'am; the man as tries and hopes, and if he fails, tries and hopes agin,

is the man to get forard in the world, whether by sea or land; and Master Gerald's one of that sort, or I'm much mistaken. I've brought a trifling gift for you, Gerald, lad. It aint much, but something as may be useful and sarve to make you remember the old man by. Arter you was gone, yesterday, from the old boat-house—you'll remember the old boat-house, Master Gerald—I casts about to think what I could give you for a keepsake, and at last, arter thinking first of one thing and then of another, I hits upon a ditty bag; here it be; it's one as I used to keep for extraordinary occasions when I followed the sea. Thinks I, that there ditty bag's jist the thing for Master Gerald, now he's a going away from home; if it aint ornamental, it's useful. See here; it's well stocked with sail needles and tarred twine, and a palm and every thing useful; and besides them, I've put in a marling-spike and a fid, as I made myself out of a bit of fancy wood I picked up while on a voyage to the South Seas. When you set to work to use this here ditty bag, Gerald my boy, you'll think of the old sailor now laid up in ordinary like the old commodore as the song says:

> "The bullet and the gout
> Had so knocked his hull about,
> That he never more was fit for sea."

Gerald thanked the honest old man, and received the to him useless gift, but it was all Jemmy possessed to show his good will.

And now the coachman came out of the hotel, the guard requested the passengers to take their seats, and he and the coachman mounted to their places. There were hurried words, and earnest looks of affection, and tearful eyes. The guard shouted, "All right." The coachman smacked his whip, and the well groomed, impatient horses sprang forward eagerly, glad to find themselves in motion. The coach rattled over the pebbled street, and the passers by looked up with admiration as it dashed proudly along, while from the uplifted windows

of many a house, salutations and smiles were interchanged between the smart servant maids and the coachman and guards, and soon the rumbling of the wheels and the sound of the horses' hoofs grew more and more indistinct as the coach passed from the rough pavement on to the smooth country road. Another minute, and it was out of sight, and the hoofs of the prancing steeds and the rumbling of the wheels was heard no longer, and a sorrowful group that had waited in the street gazing after the coach with straining and tearful eyes to the last moment, turned away, and departed slowly and thoughtfully, and tearfully homeward.

CHAPTER XII.

The journey to London, and what befel Mr. Ashley and Gerald in the great metropolis.

Merrily the coach proceeded on its way when the smooth, level high-road was gained and the cobble-stones of dirty, gloomy Herrington were left behind. Away she went, borne onward by four spanking chestnuts, which seemed to enjoy equally with the coachman, the speed at which they were driven. The high road for several miles skirted the cliffs, affording a glorious view of the channel, the water glistening like molten silver in the bright rays of the morning sun, and the numerous vessels that dotted its surface looking from the heights like toy boats in a miniature sea. The guard sounded his bugle in a cheerful tune, for it was truly inspiriting, that rapid drive, in the early morning, and the coachman whistled an accompaniment to the music. Shakespeare's cliff was just visible in the distance, and some of the passengers, for the coach was loaded outside, discoursed in learned criticism on the crag, made immortal by the genius of the poet, and before long, Gerald, who had felt somewhat low-spirited when Herrington had faded in the distance, soon recovered the cheerfulness natural to boyhood under almost any circumstances.

It was a novelty to him—a glorious novelty—this rapid travel on the top of a stage-coach. Often, when he had watched it pass him on the road—this very stage—he had envied the passengers seated on the roof, and thought that he would sooner have occupied a position there than have been seated on a

throne; and the coachman, so spruce in his attire, so conscious of power, as he held the reins, and guided the movements of the spirited steed—he had often thought a stage-coachman's life, careless, jovial, and free, must be the happiest in the world. And now he was seated behind the coachman, and in his turn looking with conscious pride upon the slowly traveling pedestrians as they passed on their way. Herrington was behind him, and he had parted from his mother and from Alice for the first time, perhaps for a very, very long time; but London, mighty London, with its mysterious wealth and grandeur, was before him, and the sorrows of the past hour were already forgotten in the bright anticipations of the future. How he admired the beautiful scenery; the stage was passing so rapidly that the trees and hedges and farm-houses and barns seemed to be flying from them. It was a glorious living panorama. Seen and enjoyed for the first time, it was a pleasure to be remembered for a lifetime. Oh! how different from the still more rapid, but far less exhilarating travel by rail, in these more utilitarian days. We cannot deny that we have gained much by the progress of science and the inventions of more modern times, but we have lost not a little, too.

Willingly would Gerald have entered into conversation with his uncle, who was seated beside him on the front seat behind the box, but Mr. Ashley was in little mood to converse, and short answers were all he could obtain in reply to his questions.

Mr. Ashley had enough to think of. Under happier auspices he might, and doubtless would, have enjoyed the scenery through which he was passing, although, perhaps, not with the fresh, boyish delight of his nephew; but he was thinking of the ordeal that he had to undergo on his arrival in London, and of his dreary prospects at home; and of the success that might visit him in the future, and of the awful presence of the bishop, before whom he might be called to speak, and alternately hoping, and doubting, and fearing, he had little inclination to go into extacies over the, even to him, unwonted excitement of a stage-coach ride.

At Canterbury, the gentleman who had occupied the box-seat beside the coachman, from Herrington, alighted, and when the stage had changed horses and again started on its journey, the coachman sat alone in the post of honor.

He was a happy, jovial, kind-hearted fellow, as were all stage-coachmen of the race gone-by, and he had noticed the bright, intelligent countenance of the lad, and in the absence of a better faze he thought the boy might as well occupy the vacant seat by his side; so, after proceeding a mile or two, he leaned back, and addressing Gerald, said:

"You seem lonesome, like, young gentleman: p'raps you'd like to come and sit aside of me; if, so, crawl over and take the box seat and welcome."

Gerald looked at his uncle, as if to ask permission, and observing in his countenance no sign of disapproval, he lost no time in accepting the proffered invitation, and was soon busily occupied in conversation with the coachman.

"And so you are going to London?" said this functionary, after the youth had been for a few minutes seated by his side.

"Yes," answered Gerald.

"For the first time?"

"Yes," again.

"On a visit, maybe; have friends there?"

"Not exactly on a visit," said Gerald.

"On business then; though a young gentleman like you can hardly be going up to London on business. Going to school, p'raps?"

"No," said Gerald, "I am not going to school."

"To be sure not. I might ha' knowed that," said the coachman; "boys don't go to London to school. Going home from school?"

"Nor going home from school, neither," replied Gerald, "I'm going to a situation in London."

"Going to a situation in London, eh? Going to begin the world on your own account. Well, I've taken many young-

sters up to London in my time who was going to begin the world on their own account, and I've brought some of 'em back again after years had passed. Some on 'em have done well, some havn't. If it wouldn't be rude, I'd ask what situation you was going to?"

"I have no objections to tell you," said Gerald. "I'm going to a picture-dealer's, in a place they call Bloomsbury, in London."

"I know the place," returned the coachman. "A nice place enough. A good deal of business done in Bloomsbury. Pictur'-dealer's I should think a very good trade, too. Gent behind, your father?"

"My uncle," said Gerald.

"Seems down in the mouth," observed the coachman, giving a cautious glance behind.

"He's going to London on important business," said Gerald; "that, perhaps, makes him more thoughtful than usual."

"Where do you intend to put up in London?" asked the coachman.

"I'm sure I can't say," said Gerald; "wherever the coach stops, I suppose."

"The coach stops at the Blue Boar, Holborn. Capital inn. Can't do better than put up there," said the coachman. "I always stay there myself—good grub and capital ale they keep."

The conversation, after this introduction of queries and replies—the coachman's curiosity being, apparently, satisfied—grew more general, although Gerald, of his own free will, related his history from his earliest recollections, and launched out into the expression of several hopeful anticipations for the future. And the coachman, in return for this confidence, pointed out the various gentlemen's seats they passed on their journey, and related the history of their families, in which he appeared to be perfectly well posted.

"So you was born in Ameriky?" said he, after some time.

"Yes," replied Gerald.

"Great country, that, I've heard: you don't remember, much of it, though?"

"Oh, yes, I do," said Gerald, "I was eight years old when I left, you know. I hope to return there some day."

"I've heard of many that have done well there," said the coachman. "Provided I was out of a place here, I don't know that I shouldn't like to go America myself. I do hear talk of some new fangled notions of doing away with the pike roads and driving carriages by steam. I don't believe none of it, the thing's impossible; but if it should be the case, coachmen and hosses 'd be used up, and guards, too, for the matter of that; but I hope they'll last my time, at any rate."

From this subject the conversation diverged upon America, and the coachman was very curious in learning from Gerald all he knew or could recollect having seen of the land of his birth, and by the time they reached Milton, where they stopped to dine, they were as well acquainted and as friendly as if they had known each other for years.

On leaving Milton, a passenger paid the extra fare for the box seat, and Gerald, of course, though to the mutual regret of himself and his new friend, was compelled to resume his seat beside his uncle.

It was but a journey of seventy-two miles from Herrington to London, and the stage reached the metropolis at a tolerably early hour in the evening, and as Gerald had been informed, stopped at the yard of the Blue Boar Inn, where his uncle and he proposed to stay for the night, and after a comfortable supper they both retired to rest.

Both lay for a long time awake, though their mutual wakefulness was owing to very different causes. Mr. Ashley was nervously anticipating the visit to Exeter Hall on the following day. Gerald, although somewhat curious regarding his future employer, and anxious to know what duties he would be required to perform, was mainly occupied in anticipating the expected marvels that were to greet his vision on the

following morning, when London would be revealed to him in all its glory. It was dusk when the coach reached the great metropolis that evening, and he had had but an indistinct view of crowds of people, hurrying to and fro, and brilliantly lighted shops, which the coach had rattled past so swiftly that his curiosity was only whetted instead of being gratified. He thought, too, of his mother, and Alice, and wondered whether they were thinking of him, and how long it would be before he should see them again, and then his heart became sad, and his spirits sunk; but these were but fleeting regrets, and again and again, with all the buoyancy of youth, his thoughts reverted to the anticipated pleasures of the morrow.

At length both he and his uncle fell asleep, and slept so soundly after the unaccustomed fatigues of the day, that it was a late hour in the morning before either awoke, so late in fact, that Mr. Ashley was obliged to hurry through his breakfast in order to prepare himself to attend the meeting at Exeter Hall, and to forego the idea of accompanying his nephew to Bloomsbury as had been his intention, and Gerald, after packing up a change of clothing in a bundle which he carried under his arm (leaving his trunk at the hotel to be sent after him) set forth to search out his new home. He had the directions on a card—"Mr. Hoffmann, Picture Dealer, Auctioneer, and General Agent. Broad St, Bloomsbury." He believed that he should have no difficulty in finding the place, and if he should meet with any, he would only, in his wanderings, see more of London. But a change had come over the face of the city since a few hours before, when on rising from his bed he had run to the window and looked into the streets. Then, although the sun was not shining very brightly, the morning was clear and crowds of people were hurrying to and fro imparting a cheerfulness to the prospect and an aspect of bustling activity new to the youth familiar only with the dulness of a small country town. Within a few hours one of those dense, yellow fogs, peculiar to London, had risen and enshrouded the city in

obscurity: there was still the same hurry and bustle, indeed it appeared to have increased, for the noise of the carts and carriages, unseen till close at hand, the oaths of the drivers as their vehicles, in spite of all their caution, came into frequent collision, the lights in the shops glaring unnaturally through the greasy vapor, and the shadowy forms of the pedestrians as they loomed up suddenly, like monstrous spectres, and the next moment jostled each other on the side walk, added to the seeming confusion to the eye of a stranger from the country, visiting the city for the first time. Gerald asked a waiter in the hotel, which was the most direct way to Broad street, and having received the information he required, he started forth intending to take his time and look about him as he went. There was, however, little to be seen, except in the shop windows; but those often arrested the boy's attention, and caused him to stop and admire the showy goods displayed therein until some fresh display again induced him to stop. By and by the fog lifted a little and his attention was so taken up with the novelty of the scene, that he quite forgot the directions given him at the hotel.

> "Trudging along, unknowing what he sought,
> And whistling as he went for want of thought,"

he walked on for at least a couple of hours, and until his legs begun to grow weary. Then, for the first time, the idea struck him that he must be very near his destination, or else must have wandered far out of his way.

He spoke to the first good-natured looking person he met, and asked how far he was from Broad St., Bloomsbury.

"Broad Street, Bloomsbury," repeated the person questioned. "You are a long way from it, my boy—and going quite in the contrary direction. Where have you come from?"

"From the Blue Boar Inn, Holborn," said Gerald.

"Why, my little man, you've come a long way out of the

way. This is St. Martin's Lane. You must turn back and retrace your steps. You're a stranger to London?"

"Yes," replied Gerald.

"So I should think," said the man. "You should have asked your way before you got so far wrong, my lad. However, I'll put you right, as well as I can," and he gave him the necessary directions, advising him, however, to make fresh inquiries every now and then, to make sure he was going the right way.

Gerald was beginning to feel hungry, however, and he thought he would stop at the first decent looking public house he came to and get something to eat. He still had one of his sovereigns unchanged, and a few shillings besides, saved out of his coach-fare, and he soon found a house, respectable enough in appearance, yet not so stylish as to give him the impression that the charge would be beyond his means.

He walked in, and stepping up to the bar, asked if he could have some bread and cheese.

"To be sure," said the landlord; "in one minute, sir. Please to walk into the parlor. What shall I send you in to drink—ale or porter?"

The boy was unused to drink spirituous liquors of any kind, yet he felt so tired, and so much in need of refreshment, that he thought a glass of ale would do him no harm. "Fine Burton ale on draught" was painted in gory letters inside the bar. He had often heard of Burton ale, and thought he should like to taste it; so, regardless of the moral of Jemmy Milton's marvelous story, he ordered a glass of that generous liquor.

It was soon brought to him, accompanied with a roll and a large slice of Cheshire cheese, and he quickly set to work to satisfy his appetite.

There were three or four gentlemanly looking men in the parlor to which he had been shown, who were amusing themselves at a bagatelle board, and after a short time one of

them left his companions and seated himself by Gerald's side. "You are from the country, young gentleman?" said he, addressing the boy.

"Yes sir," was the reply.

"So I thought; you have not the appearance of a London boy; besides, you have a bundle with you. What part of the country do you come from?"

"From Kent," replied Gerald.

"Ah, from Kent, eh? I'm well acquainted with Kent. Do you come from the sea coast?"

"From Herrington," said Gerald.

"Indeed! I have friends there; perhaps you are acquainted with them. Do you know Mr. ——, what is the name now—it's at my tongue's end—Mr. ——

"I am acquainted with Mr. Pierce, the vicar, and with Doctor Knight," said Gerald.

"The very man. How could I have forgotten the name. Mr. Pearce is an old friend of mine, and so is Doctor Knight. I think I have met you at Mr. Pearce's, but, for the life of me I can't recal your name."

"My name is Gerald Dalton."

"Gerald Dalton! is it possible? How strange that we should have met here. Why I know your father as well—"

"My father is dead," interrupted Gerald. "He died in America several years ago. I have an uncle who used to live in Herrington, but he is in London now."

"To be sure. How stupid of me—it is your uncle I mean. He is in London, is he? I should like to see him. Martin," addressing one of the gentlemen at the bagatelle table, "this is a nephew of our friend Dalton, of Herrington."

"My uncle's name is Ashley," said Gerald.

"Certainly, Mr. Ashley I meant. Your name's Dalton, you see, and I confound the two. But come, your glass is empty, I perceive. Take another glass of ale with me, for old acquaintance sake. You'll join us, Martin? Waiter, three glasses of ale here."

"I had rather not take any more ale, thank you," said Gerald.

"Pooh, pooh! another glass of ale with an old friend won't hurt you. You might drink a gallon of this ale, and be none the worse for it."

Gerald's long walk through the streets of London had made him very thirsty, and after some further demur, he allowed himself to be persuaded. The ale was brought by the waiter, and the boy drew his purse from his pocket to pay for the refreshment he had called for at the bar, disclosing, as he did so, the sovereign among the loose silver.

The strangers grew more friendly.

"The young gentleman doesn't recollect us, Martin," said the one who had first addressed Gerald. "Strange, isn't it?"

"When were you in Herrington?" asked Gerald.

"When was it? Let me see—about a year ago, wasn't it, Martin? We put up at the King's Arms Inn. We visited Mr. Pearce several times, and it was there I met you with your father—your uncle, I mean."

"I don't recollect having been at Mr. Pearce's with my uncle at any time, at least until a few days before I left; but it may be so."

"Of course; it must be so, or how should I have recognized you as soon as you entered the room?"

Had Gerald thought, he might have recollected that he was not recognized until he himself had told his name; but the ale, a gallon of which might be drunk without any one feeling the worse for it, had already begun to affect him; not so much, however, from its own natural potency as from the effects of a certain powder which, unperceived by him, had been put into his glass by one of his new friends. He answered at random a variety of questions that were put to him; related the cause of his visit to London; talked a great deal of nonsense; dozed off, and awoke with a start; again dozed and awoke, and at last fell fast asleep with his head on the table. * * * He felt a rough

hand tugging at the collar of his jacket, and a rude voice called out:—

"Come youngster, are you going to sleep here all night? We're going to shut up. You must be jogging. Come," and again the rough hand tugged at his collar.

He looked up; his head was aching dreadfully, and there seemed to be a fog before his eyes. The lamp was burning feebly, and shedding a sickly light over the room; but the light seemed to float in a cloud of mist, and there was a ring round it which danced up and down, and dazzled the boy's eyes as he gazed vacantly at it.

"Come, are you going to get up?" repeated the rude voice.

"Yes, yes. Where am I?" said Gerald.

"Come, that won't do; that's a pretty go. Where are you? Why, you're in the parlor of the Red Lion, and you've been a snorin like vinking for the last three hours, till you've drove everybody out o' the house. Come, jog—don't be a falling asleep again."

"What's o'clock?" said Gerald. "Oh, how my head aches!"

"No vonder; you shouldn't get drunk. Vy, it's past twelve o'clock, and time you was home. Come, are you going?"

"Yes," said Gerald, looking vacantly around him. "Where—where's my bundle?"

"How should I know?" said the waiter; "you didn't bring no bundle here as I knows on."

"But I did," said the boy, pressing his hand upon his heated forehead. It was lying here beside me when I fell asleep. I've been robbed."

"Hush that now; hush that," said the man; "don't go for to say you've been robbed here. The Red Lion won't stand that, no how. You'd better pay for the half gallon of ale you ordered."

"I ordered no ale, only one glass that I paid for," said Gerald "I did not finish the second glass the gentleman called for; part of it stands here now."

"Well, that's a pretty how-d'ye-do," said the waiter; "first you've been robbed; then you refuses to pay for the ale you ordered. Here, come out and talk to the landlord; he'll soon put you to rights," and again seizing the boy by the collar of his jacket, he dragged him into the bar room, where the landlord was still standing behind the bar.

"Here's a chap," said the waiter, "who says as he's been robbed in this house, and he refuses to pay his bill."

"What do you mean by that, you young scamp?" cried the landlord. "How much is it, Tom?"

"Four-and-six for ale, and two and-six for sandwiches ordered for the coves as left just now afore I waked this chap up—seven shillings in all."

"You'd better pay it afore I call the watch," said the landlord.

Poor Gerald, dreadfully frightened at this threat, put his hand into his pocket to find his purse. It was gone; everything that his pocket had contained was gone, and he was penniless.

"My purse has been stolen, and the bundle I had with me besides," he said.

"Oh, you're a deep one!" said the landlord. "Take care what you say; don't go too far, or I'll have you arrested for making false charges and injuring the character of my house. Be off with you at once. There, turn him out, Tom, and lock the door. The young vagabond ain't got no money to pay his score," and in spite of his remonstrances, Gerald was violently thrust into the street, and the door locked upon him.

The heavy fog had turned to rain, and but for the oil lamps the night would have been dark as pitch; as it was, they but served to make the dreariness visible. The streets were deserted, except by a few benighted pedestrians who hurried past with their great coats closely buttoned and the collars turned up, and these hurried by, taking no heed of the boy's eager inquiries how far it was to the Blue Boar, Holborn, at which hostelry he hoped to find his uncle, who he knew would be anxiously expecting him.

Drenched with rain, and so sick and stupefied that he thought not whither he was going, or what he was doing; only desirous of finding some shelter where he could lie down and rest and sleep till morning, poor Gerald wandered bewildered along the dark, dirty, dismal streets. He was parched with a consuming thirst; had a house of any kind been open; had only a light appeared in a window telling that somebody was astir within, he would have knocked at the door and asked for a drink of water; but there was none. At last he came in his wanderings to a public house at which horses were accustomed to bait. A horse-trough was before the house, and he drank greedily from it, and then, slightly refreshed, looked around him for some place where he could obtain shelter from the rain and rest till morning.

There was a stable yard in the rear of the inn, and several carts were standing beneath the shelter of a thatched roof. Into one of these he crept and lay down to sleep, but he had not rested long before he found his limbs grow so stiff that he was afraid if he remained there till daylight he would be crippled. Again he sallied forth into the dark streets, but he had been seen by a watchman, who advanced towards him and collared him.

"Hallo, youngster!" said he, "what are you doing here this time o' night, lurking about the inn-yard, eh?"

Gerald, his teeth chattering and his limbs trembling with cold, endeavored to tell his story.

"A likely tale, that," said the guardian of the night; "a very pretty story to tell; but it won't do. You want a lodging for the night, eh? Well, I'll find you a lodging for the night, and, perhaps, for a good many nights. Come along," and, still retaining hold of the boy's collar, he dragged, rather than led him, through the streets, until they reached a dark, gloomy building, the doors and windows of which were secured by stout iron bars.

The watchman rang the night-bell; there was a rattling of

bolts and chains, and then the door swang slowly, creaking on its hinges, and Gerald was dragged into a room paved with stone and garnished with handcuffs.

"Halloa! who have you here, Martin?" said the porter. 'What young thief is that?"

"A sneak as I catched comin' out of the Bell and Dragon coachyard," replied the man addressed. "Is Mr. Jenkins in?"

"Ay, I fancy he's in the private office. I seed him there awhile ago."

"Many in quod to-night?" asked the watchman.

"A tolerable many; the night's stormy, and they always comes in pretty thick such nights."

"Well, tell Mr. Jenkins as I've got a prisoner here as I want him to examine, afore he goes to the cells."

The porter disappeared in the private office, but shortly returned in company with the sergeant of the watch, who had been designated as Mr. Jenkins. The said Mr. Jenkins was a young man, of rather a jaunty aspect, who did not seem to be particularly pleased at being roused from the comfortable snooze in which he had been indulging.

"What's the charge, Martin?" he demanded in a surly voice.

"I found this here young feller a skulking round the yard of the Bell and Dragon, sir, and took him into custody accordingly.

"What was he doing?"

"He was a skulking about the yard in a burglarious fashion, sir, and couldn't give no account of hisself."

"Ha! he looks like a young thief—have you searched his person?" said the sergeant.

"No sir, not yet; mebby he has got the tools about him, though."

"Well, we'll see," said the sergeant; "come, youngster, empty out your pockets, and let's see."

The demand was a vain one; poor Gerald turned his pockets inside out; there was nothing in them.

"Oh, he's sly," said the watchman; "he's dropped the tools when he seed me a comin' to grab him. He's a cute un, he is; anybody can see that."

"Search him thoroughly, and see that he has nothing concealed upon his person," said the sergeant. "Pull off your boots, youngster. Come, no whimpering, or it 'ill be the worse for you."

Gerald pulled off his boots, his coat, and his vest, at the command of the sergeant, but all their scrutiny was to no purpose, nothing could be found upon him.

"Let's hear what you've got to say for yourself," said the sergeant, addressing the boy, after the fruitless search had been concluded.

Gerald repeated the story he had already told the watchman. "So you think I believe that, do you?" said the sergeant. "No, no, my boy. I'm too well used to deal with such chaps as you. You want a lodging, eh? Well, I'll find you a lodging free gratis to-night, and to-morrow, and perhaps you'll get handsomely furnished lodgings for some months to come—meat and drink provided at the expense of the city, nothing at all to do for it but just to step up and down on the tread-mill. Nice pleasant exercise, with a job now and then at picking oakum, by way of change. Take him down to the cells, and lock him up till morning," addressing the porter. "Come, be off, no blubbering, and see, if anybody else comes in, you just lock 'em up till daylight, Nixon, and don't trouble me again, unless it's something very particular."

The sergeant returned to the private office, and Gerald was led by the porter of the watch-house along a narrow damp passage, and down a flight of dismal stone steps, and then along another passage, with cells on either side, and into one of the furthest of these he was thrust, the key was turned upon him, and he was left in utter darkness: but not alone; heavy snoring betrayed to him the fact that he had more than one companion in misery, but, whoever they were, they had not

been roused by his entrance into the foul den, and though Gerald shuddered when he heard the click of the heavy lock and the clank of the rusty bolts, as they were drawn by his jailor, he was so wearied in body and mind that he, too, was soon asleep, and happily oblivious of his wretched condition.

When he awoke, with his bones chafed and sore from lying upon the rude bench which had served him for a couch, the feeble rays of daylight were just struggling in through the grated bars of the cell, making its desolation visible. His companions in wretchedness, a man—as he now saw by the dim light—past middle age, and a youth about twenty years old, were still sleeping, but from their restless tossing to and fro on their hard resting-place, it was evident that they would soon awake. Gerald, as he looked at their repulsive features, dreaded the moment when they should awake and realize the fact that another occupant had shared their cell during the night. Both were squalid in appearance, and meanly dressed, and the head of the elder prisoner, whose hat had fallen off in his sleep, was perfectly bald, or, rather, closely shaven, for the better convenience of disguising himself with a wig. His features were coarse and singularly ferocious, and the general expression of his countenance was not improved by a stubbly beard of three or four days' growth, growing high up on his cheek-bones. The younger man was not so ugly; but vice and dissipation had already stamped his visage with their indelible marks.

Presently the elder prisoner stretched his arms above his head, and yawning frightfully, opened his eyes, at the same time pushing the younger man, who was sleeping by his side, and with an oath bidding him rise.

Both lazily sat up on the bench and then for the first time saw their fellow prisoner, whose general aspect, with his clothes soiled and dried upon him, was in few respects much better than theirs.

"Hillo! who the dickens have we here?" said the elder prisoner, making a mock eye-glass with the thumb and fore-

finger of his left hand, and peering through it. "An interloper during the night, eh? Ho, youngster, what are you in for? You're a stranger. What lay are you on?"

Gerald told his story in as few words as possible, and expressed a hope that he would soon be released from the cell and taken before a magistrate, when he felt assured he should be permitted to go free.

"Gammon!" exclaimed the younger of his companions. "Stash that. You can't come that ere move over us. Don't sneak, but say at once what dodge you're in for?"

Gerald was too shocked to reply, and his two companions commenced talking to him in their jargon; but finding he would not or could not understand them, they cursed him for a sneak, and busied themselves with talking over their own affairs and making various conjectures relative to their chances of escape when brought up before the "beak," as they termed the magistrate.

Happily for Gerald a great portion of the jargon in which this conversation was carried on was unintelligible to him, and in the course of an hour the cell door was opened and the prisoners were ordered to go up stairs and prepare to join a procession composed of the tenants of the adjoining cells to march to the Guildhall, and appear before the sitting magistrate.

Poor Gerald had now to submit to the indignity of being handcuffed to a youth of about his own age, and then, in company with some twenty others, to parade through the streets to the court of justice. His companions of the past night were both committed to take their trial for burglary and marched off to Newgate prison, and then Gerald was called upon.

"What charge is against this boy?" asked the magistrate.

"I found him, please your worship," said the watchman who had arrested him, "skulking suspiciously about the stable yard of the Bell and Dragon, and he couldn't give no account of himself, so I took him into custody."

"Did you find any property upon him?" inquired the magistrate.

"No, your worship. He told a cock and bull story, as how he'd been robbed at a public house, which he didn't know the name of, nor the street, which was suspicious, so I took him to the watch house for a vagrant."

"What have you got to say for yourself, my lad?" said the magistrate, addressing Gerald. "How came you to be wandering about the streets at midnight, without any apparent object?"

Again Gerald told his story, and this time to a better purpose. The magistrate listened attentively and scrutinized him closely while he was speaking, and when he had concluded, said:—

"I think, my boy, that you are telling the truth. I hope so, at least, and I shall discharge you and direct one of the officers of the court to accompany you to the Blue Boar, where you say your uncle is staying, but let this be a warning to you not to fall again into bad company. You can go, and you, officer," addressing a man who stood near, "accompany him to the inn at which his uncle is stopping."

Gerald thanked the magistrate and left the Guildhall in company with the officer, and in the course of half an hour, found himself at the inn and in the presence of his uncle, who had been to Broad street early that morning to see him, and learning that nothing had been heard of him there, had become greatly alarmed concerning him, and had conjured up all sorts of terrible fancies. He was so glad to see him that he forgot to scold him, and Gerald, after changing his clothing and making a hearty breakfast, retired to his bedroom to rest himself after the fatigues of the last eventful twenty-four hours.

Mr. Ashley, who had again to appear at Exeter Hall that day, extorted a promise from his nephew that he would not leave the inn till his return, when he would accompany him to Broad-street, and having done this, he started for the Hall.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned, in excellent spirits, for thanks to the exertions of his friends, his application

had been successful, not certainly to the full extent of his hopes, for he had been informed by the bishop that there were insuperable objections to his being ordained as a minister of the Established Church, the chief of which were the want of an University education, (although he had learnt quite as much Greek and Latin, and Theology, at Hackney college, as he could have learnt at Oxford or Cambridge,) and the fact of his once having occupied the position of a dissenting minister. However, to oblige his good friend the member of Parliament, the bishop had stretched a point, and had promised him the appointment of Teacher Superintendent over the new Mission School in the island of Ceylon, and he was to sail for that distant island with his family in two months from that day.

Sanguine as usual, Mr. Ashley thought not of the difficulties that still lay in his way : of the expenses he should have to incur, though his passage out to the colony would be paid by the Society, nor of the distance from home of his place of destination. India was to him a land of wealth and promise, and his fancy pictured his young family happily provided for by fortune in that distant land.

It was too late to go to Broad-street with his nephew that evening ; besides he had to write home to his wife and to Mr. Pearce, though he was too much excited with his success to do either properly, so the visit to the picture dealer's was deferred until the following morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

Which relates how Mr. Ashley went to Ceylon, and treats of a mystery hereafter to be explained.

As soon as they had taken breakfast the next morning, Mr. Ashley and Gerald set out for the picture-dealer's in Broad-street, Bloomsbury, Gerald taking his trunk with him, it, as well as his pocket, being much lightened in consequence of the mishap that attended his first day's ramble in London. Mr. Ashley, having hired a hackney coach, they soon reached their destination, and Gerald was kindly welcomed by Mr. Hoffmann.

It was a strange place in which he found himself. Mr. Hoffmann had been called a picture-dealer by Mr. Pearce, and so he was, truly; but he was a dealer in almost everything under the sun besides. His long, dark, gloomy shop contained a heterogeneous collection, such as could be found in no other place but just such a shop, in London. And the proprietor, eccentric in manners and appearance, was just the personage one would have pictured as the owner of such a singular collection of goods. Mr. Hoffmann was verging towards his seventieth year, but was hale and hearty as a man of fifty. He still adhered scrupulously to the costume of the day when he was a young man. A cocked hat, a long skirted coat with wide cuffs, a waistcoat, the flaps of which reached nearly to his knee, knee-breeches, black worsted stockings, and square-toed shoes with immense silver buckles, completed his attire. Hair pow der he had banished, as appertaining to the frivolity of youth,

but he still cherished with pride a queue or pigtail, tightly rolled up in black silk ribbon, and sometimes very greasy in appearance. He was of German descent, as his name implied, but his grandfather had settled in England early in life, and therefore all traces of the German, except the patronymic, had departed from the grandson.

He had commenced life as an auctioneer, but had soon given up the trade of selling other people's goods, alone, and taken to buying and selling anything and everything by which he thought he could turn an honest penny. His shop and the extensive warerooms beyond, did contain several pictures of great value, but these were swallowed up and lost to sight in the collection of household and other furniture, which, with ancient armor, hardware and china vases, fire-arms and swords and daggers, from the slender blade and ornamented hilt of the officer's side arm, to the heavy, rusty Andrew Ferrara, from the Turkish cimetar to the Malay cresse—fashioned in Birmingham. Nor were musical instruments wanting, from the old-fashioned spinnett and harpsichord to the modern piano-forte, from the fife to the kettle-drum. In fact, there were few things that could be named that could not be found in Mr. Hoffmann's collection, and not a day passed that he did not attend some auction and add still to his strange miscellany. The wonder only was, what he did with them; to whom he sold them again; who could purchase from such a collection of oddities! For sell them he did, to a certainty; aye, and make money by the transaction, too; for Mr. Hoffmann was a wealthy man.

Mr. Ashley shortly took leave of his nephew, he being anxious to return home to Sandgate and make preparations for the day of his departure for the East, when he would shake the dust from his shoes upon Sandgate and Herrington, which had been fraught with so much inhospitality to him and his; and the remaining portion of the day Gerald spent in looking around the store and seeking to make himself acquainted with its singular and miscellaneous contents.

The next morning he was informed of the nature of the duties required of him, which were chiefly confined to taking charge of the shop while Mr. Hoffmann was out seeking to increase his store, and keeping the more valuable articles free from dust and dirt. He had little or nothing to do with pictures or paintings, as he had anticipated, and as may be supposed, was not too well satisfied with his employment; but he did his duty faithfully, and succeeded in gaining the confidence of his employer, and better still, in gaining the favor of the old lady, his wife, who, having no children of her own living, became much attached to the boy.

In this employment Gerald remained for three years, only once during that period paying a brief visit to his mother and Alice Thornton, at Herrington.

A few months prior to this visit a stranger, apparently about forty years of age, gentlemanly in manners and appearance, and sunburnt, as if he had spent a portion of his life beneath the burning sun of a tropical clime, arrived in Herrington, and put up at the King's Arms, then the principal hotel in the town.

The morning after his arrival he called upon the vicar, and made various inquiries respecting Alice Thornton. There was something in his manner that did not altogether satisfy the vicar, but he brought a letter from Mr. Ashley, whom he had met in Ceylon, and who, although he had found many unexpected drawbacks, was, it appeared, tolerably well satisfied with his position abroad, in which letter the stranger, Mr. Craddock, was highly spoken of; consequently, the vicar freely gave him such information as he required, and as lay in his power to give. He, however, advised him to call upon Mrs. Dalton, with whom Miss Thornton was still residing, where he could learn more from her respecting the young lady than it was in his power to tell.

This Mr. Craddock promised to do, and left the vicarage with, as Mr. Pearce supposed, the intention of calling upon Mrs. Dalton. But that evening Alice, who had been out walk-

ing upon the cliffs, did not return home, and the stranger had on that afternoon paid his bill at the King's Arms, and stating that unexpected business called him to London, had hurriedly taken his departure.

The Widow Dalton was greatly disturbed at the strange disappearance of Alice, whom she loved as a daughter. The general belief, when her absence became known in the town, was that she had fallen from the cliff, and the beach and brushwood was searched for miles, but no traces of her could be found. Then, after the lapse of a few days, some of the coast-guardsmen recollected that they had seen a young woman, answering Alice's appearance, walking with a gentleman on the cliff. They had turned off into the highroad, and shortly afterwards the sound of carriage-wheels was heard—and people shook their heads and said that Alice had been forcibly abducted by the strange, foreign-looking gentleman who had stopped at the King's Arms, and had been spirited off to London or to foreign parts. Nay, some went so far as to say they believed the stranger was the "gentleman in black," unmentionable by his proper name to ears polite, and that Alice had met with a more terrible fate.

Mr. Pearce called upon Mrs. Dalton, and related the conversation he had held with the stranger, and he alone came to the more sensible conclusion that no harm was intended the young lady, but that probably the stranger was a relative, who had some urgent reason for his conduct.

However, he advertised for the young lady in vain, and at last both he and the widow came to the conclusion to write to Mr. Ashley at Ceylon, and learn, if possible, who this Mr. Craddock was, that had been so intimate with him abroad, and also whether Alice had any relations living that Mr. Ashley was aware of. It would, of course, be many months before an answer could be received from Mr. Ashley, but it appeared to be the only resource left to Mrs. Dalton. No one grieved more at this sudden and strange disappearance of Miss Thorn

ton than Gerald, who had, until latterly unknown to himself, nourished a secret attachment for the playmate of his childhood.

He believed that she had been carried away by the stranger, who had made so brief a sojourn in Herrington, and though he had no idea to what part of the world she had been carried, if, indeed, she were not still in England, he cherished the Quixotic idea of setting out in search of her, if, when the expected letter arrived from Ceylon, Mr. Ashley furnished no information regarding her.

The duties which Gerald was called upon to perform in Mr. Hoffmann's warehouse of miscellanies, were not such as suited his ambition, although he endeavored to please, and succeeded, in performing them satisfactorily. He longed for a wider sphere of action, a greater scope for the development of his adventurous nature, but how to escape from the irksome drudgery to which he was subjected, he knew not; and still he did not wish to leave England until news should come from Mr. Ashley, in India.

During his late visit to Herrington he had been sorely troubled to witness the failure in his mother's health. The confinement necessary in the arduous employment in which she was engaged, had undermined her constitution, always delicate, and it was evident to him that her life depended upon her cessation from the irksome and incessant toil at her needle, to which she was subjected.

Gerald was now in the eighteenth year of his age, and he looked fully three years older, and yet he had no power to render her any assistance. His board and lodging, and a sufficient pittance to enable himself to provide himself with clothing, was all that he earned at the warehouse. Nor did he perceive any immediate prospect of bettering his position. Before he could enter upon the study of any congenial and remunerative profession, a large fee would be demanded of him, and then several years of severe study would be necessary before he

could earn anything for himself. He was naturally interested in the land of his birth, and when he read or heard of the success which attends industry in the United States, he earnestly longed to return thither and try his own fortune in that young and energetic country. To be sure, his father's endeavors while there had failed; but the boy, born in poverty and tutored in early life to privation, and in the knowledge that his success in life must depend upon his own exertions, knew perfectly well the rock upon which the hopes and endeavors of his father had split. Could he go back to America with his mother, he believed he would soon be enabled by his own exertions to maintain himself and his parent in comfort, and so relieve her from all further labor. Had he been quite alone in the world, he would have worked his passage to America, and trusted to his own energies for support, when he reached the El Dorado of his youthful imagination. Had his mother been well in health, or even provided with some less irksome means of obtaining her living, he would have sought from her permission to go and seek his fortune, in the hope of soon being able to send for her to rejoin him; but in the present precarious condition of her health he dared not think further of the matter.

He spoke to the vicar, who was still very friendly, on the subject, and Mr. Pearce promised to assist him in his plans.

"Your mother has been carefully nurtured and well-educated, Gerald," he said, when the youth introduced the subject, "perhaps if I caused an advertisement to be put in the *London Times*, she might obtain a situation as governess. At all events, there is no harm in trying."

"I would willingly do so, but I have not the means," was Gerald's reply. "I know that advertising is very expensive."

"You speak truly, it is so," said the vicar; "but I have no objection to lend you the trifle that will be required; some day you will be enabled to repay me, I know, and if not—"

"If I live you shall be repaid, sir," interrupted Gerald. "I can never forget your kindness."

"Don't mention that, my boy," replied the vicar. "I know you are grateful, and that is enough; but don't be too sanguine; there are so many persons seeking situations of a similar description; and then, in some of these situations, the labor required is even greater and more irksome than that in which your mother is now engaged, and the remuneration a mere pittance. But we will see what can be done. How long do you remain here?"

"I have permission from Mr. Hoffmann to stay a month, sir; I have been home a week to day."

"Very well; you needn't say anything to your mother; I will write an advertisement out and send it for insertion, to London, to-morrow."

Gerald thanked the worthy clergyman, and after conversing for some time on other matters, returned home.

The advertisement was duly forwarded, and inserted for a week, and at the expiration of that time, three answers were received by Mr. Pearce; but, as he had anticipated, not one of them was suitable. They required the possession, by the advertiser, of every conceivable accomplishment, and demanded, also, the control of her whole time; insisted, in fact, that for less than the wages of an upper servant, she should perform the joint duties of a servant and a governess. Out of the three, there was not one that could have been chosen in preference to another.

Dr. Knight, who was attending the widow professionally, and who delicately insisted, for friendship's sake, in giving advice and sending medicine gratuitously, was privy to the endeavors the vicar was making to serve her, and he called at the vicarage one morning, for the express purpose of seeing Mr. Pearce, upon the subject.

"Young Dalton," said he, after having informed the vicar of the object of his visit, "has told me that you have been unsuccessful in your endeavors to obtain a suitable situation for his mother, as a governess. Poor boy! he looks very crest-fallen about it."

"Yes," said the vicar. "The advertisement has been answered, but the situations that offer themselves are not such as would suit. They would entail severer toil than she has to perform at present. And yet something ought to be done for her. I have not seen her for some time past; but I called after Gerald told me of her failing health, and was really shocked at her altered appearance. What do you think of her case, doctor?"

"She is very unwell," replied Doctor Knight, "and if she remains here she will not live another year. The air of the sea coast is too keen for her."

"She is not, I trust, dangerously ill?" said the vicar.

"Not exactly so at present," returned the doctor. "Change of air and change in her mode of life may do wonders; but she is not strong, and will scarcely live to wear gray hairs on her head."

"Has she no friends at all, who, if they were aware of her condition, would be willing to serve her?" said the clergyman.

"I never heard Mr. Ashley say anything in relation to her, except that she was his sister-in law, and that her husband died in America."

"You were intimate, I believe, with Mrs. Ashley's family before her marriage?"

"Not very intimate," replied the doctor, "but I was slightly acquainted with Mr. Dalton—Squire Dalton, as he was called. I was studying medicine at the time, and once attended a party given at Dalton Hall. Mr. Dalton was then supposed to be a wealthy man. His son, who subsequently married the present Widow Dalton—a very worthy, excellent young man he was—was then at college. The old gentleman died completely bankrupt soon afterwards, and in the course of time I heard that young Dalton had married a poor but amiable and highly accomplished girl, who was dependant upon a miserly churl of an uncle, and that Miss Dalton had married a young and penniless dissenting minister. That was all I knew about the family until I came to Herrington to practice my profession, when,

through my former slight intimacy with Mrs. Ashley, I became acquainted with her husband. From him I heard that the old miser had been glad enough to get his ward off his hands—the marriage, I believe, was clandestine—and had shortly afterwards married his housekeeper—a low-minded, vulgar woman—and dying a year or two afterwards, he left her the whole of his property. She married a second time, and left that part of the country—so I suppose it would be useless to seek assistance from *her*, even if we knew where she is to be found. She had, for interested motives, always disliked the young lady; and as to Mr. Ashley's relatives, they all forsook her, when, after her father's death, she married her present husband."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed the vicar. "Then, I suppose, we needn't look for any assistance from them?"

"I fear not," returned the doctor. "But I am forgetting my object in making this call. Looking over the *London Times* yesterday, I saw this advertisement, and I thought that possibly it might suit Mrs. Dalton, though it is nothing to boast of;" and taking the paper from his coat-pocket, he handed it to the vicar, who read as follows:

"The rector of a parish in the county of Huntingdon, who has established, at his own expense, a boys' and girls' school in the village in which his church is located, is desirous of securing the services of a competent school-mistress for the latter school. He would be happy to make an engagement with a widow lady who had become reduced in circumstances, but has had the advantages of a good education. The duties will be light, and of course the tuition will be confined to common English education, plain sewing, &c., but the advertiser would give the preference to a person superior to the ordinary run of village school-mistresses. The salary will be £30 a year, house, coal, and candle free. Address the Rev. Wm. Davis, Morley's Hotel, Charing Cross, for one week, stating qualifications, and giving proper references. None other than persons of acknowledged piety need apply."

"The very thing," said the vicar, when he read the advertisement. "I know Mr. Davis by reputation. He is a most worthy man, and possessing an independent income of his own, he devotes the whole of his income from the rectorship to charitable purposes. I will write to him immediately. Mrs. Dalton is exactly fitted for the situation."

"Of what parish has he the charge?" asked the doctor.

"Let me think," said the vicar. "Abbot, ah! Abbotsford, in Huntingdonshire, that's the place; but we must write to Morley's Hotel, in London, you know."

"Of course," returned the doctor, "and then we must devise some method of transporting the widow there."

"You forget that we don't know that we shall succeed yet," said the vicar, smiling at the doctor's impetuosity.

"To be sure, so I did. I took the thing for granted, seeing you so earnest," replied the doctor; "but if you do succeed, I'm not a rich man, as you know, but I'll willingly advance the money she will need to carry her there."

"Only half, my good friend," said the vicar, grasping the doctor's hand, "only half; I'll bear my share."

"Be it so, then," returned the doctor.

"And we can say," continued the vicar, "that we lend her the money, and that her son will repay us some day, as he will, you know, if it ever lies in his power."

"Exactly," said the doctor; "Mrs. Dalton is very sensitive, and it won't do to hurt her feelings."

"Certainly not," returned the vicar; "but now, I think, I'd better write at once, in time for the mail which leaves to-night."

"I think so," said the doctor, and so it was arranged, and shortly after the doctor took his leave.

In three days the vicar received a letter from Mr. Davis in reply to his own. It was satisfactory in every particular. "The recommendation of Mr. Pearce," wrote Mr. Davis, "was all that could be required." And, moreover, both the vicar and the doctor were relieved from the expense their benevolence

was about to entail upon them, Mr. Davis voluntarily taking it upon himself to defray the expenses of bringing the widow to Abbotsford, where she was expected in a fortnight.

This was just the space of time that yet remained to Gerald in Herrington, and the same day that the letter was received from Mr. Davis, the vicar and the doctor called together at Mrs. Dalton's lodgings, and told her the good, though unexpected news, for Gerald had received strict injunctions not to mention to his mother anything about the advertisement, lest expectations should be raised which would not be realized.

The prospect of the removal from Herrington and the keen sea air, to a quiet village in one of the midland counties, was very grateful to the widow. She could not sufficiently express her thanks to the kind friends who had so generously and disinterestedly interfered in her behalf, and her obligations to the vicar were further increased by his writing to Mr. Hoffman and obtaining permission for her son to accompany her on her jonrney and see her quietly settled at Abbotsford. Gerald had several interviews with his old friend, Jemmy Milton, during his stay at Herrington. The few years that had passed over the old man's head since Gerald left for London, had made no perceptible difference in his appearance. He was as loquacious as ever, and as fond of the marvellous. Poor as he was, he took the world lightly, and envied no man. But a great change had come over his brother, the Deacon. He had lost his wife and his only son, and was now a lonely, wretched old man, feeble in health, and more querulous than ever, while his avarice had grown upon him to such an extent that wealthy as he was, he was said to deny himself the commonest necessaries of life.

"I am going away to-morrow, Jemmy," said Gerald, the day before Mrs. Dalton was to leave for Abbotsford. He had met the old man on the beach, and knowing well that nothing would please him better, he added:

"I'll take a sail in your boat this afternoon, Jemmy. It may be long before I have another opportunity."

"With all my heart, Master Gerald," was the old fisherman's reply. "It's just what I was a going to ax you to do. But Lor' bless ye, don't say you'll never have another opportunity. We'll have a plenty of sails together, yet, please God. But where are you a going to, back to Lunnun?"

"After I have seen my mother safely lodged in Abbotsford, Jemmy."

"Then you be agoing with her? I'm main glad o' that. She'd feel awful lonesome like going alone, by herself."

"It's very kind of my employer to grant me permission," said Gerald, "and still kinder on the part of Mr. Pearce that he wrote to him to ask it."

"Aye, Gerald, my boy; he's a good man, the parson. I wish there was a many like him and Doctor Knight, and that all had lots of money. What a mighty sight of good they'd do."

"No doubt they would, Jemmy," said Gerald. "You're right there; but it's strange that those who have the inclination to do the most good with money, are seldom blessed with a superabundance of it."

"Strange it is," returned the old fisherman; "but depend upon it it's all right. Sarcumstances alters cases, and oftentimes a man who's got a heart as soft as a soaked sea-biscuit while he's poor, grows to be as hard as a grindstone when he gets rich. Why, I know'd a skipper once who sailed in the Portugal trade. He was as good-hearted a man as ever trod a deck, and he used to complain of the grub the owners put aboard for the men afore the mast, and to send 'em small stores out of his own private stock, and he'd never let a chap want a chaw of 'bacca while he'd got a roll of pig-tail or a stick of nigger-head left himself; but bym-by an old uncle of his'n chanced to die and leave him a brig of his own, and he turned out arter'ards to be one of the skinniest old villains as ever sent a ship to sea badly found. No, master Gerald, don't grumble at the ways o' Providence, but leave it to its own ac-

tions. It's the poor you'll find, as is the best friends and has the feelingest hearts for the poor."

"Perhaps you are right, Jemmy," replied Gerald; "but somehow or other it upsets my philosophy."

"Then let philosophy alone, boy," said the old man, "and take to observation, while you wait for experience, and when you gets to be as old as I be, you'll find as Providence was right and philosophy wrong. But how do you like Lunnun? Of course you've seed Wapping and Radcliffe Highway, and Limehouse and Poplar, and all them parts? Ah! many's the jolly spree I've had there."

"I have only once or twice visited the places you speak of," said Gerald; "and I can't say they impressed me very favorably when I did visit them."

"No!" exclaimed Jemmy, evidently very much surprised at what he considered Gerald's want of taste. "But you've been to the top of the monument and inside St. Paul's cathedral?"

"Yes, I have," said Gerald.

"And there was summit to see there?"

"Undoubtedly they are worth a visit from a stranger, but I am busily occupied in quite a distant part of the city, and during the three years I have been in London have had little opportunity for sight-seeing, and little money to spend when I had opportunity."

"What sort of business are you employed in, may I ask?" said Jemmy.

"I am employed in a warehouse, buying, selling, and arranging rubbish of all kinds," replied Gerald.

"Do you like that sort of work?" asked Jemmy.

"Like it! I'm as sick and tired of it as I can well be," replied Gerald. "If it wasn't for my mother's sake, I'd run away and go to sea, or go to America, where I was born, if I could, and try my fortune there."

"The sea's a hard life," said the old man; "but I can't blame you, boy. It comes hard to a lad of spirit to be wast-

ing his time behind a counter. And then there's fresh air and grand sights to be seen on the ocean, after all. But you're right, boy, you're right, to think of the old woman. Don't go agin her, Gerry, if you wants to have luck in this world, and to mount up'ards when your time comes."

"I wish I could emigrate with my mother to the United States," said Gerald, in reply.

"Aye, that's a mighty fine country," said Jemmy; "I've been on that coast. That's where the sea-sarpent cruises about."

"The sea-serpent! What is that?" asked Gerald.

"A great fish, half eel, half sarpent," replied Jemmy, "only a monstrous sight bigger than any whale as ever spouted."

"Did you ever come across it?" inquired Gerald, anticipating one of the old man's yarns.

"Aye, did I?" returned the old fisherman; "and I'd sooner fall in with an enemy's line of battle ship, or encounter the heaviest gale that ever blowed, than fall in with the sea-sarpent agin."

"How was it?" asked Gerald.

"Why, d'ye see, I was second mate aboard one of the smartest little schooners that ever traded between Halifax and New York. I'd been in her three v'yages, and on the fourth, when we had been three days at sea from Halifax, and was every moment expecting to see land, for we'd had a spanking run, just as night came on, it fell calm, and the skipper took to swearing so awful that we thought some harm 'd come of it afore morning, and so there did. About eight bells, it being my morning watch, I'd just relieved the chief mate, and was leaning over the taffrail, watching the schooner, as she heaved up and down on the water, for there was a great swell on, when I sees the cat's-paws astarn. I know'd as a breeze was a comin', and I went down and called the skipper. Up he comes in a minute, but not so fast as the breeze com'd up astarn.

"'Set all sail,' he shouts; 'I'll drive her into port or into h—l, if the d—l's after me before the day's out.'

"You see, he'd a cargo of shingles aboard, that he expected to get a good market for, for there was a demand for them in the States, and four other vessels was a coming up only a few day's sail astarn, likewise with shingles aboard.

"The breeze freshened up, as if the d—l had heard him, and was going to give us a taste of his power, and by the time the sails were trimmed we were spanking along full eight knots an hour, when, just as daylight began to glimmer in the sky, the man at the wheel says to me—

"'You'd better look out, mate, that's a squall working up to leeward.'

"I looked toward the direction he pointed out, and there, sure enough, was a cloud rising, as black as thunder, and rushing towards us like a whirlwind.

"'Let go the tops'l haliards,' I shouted out, without waiting for the skipper to give the order.

"'Keep all fast,' says he; 'don't stir tack or sheet, if it blows the d—l himself and all his imps.' But he'd scarce got the words out of his mouth when down comes the squall, takes the schooner all aback, carries away our sails clean out of the bolt ropes, like as if they were so much tinder, and whips the foremast overboard as if it had been a reed snapped asunder. Afore we had time to clear the wreck, the squall had passed over, and the ship lay again almost becalmed on the water.

"'There's a Jonah aboard this here craft,' says the skipper, 'and I wish with all my heart he was in the whale's belly. We've lost our chance of a good market for the shingles now,' and he set to a swearin' agin as if he was possessed.

"'Land ho!' calls out a man from the mast-head.

"'Where away?' cries the skipper.

"'Dead to leeward,' says the man.

"'Dead to leeward be ——,' says the skipper, in a towerin' passion. 'There aint no land within a thousand miles in that quarter.'

"But sure enough there was a long, low, black ledge of rock,

apparently, stretching away for miles, the near point of it close to us, and we drifting right upon it, for our rigging was hampered, and we had no command of the schooner's helm. Presently, the skipper shouts out—

"'That aint no land, or my name ain't Peters, one or t'other,' says he, and we all looked and seed the thing, whatever it was, through the glimmer—for it warnt yet full daylight—a rearin' up its monstrous head and a openin' its jaws wide enough to swallow down a hogshead without making two gulps, while far away its body was a writhin' like a snake, and the fins was a movin' in all directions, like as if it was mad with fury.

"'That's the sea sarpent!' cries a chap from Nantucket, who'd seed the monster once afore, and before any one had time to speak another word, he struck us with as much force as if we'd run on a rock, staving in our larboard bulwarks and knocking everything adrift on the deck.

"Presently we shoved off, and found the schooner was filling with water. We had just time to take to the boats and get clear of the wreck when she went down, head foremost, for we had pig iron ballast aboard, and the shingles warn't no use to keep her afloat. All the time there was the sea sarpent bobbin' and writhin' away at a distance; but it didn't come in chase of us, as we feared, and fortunately it had fallen quite calm agin, so we pulled away with all our might to give it a clear berth. After a while we mustered the hands to see whether any one was a missing, and, sure as fate, the skipper wasn't to be found; he was gone, with all his sins upon his head.

"We were picked up by a brig that came in hail about nightfall, and carried into New York, and that's how I came to see the sea sarpent."

"It might have been a sunken rock, not laid down in the charts, that you struck the edge of," said Gerald. "I have read of such things."

"So folks always says, who won't believe in special providences," said Jemmy. "The skipper of the brig said he had

passed a shelve of rock, with seaweed growing upon it, early in the morning, and he would have it that was what we thought was the sea sarpent."

"Most likely it was, Jemmy," said Gerald.

"No, Master Gerald, no. It was the sea serpent as sure as I'm Jemmy Milton, and the moral of the story is, "don't call on the old 'un to help you, or p'raps he'll take you at your word, and come when you don't want him."

"A moral, as usual to your yarns, Jemmy," replied Gerald.

"To be sure," said the old fisherman; "if there warn't a moral to be larnt, how came the skipper to be the only man as was lost?"

They were now approaching the pier, and shortly after they landed, and Gerald, bidding the honest old man farewell, returned home to prepare for his journey on the morrow.

He found Dr. Knight and the vicar at the house, both of whom, notwithstanding the generosity of Mr. Davis, insisted upon forcing a small sum of money on the widow, to be paid by Gerald at some future day, and the vicar promised, should he receive a letter from Mr. Ashley, giving any information respecting Alice Thornton, to let Gerald and Mrs. Dalton know immediately.

The two gentlemen soon left them, after kind wishes had been mutually expressed, and everything having been arranged for the journey in the morning, Mrs. Dalton and Gerald retired for the night.

At an early hour on the following day they were on their way to the widow's new home at Abbotsford, at which place they arrived after a day and a night's travel. Mrs. Dalton was kindly received by the rector, and lodged with her son in his house, until her cottage was ready for her. Gerald remained just long enough to see his mother comfortably installed in her new residence, and then he returned to his employer in London.

CHAPTER XIV.

Descriptive of Gerald's feelings when he returned to London.—Also of what Mr. Ashley wrote from Ceylon.—And of a bright ray which shed a light over Gerald's gloomy prospects.

More moodily than ever did Gerald return to his duties in London after having seen his mother comfortably settled at Abbottsford.

Several times during his visit he had drawn his conversation with her to the subject of going abroad, for, as he told her, he felt that without influential friends to aid him and push him forward in England, he would be bowed down to years, if not to a lifetime of drudgery. America, his native land, was the land of his hopes, and there he wished to go; alone and unaided, if he could find no one to assist him forward; and he built up flattering anticipations of the day, not far distant, when he should be enabled to send for his mother to rejoin him there, and live with her in a position of comparative affluence, such as she had been a stranger to since the hapless hour when she had first quitted her native shores. But Mrs. Dalton lent an unwilling ear to his persuasions. Knowing, as she did, the causes of the ill-success of her husband in the United States, she still shrunk from the idea of her more energetic son going there alone and unbefriended, nor would she listen to his expressed desire to seek his fortune elsewhere. Only one concession could Gerald obtain; it was this: She would have no objection to his going abroad, though

she would rather that, while she lived, he remained in England, provided he went in some ostensible situation. If he could procure that, she promised to give her consent; otherwise, she charged him, with tears in her eyes, not to leave her, and Gerald, quite overcome at the sight of her grief, promised that he would not.

On one occasion Gerald introduced the subject of Mr. Brower's conversation in the stage-coach during the journey from Liverpool to Derby, which had made such an impression upon his memory at the time, young as he was, that he had never forgotten it. But Mrs. Dalton treated the matter lightly. She had once, some years before, written a letter, unknown to her friends, to the address of that gentleman in Liverpool, and receiving no reply, (Mr. Brower, in fact, had returned to the United States,) she had arrived at the conclusion that what he had said in regard to the probable future value of the waste land, the title-deed of which she still held, was merely one of the sanguine dreams in which she knew that Americans were apt to indulge. Gerald said he should write to Cincinnati. He could do so, if he pleased, was Mrs. Dalton's reply, but it would be useless; and Gerald did not write.

Four months passed away without any material change. At the expiration of that period, Gerald received a letter from Mr. Pearce, inclosing one bearing the Ceylon post-mark from Mr. Ashley.

Gerald eagerly opened it, hoping that it might contain some news of Alice Thornton, whose image, since her singular disappearance, as it was supposed with the mysterious stranger, though others thought she had fallen accidentally from the perpendicular cliffs into the sea beneath, had ever been present to his memory; or at least hoping that it would furnish some account of her parentage, for neither he nor Mrs. Dalton knew more than that she was the daughter of a fellow-student of Mr. Ashley's, whom he had protected since her father's decease.

The letter was addressed to Gerald. (It appeared that a

packet had been received from Mr. Ashley containing letters for Mr. Pearce, Dr. Knight, and Mrs. Dalton and her son.) It ran as follows:

"COLUMBO, CEYLON, *January 7th*, 18—.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW:

"I duly received the letters sent out on board the Buckingham, East Indiaman, and was, with my family, delighted to hear from you. Although we know that many changes may have taken place since the letters we receive four months after they were written were penned, still, for the time being, their perusal seems to unite us together again. None can know, but those who are separated by so many thousand leagues of ocean, how fondly we gaze upon the well-known hand-writing, and how we treasure every kind expression—every proof that we are not forgotten by those, still so dear to *us*, whom we have so long parted from. It is only after we have read them and talked over them again and again, that we recollect that amidst the continual changes that are occurring, things may be very different at the time we read from what they were when our friends wrote. Let us hope, however, that at least matters have not changed for the worse, and comfort ourselves with the knowledge that there is a kind Providence watching over us all, and that whatever occurs, we are in its care, and under its guidance.

"I have learned with great pleasure that you are so happily situated in London——"

"Happily situated!" thought Gerald, as he read the above paragraph; "he wouldn't say so if he knew how I detest sticking day after day in this dull shop." But he read on.

"I am also glad to hear that your mother, and yourself and all my kind friends in Herrington were well at the date of the writing. My earnest hope, and that of your aunt and cousins, is, that you still remain so.

"We are very comfortable here. It is a delightful place to

reside in. If we had only our friends in England with us, we should be quite contented to spend the remainder of our lives here. We are living in a very pretty and commodious 'bungalow,' (that, Gerald, is the name they give to what you would term a villa in England.) Our place is about three miles from the city of Columbo. I am at the head of a Government school establishment, and I have about two hundred native children, boys and girls, to instruct. Of course, I am assisted by several teachers, only two of whom are English; the others are native Cingalese; but they make excellent instructors, and the children are, generally speaking, very apt and docile. All are, at least nominally, Christians. I have almost perfectly mastered the Cingalese language, which is by no means difficult to attain by careful study. Your cousins, Frederick and Henry, both speak it well enough to converse with ease with the natives, though many of these speak English intelligibly, and all the children in the school learn English. Your aunt, however, does not succeed at all in acquiring the Cingalese language, and she has consequently great difficulty in managing the servants.

"By the way, speaking of Frederick and Henry—they are grown to be quite young men now—I must tell you that they have become quite adepts at hunting, not hares and rabbits, and foxes, and the small game you hunt in England, but elks and wild boars, with which the country abounds. Frederick has been once at an elephant hunt, and though the sport is somewhat dangerous, he was highly delighted with the excursion, which enabled him to see a great deal of the beautiful country. I have a promise from the bishop to procure Frederick, who has been studying medicine out here, an appoint ment as assistant surgeon on board one of the East India Com pany's cruisers. He is delighted with the prospect. Henry assists me in the school. The girls are quite well, and growing nicely. All your cousins, with their mother, unite with me in sending you the kindest regards. I must not forget to inform

you that you have two other cousins, twins, both girls, born since we have lived here. My little Cingalese pets, I call them."

Gerald could not forbear a smile as he thought how the very few little disagreements that used to occur between his uncle and aunt were generally on account of his aunt's jealousy respecting the first pair of twins. But since now their circumstances appeared changed for the better, he thought, perhaps, the cause of that needless jealousy on the part of his aunt was removed, and again he resumed his reading.

"One subject mentioned in Mr. Pearce's letter pained me and all of us sadly. You, of course, know that I allude to the disappearance of poor little Alice. Mr. Pearce wrote me the particulars, and spoke of a gentleman who is suspected to have been in some mysterious way instrumental in her abduction. That gentleman was a Mr. Craddock.

"He never directly told me so, and yet I have some reason to believe that he has been an officer in the Indian army. He has friends or relations in the United States or Canada, and talked of visiting them after he had visited England. He spoke several times of Mr. Thornton, Alice's father, my old college chum at Hackney, and said he had known him as a boy, and had been much attached to him, but having quitted England for America at an early age, and subsequently resided in India, they had never met after their schoolboy days. He knew, however, that poor Thornton had married, and that his wife had died: also, that he had left a daughter in my charge.

"He had seen my name mentioned as having been appointed to this school, in one of the Calcutta newspapers, and that, he said, was the reason that he visited Ceylon before he returned to England. He thought that the daughter of his old schoolfellow might perhaps have come to Ceylon with my family, and he much wished to see her. He made many enquiries respecting her, and that was the way I came to give him a letter

of introduction to Mr. Pearce. I thought he might wish to serve poor little Alice, and I had reason to believe that he was a man of considerable wealth. In manners and appearance, he was thoroughly a gentleman, and a man apparently of education and of great intelligence. He had evidently travelled much, and talked, after visiting America, of returning again to the East Indies. I had some suspicion that he was a relative of Alice's, and once I asked him the question.

"He replied evasively, and I made no further inquiry. These several circumstances lead me strongly to suspect that he is in fact privy to Alice's disappearance, and that the poor child did not meet with any fatal accident, as Mr. Pearce partially hints might have been the case. I trust it is so, and that we shall hear of our dear little girl again, for I do not think, from the appearance of Mr. Craddock, that he is a man who would harm the child. There is some mystery in the matter which time will perhaps disclose. Let us hope, at least, that it will.

"I have written Mr. Pearce more fully in relation to these matters. He asked for some information regarding Mr. Thornton. I have none to furnish him with beyond the facts I have already stated to you. I don't think poor Thornton had any relations in England. His wife was a Spanish lady from the island of Cuba, and she died shortly after Alice was born, and poor Thornton, who died when Alice was only three years old, left her, on his death-bed, to my care. I promised him faithfully that she should be to me as a daughter, and I feel that I am to blame in having parted with her, although under the circumstances it was unavoidable.

"Let me hope, however, that when next I hear from you, you may have heard some good tidings of the dear lost one, or that she has been restored to you; that hope is all that is left.

"I have written you a long letter, my dear nephew, and must now close. I have been writing to your mother, and Mr. Pearce and yourself, the greater portion of this day.

"God bless you, Gerald. I could wish that you and your mother were out here with us. You are doubtless contented at home; but there are opportunities out here for young men, far superior to those to be found in England, especially if they have no patronage to advance their interests.

"Believe me ever,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"WILLIAM ASHLEY."

Gerald read this letter amid a variety of conflicting feelings. He was glad to hear that his uncle and the family were so happily situated in their far off home in the Cinnamon Isle: but it was with impatient regret that he read that portion of the letter which alluded to his supposed happiness and contentment in England. He heard with feelings akin to jealousy of his cousin's promised appointment in the East India Company's navy, and it was with deep sorrow, not however unmixed with hope, that he read the part which alluded to Alice Thornton. But the information respecting Mr. Craddock, while it disabused his mind of the suspicions he had partially entertained, that some dreadful accident had befallen her, seemed to render her disappearance a matter of greater mystery than ever. He now had not the slightest doubt that she had been carried away by Mr. Craddock; but why the affair had been effected so secretly; why Alice had not come home and informed her friends; or rather why Mr. Craddock had not done so, and given some reason for his strange action towards her, was a mystery he could not fathom. Again, the letter gave no clue whatever to the whereabouts of Mr. Craddock. He might be in Canada, or the United States, or perhaps in Cuba, or he might have returned to the East Indies!

Poor Gerald! he was more in a maze, and more discontented and wretched than ever.

At length a gleam of hope shed its bright rays over his prospects. Mr. Hoffmann, who was really greatly attached to

the youth, was well aware, although Gerald had never complained in his hearing and had always striven to appear cheerful and contented, that he longed for some more active employment. Mr. Hoffmann was, as the reader is well aware, a somewhat eccentric individual. One of his characteristics was that he never appeared to take any active interest in any one. He blamed severely when blame was merited, but it was a maxim with him never to praise any one for doing their duty. That he considered every body was bound to do, and although he had written to Mr. Pearce in high terms of Gerald's conduct, the only means the young man possessed of knowing that his employer was satisfied with his behavior, beyond what the vicar had intimated to him was, that he seldom or never found fault with him.

He had some strange speculative fancies, and was forever contriving some novel scheme to advance his fortunes, and it was a singular proof of his tact and foresight that amidst the multiplicity of his business he rarely failed in anything he undertook.

One evening about three months after Gerald had received the letter from his uncle, just as he had put up the shutters and was about closing the shop for the night, Mr. Hoffmann told him that he wished to see him in his library, an old fashioned apartment, which he dignified by that name, and in which he had collected, as a stranger would have thought, all the old, odd volumes that he could pick up at the old bookstores, or in the auction rooms of London.

Gerald promised to attend, and a few minutes after, wondering what could be the cause of the unwonted summons, he went up stairs to the apartment, and tapping at the door was requested to come in.

Mr. Hoffmann was seated at a table with an old lamp before him, a relic of ancient times that he had picked up somewhere in the course of his perigrinations, and which might have been manufactured for some monkish cloister in the Middle Ages.

He was busily examining a file of papers, seemingly accounts of sales and similar documents.

"Ah! it's you? take a seat, Gerald," he said, as the young man entered.

Gerald did as he was requested. For some minutes the old gentleman continued his examination of the file of papers; then folding them up methodically, and carefully laying them aside, he said bluntly, "Gerald, you are not satisfied with your situation here."

"Really, sir," stammered the young man, "I–I–I—"

"Don't prevaricate, sir; there is nothing I detest so much as prevarication," said the old gentleman. "Above all things I like candor. I have observed for a long time past, nay, I may say, ever since the first year that you came here, that the situation you hold in my employ is one that is distasteful to you."

"I could certainly wish for some more active employment, sir," said Gerald; "I could wish also for some employment in which I could do something for my mother; but I can conscientiously say that since I have been in your employ I have done my duty as far as lay in my power."

"Yes, yes," returned the old gentleman; "you have done your duty, and it was your duty to do it. I have no fault to find with you for that, neither do you deserve any praise for it. We are all sent into the world to do our duty towards each other—you have done yours towards me; it is now my turn to do mine towards you."

Gerald sat silent, not knowing indeed how to reply, and greatly wondering what the old gentleman meant.

Mr. Hoffmann continued:—

"I say it is now my turn to do my duty towards you. You are quite right in wishing to assist your mother now, at your time of life. That is a very material part of your duty; you might have done so before—I might have put you in the way of doing so, but to no good purpose while you were so young. You never would have got forward in the world if you had been left to yourself at too early an age.

"Now you have been thoroughly trained in my shop. You have had to stick close to a business that you did not fancy, and to bear confinement, because as a boy who had his own fortune to carve out in the world, it was your duty to bear with that which was distasteful to you, if by so doing you could serve the interests of your employers and gain friends that might be of service to you thereafter."

"I am grateful for the good opinion you have of me, sir," said Gerald.

"I did not say that I had any special good opinion of you," continued the old gentleman. "You have done your duty so far, and I hope you will continue to do it as faithfully throughout your life. You want more active employment, and if I don't mistake you will have no objection to see a little of the world outside of smoky London. I want the services of an active, trustworthy young man to go abroad. Are you willing to accept the offer I am about to make to you? If so, the matter is settled."

Gerald's heart leaped to his throat at the idea of going abroad, whither, he cared little. He thought of his mother at Abbottsford; but then he recollected that she had promised to give her consent, should he at any time meet with a situation of responsibility and trust.

"I think I am willing and ready to accept any offer you may make me, sir," he replied; "but you have not yet told me what it is you have in view."

"No! to be *sure*. I *have* not. I was forgetting *my* duty, young man, in hurrying on so fast. Well, then, the matter I have in view is this. I have, as you know, a large collection of old and valuable engravings and paintings, and a variety of knick knacks of various descriptions, which I have been informed will sell to great advantage in the East Indies, where there is a demand now for such things. I was thinking of sending them there. My friend, Mr. Grimsby, the tobacconist, also has been talking to me about the feasibility of establishing an

agency in Calcutta for the sale of his celebrated eye snuff. You know he has agencies in almost every part of the world. I have spoken to him concerning you, and he is desirous of entrusting you with the task. Another friend of mine is also about to send a large quantity of hardware to the East Indies, and I have talked with several gentlemen besides who are sending goods out in the same ship, about employing you as supercargo. Would you like to undertake the responsibility?"

"I can never be sufficiently grateful," replied Gerald, who was quite elated at the prospect opened to him.

"There is nothing to be gratefnl for," returned the old gentleman. "You have a certain duty entrusted to you, and you will oblige us in doing it properly, to the best of your ability, as we shall oblige you by sending you out in charge of our goods."

"I shall certainly do all that lies in my power to serve you," said Gerald, "and I most cheerfully accept your offer."

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, "we will consider the matter settled. I knew very well, beforehand, that you would jump at the offer, and engaged another shopman in your place. You can run down to Abbottsford and see your mother, if you like. Start to-morrow if you can get ready. The ship sails in three weeks; you must be back in a fortnight from to-morrow, and then direct all your attention to your new duties."

Gerald assured the old gentleman that he should be ready to start for Abbottsford on the following morning, and thus be the bearer in his own person, to his mother, of his rising prospects; and Mr. Hoffmann, considering in his off-hand way that all the preliminaries had been settled, closed the interview.

Gerald retired to his room; but not to sleep. His thoughts were too much occupied with the prospect, so long and so earnestly desired, that had now so strangely opened to him; bright visions of the future passed rapidly before him, while at the same time thoughts of his mother and of the way in which she would receive the, to him, gratifying intelligence, would recur to his mind; but he flattered himself that the first regret over, she would rejoice with him over his good fortune.

It ws far in the night ere he closed his eyes, and then he dreamed of startling and perilous adventures in the East; of Vishnoo and Bramah, and the Car of Juggernaut, and Hindoo temples and cinnamon groves; and of all the marvels of the "Arabian Nights," and of tiger and elephant hunts in Ceylon, and of all he had read or heard of the land of gorgeous romance—the rich and gorgeous land of the East. And yet when he awoke in the morning, so restless had been his slumbers, that it still wanted an hour to his usual time of rising.

He sprang from his bed and commenced to make preparations for his journey to Abbottsford. He was soon ready, and after having partaken of a hasty breakfast, he bade a temporary farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Hoffmann, and with a light heart walked to the coach office and was soon being borne towards Huntingdonshire as rapidly as four horses could carry him.

It was late in the evening when he reached St. Ives, from which place he had to walk the distance of two miles to Abbottsford, at which place he arrived just as Mrs. Dalton was preparing to retire to rest. She was overjoyed to see her son. The visit was of course quite unexpected, and after the first mutual congratulations were over, Gerald lost no time in acquainting her with the object of his visit, and of his anticipated departure for India. Sorely as Mrs. Dalton grieved at the idea of his leaving her, and tempting the dangers of the sea and the perils of a foreign clime—dangers and perils much exaggerated by her too vivid imagination—she had too much good sense to raise any objections to a course which promised to be of so much advantage to her son, and indeed to her also, for Mr. Hoffmann, before Gerald's departure in the morning, had informed him that his salary would be liberal, so she gladly yet tearfully gave her full consent. Long after the widow's usual hour of retiring, did she and Gerald sit in earnest conversation that night, and the hour of midnight had passed away before the widow and her son retired to rest.

On the following morning, Gerald wrote to his friend the

Vicar of Herrington, and to Dr. Knight, to inform them of his good fortune; and he also wrote a few lines to his old friend and companion, Jemmy Milton, whom he was well aware would be as happy to hear of his rising prospects, and especially that he was going to see the world—a favorite expression of the old fisherman's—as was he himself.

Letters in reply were duly received from Dr. Knight and the Vicar, congratulating the young man on his prospects, and also a letter from Jemmy Milton; but this last being a curiosity in its way, shall occupy a place in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

Jemmy Milton gives Gerald some good advice in a letter.—And Gerald takes possession of an invoice of rare and curious merchandise, to do the best he can therewith.

Jemmy Milton's letter was written on a sheet of superfine Bath post-paper, gilt-edged; but the glories of the white smooth sheet were somewhat dimmed by the awkward, square method which had been adopted in folding it, and by the sprawling seal of pitch, stamped with a thumb mark; nevertheless, it was with no little gratification that Gerald received this proof of his old favorite's regard for him, for he knew that nothing but the strongest feeling of friendship could have put the idea of sending a letter into Jemmy's head.

The letter was not dated. Jemmy probably did not think it worth while to bother himself with such trifling conventionalities as dates, but commenced at once in the most approved and time-honored style of syntax, to wit:

"Dear Gerald:

"This comes hopping to find you well, as it leaves me at present. I have got a chum, Tom Fletcher, as you are acquainted with, seeing as you've often met him in the boat-house 'long o' me, to write this here letter, cos it's so long since I tuk a pen in my hands, never since I larned down strokes and hooks and hangers at dame's school, that writing 'ud come arkard to me now; besides, my fingers is grow'd too stiff; but Tom can write like schoolmaster. He would make me put this in, thof I didn't want to, Master Gerald. I heered yes-

terday from Mr. Pearce, who I met a walking on the pier, as how you was a going to the Injees to seek your fortin. Good luck to you, my boy, and I hope you'll find it, as I ain't got no doubt as you will, if you seeks it arter the right fashion, and follers the advice as you've had larnt you by the vicar, and your mother and me. Jemmy don't know where Injee is, seeing that he has never been there any more than me; but it's a long way off, no doubt—maybe in China—may be 'tother side of 'Merrica; but wheresomever it be, I know as it's a mighty fine place, full of goold, diamonds and precious stones, for we've read that 'ere in a book called 'Tales of Genius;'* but there's rocks, and shoals and quicksands to be met with on the way, and many a fine lad's been wrecked on 'em for want o' keeping a bright look out. Above all, Gerald, my boy, don't be tempted by the marmaids; you've come to an age, now, when you're like to be 'tacted by the syringes;† avoid 'em, boy; take an old man's advice and give 'em a wide berth, as a good skipper would a lee shore on a dark night, though there's syringes on shore as well as at sea. They are the strange women that King Soloman speaks on in the Book of Proverbs, who have cast down many wounded, and I have seen many strong men slain by 'em. Sarch the Scripturs for that 'ere text, Gerald, my boy. When you gets to Injee, maybe you'll larn summat of poor little Alice. The vicar tells me as how Mr. Ashley ain't seed nought on her, and don't know the genelman in black as tuk her away. In old times there used to live lots o' giants and ogres, and wizards as used to run away with beautiful maids and keep 'em in captivity till some adventurous knight like Jack the Giant Killer or King Arthur of the Round Table conquered 'em and restored the maiden to her friends, when in coorse the gallant knight married the lady, and they had a reglar jolly time on't. I've read that 'ere in books as long ago as I can recollect, and I oncet had a book as

* "Tales of the Genii," I presume the old man meant.

† "Sirens," probably.

told how there was lashions of these ogres in Injee. Maybe the breed ain't all dead yet, and it's resarved for you to deliver Alice from the enchanter. I'm thinkin' you won't mind the penalty of splicing the lass for your trouble. Jemmy Milton wishes me to present his best respects to your mother, and I'm glad to larn from the vicar that she is so nicely settled in Abbottsford, where the vicar says she is gone to.

"Mayhap you'd like to hear some'at about the old place, seeing it'll p'raps be many years afore you see it agin—and then I and Tom, too, will p'raps have shipped on our last v'yage to eternity. Last Monday was quarter day, and as usual we had a jolly time arter I drew my quarter's pay from my brother, the deacon, and what d'ye think, Gerald; they got up a surprise for me while I was gone up to get the rhino. I knows as how Tom Fletcher was at the head of it. Cos it's just like him. I was'nt though; it was a reglar round robin among us all; but Jemmy will have it so, and insists upon my writing it down. He'll spell through the letter arterards, so in it goes: they'd been and guv the old boat-house a fresh coat of coal tar, and painted the door and winder frames green, and put in a new bench and two new stools. I hardly know'd the old place agin, it looked so comfortable and cosy, and Tom Fletcher stood a keg of hollands hisself—I did; *that's true;* and didn't we have a merry night on't! We got so happy talkin of old times; and you was'nt forgotten, Gerald, nor your uncle, nor your mother, that it being late afore the keg's was empty, we reckoned as we would'nt go home till morning, and so we slept in the boat-house, and when we woke up in the morning, we was all layin under the table and about the floor, in all sorts o' rum attitoodes. Gerald, my boy, let me give you one more piece of advice, in which Tom Fletcher jines—so I do, with all my heart: don't give way to drink when you gets to Injee; I'm told they drinks awful there, and poisons theirselves with liquor and then lays it to the climate; recollect the yarn I oncet told you, that had the moral at the tail end on't, *you* know.

My brother, the deacon, is a growin' more miserly than ever. He half starves hisself so as to save his money; though what he's agoin' to do with it I don't know, since when he dies he bain't got chick nor child to leave it to. God bless you, Gerald; and pilot you safe over the stormy ocean and bring you safe back home agin—so no more at present from your old friend,

JEMMY MILTON, × his mark.

TOM FLETCHER."

Gerald was much amused with this letter, although he found some difficulty in deciphering it, as much on account of the false orthography as from the ambiguous phraseology. He wrote a reply, assuring the old man that he should strive not to forget him nor his teachings, and should take especial care to avoid being seduced by the siren voices of the mermaids he might fall in with on his voyage. He also replied to the letters he had received from his other friends at Herrington, and wrote to his uncle informing him that he was about to visit the East Indies, and as it was optionable with him to return home on board any vessel he pleased—if he found that it wouldn't occupy too much of his time, he should visit Columbo.

Time, on the occasion of such a visit as this that Gerald had paid his mother, always flies swiftly: the fortnight soon expired, and greatly to his mother's grief, though she strove to hide it, and indeed to his own deep regret when the hour of parting came, Gerald returned to London.

On his arrival at Broad street, he discovered that, as is usually the case, the vessel would not sail at the time appointed, and that it would be at least three weeks before her lading would be completed. However, this was little time enough for him to make himself acquainted with the duties that would be required of him, of which, to say the truth, he knew very little.

Just at this time, the East India Company had opened a new territory, as they had often done before, have done since, and will do again, so long as an inch of ground remains in the pos-

session of the Native Rajahs. Joshua was the first fillibuster on record, who felt himself constrained to fulfil a "manifest destiny;" but he has been improved upon since, and by none of his imitators with greater effect than by the Honorable East India Company, which is perpetually finding itself called upon to conquer the natives surrounding its broad lands, and teach them the blessings of civilization and religion, thereby adding by this good work greatly to its own influence, wealth and prosperity.

There had been a time of severe commercial distress in India, but the crisis had passed away, and with the acquisition of new territory a reaction had taken place, and speculation was rife. The mania had reached England, and merchants and tradesmen of every class were looking towards the East, with all the eagerness that in later years they have looked towards California and South Australia. Every body who had any business that could be extended abroad, was sending goods and establishing agencies in India.

Mr. Hoffmann, like most London tradesmen, belonged to a club, composed of tradesmen like himself, or rather he and a dozen others of his class were accustomed to meet together nightly in the back parlor of a snug public house, and there to talk over business and politics, while they smoked their pipes and sipped their hot brandy and water.

Naturally enough, a short time before Mr. Hoffmann had spoken to Gerald relative to going abroad, the conversation at one of these nightly meetings had turned upon India, and the opportunities that offered themselves of making money there.

"I should'nt mind sending out a venture," said one, laying aside his long clay pipe, and looking solemnly round at the company, "provided I knew how to manage it. I should think a dozen cases or so of English pickles and hams, and such like articles would sell well just now. The officers, you see, will be going with their families to the new territory, and they will be glad to purchase such luxuries, and pay a high price for them too, I'll be bound."

"No doubt of it, neighbor Feldwick, no doubt of it," observed Mr. Grimsby, the celebrated tobacconist and snuff manufacturer, addressing his friend who had first spoken, who was in the "Oil and Italian" line. "And I have a great idea that my eye snuff would make me a small fortune, if I could establish an agency in India. The Opthalmia, I understand, is very prevalent in the sandy plains of the East. I've had serious thoughts of attempting such a thing."

"Cheap, gay calicoes are in great request amongst the half naked savages of newly opened territories, I have been told," chimed in a Manchester warehouseman. "The market is dull here just now, and I have several cases of unsaleable goods in my warehouse. I should'nt wonder if I made a good job by sending them to India. Might perhaps establish a permanent trade there."

Several others spoke to a like purport. Mr. Hoffmann had said nothing; but he had continued smoking sagely, and was thinking deeply. He had several boxes of copper plates of old engravings, and books upon books of old engravings taken from the copper plates, which he had picked up at the sale of the effects of a virtuoso several years before, and these had been lying unsaleable and lumbering up his store-rooms ever since. He might, he thought, dispose of them in India. No doubt the officers and civilians about to establish themselves in the new territory would like to carry with them reminiscences of the arts and refinements of home: besides he had many other articles useless in London, which might be disposed of advantageously abroad.

The whole party, having given expression to these sentiments, sat for some time smoking in solemn silence. This silence was at length broken by Mr. Grimsby:—

"I will, by George," he said, striking his fist upon the table, with a force that set all the glasses ringing.

"And so will I," said Mr. Feldwick, the Oil and Italian warehouseman, accompanying the assertion with a similar forcible demonstration.

"Gentlemen," observed Mr. Hoffmann—he was the only person present who had not hitherto spoken—"I should like to join you. We may make up a venture between us; but there is one requisite that you seem to have forgotten."

"What is that?" cried half a dozen at once.

"We shall want somebody to look after our joint stock. If we ship it to India without having made this provision, among the vast quantity of goods going there just now it will stand a chance of being overlooked; at any rate it is not likely to be disposed of to advantage. Besides, if any among us think of establishing agencies abroad, some one must be deputed to act in such transactions."

"To be sure; you are quite right, neighbor Hoffmann," said the tobacconist; "but who can we get. Do you know of any suitable person? A young man, for instance, who will undertake the duties of a supercargo, cheap?"

"I think I do," returned Mr. Hoffmann. "You know my young man, Gerald Dalton, friend Grimsby? The lad has a great desire to go abroad, and he is a good lad, and may be trusted."

"And he will be reasonable as to salary?" said Mr. Grimsby.

"Yes, perfectly so. We will give him a small commission on the sales, and a trifle of salary besides. What do you say gentlemen, to our clubbing a venture, and sending Gerald out with it?" said Mr. Hoffmann, addressing his friends around the table, all of whom had been listening attentively to the conversation that had passed between him and Mr. Grimsby.

"I like the idea, for one," said the Manchester warehouseman.

"And I," said another, and another, and before the party separated that night it was arranged that each should contribute a portion of a common "venture," to be placed under the care of Gerald Dalton, by him to be sold in the East Indies to the best advantage.

In a very few days after this arrangement the goods to be

sent were picked out and packed, and it having been ascertained that the Seringapatam Indiaman would sail in a few weeks for Calcutta and that she yet had room for a considerable amount of cargo, sufficient freight accommodation was secured on board her; and then Mr. Hoffmann, who was well aware that Gerald would be glad of the opportunity that would be thus afforded him of seeing the world, spoke to him on the subject in the manner I have heretofore related.

The period that had yet to elapse before the Indiaman was to sail, was spent by Gerald in making himself acquainted, as far as lay in his power, with the nature of a supercargo's duties. He did not fear that he would find them very difficult, still he had little or no notion of trade, and it was his earnest desire to render a satisfactory account to his employers on his return.

It had been settled that he was to receive a small per centage on the sales that should be made, and a salary of fifty pounds and his passage out to India and back again secured. Twenty pounds out of the fifty he resolved should go to his mother; the other thirty he would probably have ample necessity for himself. In addition to this, if he were very successful in his undertaking, he was to receive a bonus, according to the liberality of his employers, at the termination of the voyage.

Twenty pounds were paid him in advance, to aid in supplying his outfit.

It was a curiously heterogeneous collection of goods that he found himself in charge of when the day of shipment arrived: perhaps never supercargo before had been placed in charge of a more singular selection of marketables, or unmarketables, as the venture might prove, and the articles were invoiced at almost fabulous prices, so sanguine were the senders of the demand for goods of all kinds that would exist in India.

The following is a copy of the invoice that was presented to the young man, after the goods had all been shipped.

From Mr. Grimsby:

	£.	s.	d.
Six tin-water proof cases of eye snuff, 50 lbs. in each case, 7s. 6d. per pound.	112	10	
Value in London, retail price,	48		
From Messrs. Feldwick & Co:			
Five cwt. Parmesan Cheese, 2s. 6d. per pound	70		
Value in London, retail,	33	10	6
Fifty cases English pickles assorted, 6 doz. in a case, 18s. per doz.	270		
Retail price in London,	135		
Sundries in the oil and Italian line.	420		
Retail London value,	300		
From Mr. Atkins, Manchester warehouseman:			
Six boxes bed curtain chintz, dandylion and sunflower pattern, very gay; containing in all, one hundred and twenty pieces of thirty yards each, £1 10s per piece.	10		
Value in Manchester, wholesale,	90	10	
Sixty cases of calicoes, various large and gay patterns, each case containing forty pieces of twenty yards each, 20s. per piece,	2,400		
Value in Manchester,	1,700		
From Mr. Dawson, Ironmonger and General Dealer in Hardware:			
One bundle containing sixty spades, 5s. each,	15		
One do. containing one hundred rakes, 4s. each	20		
One do. containing one hundred hatchets, 5s. each	25		
One case clasp, and penknives,	164	10	
One do. hammers, gimlets, and screwdrivers	67		
Estimated English wholesale value,	135		
From Mr. Dobbs, Crockery dealer:			
Six crates assorted Staffordshire ware,	131		
English value,	100		

(It was rumored that English crockery and China was superseding the use of that imported into India from the Celestial Empire.)

From Mr. Hoffmann, Auctioneer, Picture dealer, General Warehouseman, &c., &c.

Two Cremona violins—one cracked, the other much battered, 60 guineas each. - - - - - 120
Inestimably valuable to amateurs. Useless to professionals. Unsaleable in England.

Six banjoes—a novel and delightful instrument imported from America, 3 guineas each. - - - - 18
Not yet introduced into musical circles in England. Value unknown.

One suit of ancient armor complete all but the vizor, in tolerably good preservation. Supposed to belong to the time of Edward the Third. - - - 25
Unsaleable, having lain in Mr. Hoffman's warerooms for twenty years.

Six tin cases of plated bottle corks labelled "Sherry," "Port," "Rum," "Brandy," "Holland," &c., &c., each case containing twenty dozen assorted - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 120
Value in England not generally known, as the article is old fashioned.

Ten Turkish Scimeters, very old-fashioned and curious, 20s. each. - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Unsaleable in London, but supposed likely to be in demand in India.

One harpsichord, - - - - - - - - - - - - 60
Out of date in England; therefore unsaleable.

One Spinnett . - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 5 10
Out of date, consequently unsaleable in London.

Three hundred and fifty old engravings, duplicates assorted, from pictures by the great masters. - - 350

Very valuable to virtuosos, but no bids for several years.

One hundred copperplates of said engravings. - - 150
Battered and only valuable as old copper in London.

"Queer articles of merchandise, some of them," muttered Gerald to himself as he read over the invoice. "But I suppose they'll find a ready sale in India, or they wouldn't send them out. Let me see," and he cast up the separate invoices. (Of course the estimated value in London was not known to him.) "Mr. Grimsby, £112 10s.," marking the amount down in pencil on the margin of the invoice. "A small venture that of old Grimsby's; but eye-snuff enough, I should think, to supply the East Indies with the article for a quarter of a century; but then the old chap counts on getting an agency for the whole East established. Well, we'll see. What next?"

Again he summed up.

"Messrs. Feldwick & Co., £760. That's something more respectable, but a droll assortment. What the mischief can they want with so many clasp-knives in India? They must be quite out of the article. Ha! Atkins, £2,580," marking down the amount. "That's something like. Then there's old Dawson, £291 10s.; moderate again. And Dobbs, £131; still more moderate. Then comes Mr. Hoffmann. What's he sent, I wonder? Good gracious!" he exclaimed, looking over the articles enumerated, "what on earth will they do with them in India? I suppose, though, it's all right—£866 8s. That amounts, *in toto*," adding up, "to £4,741 8s., and my discount, 7 per cent. on the sales, provided I don't get higher prices than they are invoiced at, which I ought certainly to do, will amount to £330, and £30 to receive when I return, for salary, £360; quite a fortune! Hurrah! Why, I shall be a rich man all at once. Won't I go down to Abbottsford and make mother all right? And then, if I *should* fall in with Alice, or hear anything of her! It would be glorious!"

He sat for some time thinking of the past and dreaming of the future, till suddenly recollecting that it was getting late, and he had to be up betimes in the morning to meet Mr. Hoffmann, and had several letters to write to his friends, as the mail was to leave Calcutta on the following Thursday. (It was now Monday) ; he rose from his reverie, and taking his candle, retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

In which it is told how Gerald went to India, and what occurred during the voyage, and after he arrived at Calcutta. Also details of many other interesting incidents.

All was now ready for sea on board the Seringapatam East Indiaman. The ship had hauled out of the East India dock, and lay in the stream opposite Blackwall, awaiting the captain's return from the city, and passengers and seamen were hurrying on board, having, as is ever the case, waited till the last moment.

Gerald had written his last letters home, for a long time, at any rate, and had requested that the replies to these letters might be addressed to him at the ship's consignees at Calcutta, at the same time promising himself to write thence. The day before, he had held his parting interview with Mr. Hoffmann, and was now busily occupied in arranging the narrow state-room that he was to occupy during the voyage. This was not a very difficult task, inasmuch as there was room for nothing but a small trunk, besides the state-room furniture, consisting of a fixture bed-place, a camp stool, and a ledge with a hole in it for the reception of a ewer and basin: so this task completed, he went on deck to escape the confusion in the cabin, though there was little to gain by the movement, for the deck was equally as crowded, and equally as much confusion reigned there. He, however, walked aft to the taff'rail, so as to be as far out of the way as possible, and gazed with curiosity upon

the busy scene, wondering if it were possible that things could ever be arranged and put in order, and then thinking of his mother, and wondering if she then were thinking of him, and wishing that he possessed only for an hour the magic carpet of Arabian story that carried its fortunate possessor whithersoever he wished the instant the wish was formed—that he might again see her before he sailed.

Soon after the captain and pilot came on board together, the anchor was hove up: all persons that belonged ashore were ordered to leave the vessel: the steam-tug was lashed alongside, and the Seringapatam, with her decks still in a state of apparently inextricable confusion—for if a ship were to remain in port a month after she was ready for sea, the decks never would be otherwise—was towed out to the mouth of the river.

Gerald remained on deck till dark, and then sought his stateroom, for he had little appetite for the first meal at sea, which was hurriedly prepared by the steward for such as were desirous of partaking of it, and lying down with his clothes on, in spite of the many thoughts that crowded themselves upon his mind, was soon asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, he knew by the rolling motion of the vessel that she had passed beyond the mouth of the river, and was now fairly at sea in the channel. A slight sensation of nausea at the stomach, occasioned by the unaccustomed motion and the close smell of the cabin, caused him to hasten on deck to breathe the fresh air.

A miraculous change had taken place during the night. The dirty lumbered decks were cleaned, and everything was in its place, while the decks just washed down by the morning watch, were as clean as the floor of an uncarpeted drawing-room. The wind was fair, and the ship was sailing fully eight miles an hour, the steam-tug having cast adrift from her three or four hours before. They were rapidly passing the coast, and Gerald, who soon recovered from his temporary sensation of nausea, inquired of the officer of the deck what part of the coast it was they saw.

"The North Foreland," replied the mate. "That town you see there a little ahead, to leeward, is Ramsgate."

"When shall we reach the South Foreland?" inquired Gerald.

"In the course of a couple of hours, if this breeze holds, as it seems likely to do," returned the mate, "we shall be off Dover. That point there looming up ahead is the South Foreland."

Gerald looked towards the point of land indicated by the mate with great interest. With the coast from Dover to Herrington he was well acquainted, the latter town being but a few miles distant from the former, and he resolved not to retire from deck until Herrington was passed. He mentioned to the mate that his boyhood had been spent in Herrington, and begged him to tell him when they approached it.

"I will have you called when we reach Dover," said the mate; "meanwhile as the bell is ringing for breakfast, you had better go down to the cabin. You will have plenty of time to get your breakfast."

Gerald, who had eaten nothing the evening before and whose appetite had returned while breathing the sea air, thought this very good advice, and descended into the cabin to take his first meal on board the Indiaman.

There was a poor account of passengers at the table, although he had observed on the previous evening that all the state rooms were occupied; but many were already sea sick, and others fatigued with their exertions the day before, had not felt inclined to get up to breakfast.

In half an hour Gerald was again on deck.

"We are passing the South Foreland now," said the mate, as he stepped upon the poop deck. "That's Dover you see there on the starboard bow. Take the spyglass and you will be able to see the Castle quite plainly; in another hour or less we shall be abreast of it."

In the course of that period the town of Dover was passed,

and Gerald watched with breathless interest the line of coast, every inch of which he knew from that town to Herrington—the church of which—that church which the reader will recollect had once been *whitewashed* by order of the Board of Admiralty—he could already discover, perched high, seemingly, upon the very verge of the cliff. Soon the vessel was abreast of the church, and then the town of Herrington, and the parsonage house of the good old vicar, situated near the church, were distinctly visible.

He could even see the people walking on the cliffs, and he pleased his fancy by imagining that one figure, walking on the cliff near the church, was Mr. Pearce, who he knew was fond of strolling in that spot and watching the vessels passing beneath. He recollected every thing that had befallen him in Herrington. He recognized the favorite haunts where he had been wont to stroll with Alice, and he fancied he could even discover among the numerous huts on the beach the famous boat-house of his old friend, Jemmy Milton—and he wondered whether the quaint old man was on the beach watching the Indiaman as she sailed swiftly by.

But the wind began to freshen and the motion of the vessel to grow more violent, and Gerald, used though he had been to sail out in Jemmy's fishing boat, began to feel a strange sensation in his stomach, and shortly became so sick that he was glad to retire to his state-room.

The breeze remained favorable for several days, and the Seringapatam made a rapid passage down channel and through the Bay of Biscay, where stormy weather and adverse winds detained her for a week; but the weather again clearing up and the wind veering round to the Northward, the ship again made rapid headway, and the latitude of the North East Trades was reached in a wonderfully short time after leaving port.

Gerald had quite recovered from his sea sickness before the vessel was well clear of the channel, but the Trade winds were reached before the majority of the passengers showed them-

selves upon deck; but after this period every body seemed happy; the regrets at leaving home were forgotten, and the future beamed cheerfully before them.

The passengers on board the Seringapatam being in no way connected with my story, I shall pass them over very cursorily. They comprised the customary class of passengers to be found on board an outward bound Indiaman. There were two young ladies, East Indians by birth, being the daughters of a resident Judge, who had been at school at Brighton, and now, under the charge of a governess, were returning to India to their parents; there was an elderly young lady, going to India, it was said, to visit her brother, who held an appointment in the Company's service; perhaps this was true, but the first mate, who was a bit of a wag, informed Gerald that he thought it was not altogether sisterly affection that had prompted her to undertake the voyage. He believed that she was going out in the hope of catching a husband, in the shape of some jaundiced, liver-diseased official of the Company, whose yellow gold would compensate for his yellow skin—the elderly young lady having reached some years before, the age when ladies are laid on the shelf and labelled "unmarriageable" in England. The mate furthermore said he had never made a voyage that one or two ladies of her class had not gone out as passengers, and what is more the chances were more than even that they succeeded in bringing down their game. There was a bilious looking major returning from a three years' furlough, and two young cadets from the Cadet's College at Croydon, who, fresh colored and full of life, spirit and hope, were going out to India to become in time as yellow and bilious as the major. There was a chaplain and his wife going to join the garrison at Cawnpore, and a young doctor going to Calcutta to take the post of assistant surgeon in the garrison of Fort William; these, with Gerald, comprised the list of passengers on board the Seringapatam.

Nothing worth recording happened on the passage—the vessel met with the usual share of fair and foul weather; fell in

with a gale off the Cape of Good Hope; went into Table Bay to replenish her supply of water and to obtain fresh provisions, and in seventy-six days after passing the Land's End entered the mouth of the Hooghly River, and came to an anchor at Diamond Harbor the same day. Thence the passengers took passage in a steamer for the city of Calcutta, the ship being of too heavy a draught of water to pass over the William's and Mary flats, further up the river.

Gerald and the other passengers who had not been in India before, admired the novelty of the scenery as they sailed past it; sometimes seeming, in the tortuous windings, to be enclosed on a lake, encompassed on all sides by a tangled forest of impenetrable jungle, and then, suddenly emerging by an outlet only visible when they were close to it, the scene would open upon a native Hindoo village, with its grotesque temples dedicated to the worship of Vishnoo or Bramah, each surrounded by a railed enclosure in which grazed perfectly at his ease provided for for life and honored as a god, the sacred bull. At night the steamer came to an anchor, and then when all else was still might be heard the shrill bark of the jackal, or the hideous shriek of the hyena, roaming the jungle for their prey, and the sharp cry of the owl and night eagle engaged in tho same predatory occupation. By noon the next day the far famed Garden Reach, where are situated the "bungalos," or villas of the wealthy merchants and high officials of the government, with their sloping lawns richly ornamented with tropical shrubbery and brilliant flowers, reaching to the water's edge, was in sight, with the Botanical Garden on the other hand—and in another hour the steamer was at anchor near Chand-paul Ghaut and the City of Palaces, the proud, queen city of British India lay open to the curious and admiring gaze of the strangers from a far distant shore.

The passengers were soon landed in one of the numerous *dingie wallahs*, or small canoes manned by Lascars, who ply for fares with unceasing pertinacity, and who manage their fragile

barks with admirable dexterity, and Gerald seeing all the other passengers leaving, asked the captain's advice as to how he should act.

"Have you no letters of introduction?" asked the captain in a tone of surprise.

"No," answered Gerald.

"That's bad—very foolish indeed; you can't go to an hotel. Nobody does here who has any regard for his own position. If it were known that you did so, you would injure your prospects immediately. However, since it is so, you can't do better than accompany me to my consignee's house. I'll vouch for you, and you'll get a bed for the night, and for a week if you like; but you'll want a servant."

"A servant!" said Gerald, somewhat alarmed at the thought of the expense such an appendage would entail.

"Of course," said the captain, "Every one must have his body servant here."

"How much will it cost?" said Gerald.

"Oh, a mere trifle, half a rupee a day will hire a first class one, and the beggars find themselves."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gerald, considerably relieved.

"Here, Lall," said the captain, addressing a tall, handsome Hindoo who stood near and whom he appeared to recognize. "You want Sahib, eh?"

"Achah Sahib," (yes master) replied the Hindoo, whose forehead was ornamented with a red and white streak to mark his caste.

"Then here's a Sahib wants to hire you," continued the captain, "How much wages you ask, eh?"

"Me first rate fellow; hab plenty, too much *chit*," (recommendations) replied the man.

"Confound your *chits*, and as to your being a good fellow, I suppose you're about on a par with the rest. However," turning to Gerald, "I know the fellow, so you had best engage him. How much do you ask a month?" again addressing the man.

Twenty-five rupees, my price," said the Hindoo.

Twenty-five d——s," exclaimed the captain. "This Sahib 'll give you twelve rupees a month; now say if you're willing to hire, if not be off with you."

"Me take," said the Hindoo, submissively, and forthwith he was installed in Gerald's service, while he should remain in Calcutta.

"Now the dingie wallah's alongside, let's go ashore," said the captain. "By the way, you'd better take half a dozen changes of clothing with you. You'll need 'em, unless you mean to come on board again early in the morning."

Gerald contented himself with three shirts and the like number of pairs of white trowsers, and putting them into his carpet bag, stepped into his boat, and was soon landed on the esplanade just at the time the equipages of the merchants, officers of government, and wealthy natives were arriving filled with occupants about to take their customary evening promenade. The young man thought as he gazed at the handsome vehicles and the gaily attired occupants, that he had never wit nessed so magnificent a sight, the varied dresses of the Par see, Hindoo, Musselman, and Armenian merchants, adding a never ceasing variety to the brilliant scene; but he had little time to admire the ever changing diorama; the captain was in a hurry to reach the residence of his consignee, and they walked rapidly along the Cheringhee Road until they came to a spacious house, which the captain informed Gerald was the residence of Mr. Thompson, the merchant to whom the greater portion of his cargo was consigned.

Gerald was astonished at the size of the house, and the troops of servants clad in white dresses, who received the captain and himself as if they had been persons of the highest dignity, and through the rank formed by the bowing groups, they passed to the apartment in which they were received by the merchant, to whom the captain introduced his young companion.

The young man was kindly received and the circumstances

of his visit having been explained, he was hospitably pressed to make his home at Mr. Thompson's house, as long as it was convenient to him, and in the course of the evening, Gerald having partially explained to the merchant the nature of the merchandise entrusted to his care, the latter gave him the names of two or three native merchants, who would be most likely to do business with him. "But," he said, "I am very sorry that I cannot afford you much encouragement, young gentleman. I really can't understand what possesses the people at home. Our markets are overstocked with goods of every description already. Indeed they have been so for the last three months, ever since the first returns from England after the news had reached there of the reaction that has taken place in business. However, if your merchandise is first class as they say here, A No. 1, you may perhaps get a fair price."

Gerald was greatly disappointed with this intelligence; but having resolved to do his best for his employers, and thinking it the wisest plan to lose no time, lest, as ships were almost daily arriving, matters might become still more unfavorable, he hired a palankeen next morning, and guided by his Hindoo servant, proceeded to the residence of M. De Sylva, a native Portuguese merchant who, he had been informed was one of the most substantial and trustworthy of the class of merchants with whom it would be necessary for him to deal.

Mr. De Sylva resided on the confines of the native town, but half an hour's brisk ride in the palankeen borne by two stout coolies carried him to the merchant's residence.

It was situated near the bazaar, and the locality presented much the appearance that Chatham street, New York, or Mon mouth street, London, would present, were these choice Hebrew localities transplanted to a tropical clime, and invested with the peculiarities incidental to an oriental city. Merchandise of every conceivable description was openly exposed for sale, and the passers-by were urged and persuaded to purchase with a degree of pertinacity unknown even in the localities alluded to.

One of the largest of these shops was occupied by Mr. De Sylva. The merchant was at home, and Gerald having introduced himself, told the nature of his business, and furthermore, informed the merchant that he had been recommended to apply to him by Mr. Thompson. Mr. De Sylva was all anxiety to see the goods, and urgent in his protestations that he would pay a higher price and deal more honestly by the seller than any of his fellow-merchants. He was a small man, nearly as darkly complexioned as a Hindoo, but possessing regular European features, and an almost effeminate expression of countenance; yet those who regarded him attentively, might readily perceive the cunning of the paltry peddler in the sharp yet cautious expression of his eye. He spoke English fluently.

"When shall you have your merchandise ready?" he asked of Gerald.

"In the course of a day or two," the young man replied. "The captain says he shall commence discharging as soon as the ship is towed up to the city. That will be to-morrow, and next day I hope to have my goods landed, and after they have passed the Custom House, I presume there will be no further difficulty."

"None at all, sir," said Mr. De Sylva. "Have you a copy of the invoice, that I may look it over?"

"I have but the original copy," said Gerald, "and that, it will be necessary for me to show at the Custom House; but I will make another copy this evening, and bring it you to-morrow."

"Do so," said the merchant. "I am sorry you have it not with you to-day, in order that I might lose no time in ascertaining in what manner I may best dispose of the goods. In case I should not be able to purchase the whole, I might show the invoice to my fellow-merchants, and what does not suit me may suit them."

"I am greatly obliged to you," said Gerald.

"By-the-bye, shall you stop on board the Indiaman?" asked Mr. De Sylva.

"No," replied Gerald. "For the present, Mr. Thompson has kindly offered me a home at his house; but I cannot long trespass upon his hospitality."

"Why not come and stay with me?" said Mr. De Sylva. "I have a large house and half a dozen rooms at your service, and my servants are your own. As we are about to do business together, it is but fair that you should take up your abode at my house. It is the custom of the country," he smilingly added after a pause.

Gerald thought it would be more desirable were he to accept the invitation so freely given. He naturally felt that he was intruding upon Mr. Thompson, and as it was the custom of the country for those with whom one was doing business to play the part of a host, he readily consented to Mr. De Sylva's proposal.

In the course of the day, notwithstanding the consignee pressed him to remain, assuring him that he was not inconveniencing himself nor his family in the slightest degree, Gerald removed his few effects to the house of the Portuguese merchant, and took up his abode there, and in the cool of the evening, Mr. De Sylva offered to take him out in his buggy to ride on the esplanade.

"You have no private venture of your own besides the merchandise entrusted to your care?" said the merchant, interrogatively, in the course of the drive.

"Not exactly," replied the young man; "at least nothing of consequence. I have a case of dried bullock's tongues, some three hundred or so, that's all."

This case of tongues had been purchased at a bargain by Mr. Hoffmann, two days prior to the sailing of the Seringapatam, and had been presented by him to Gerald for his own private benefit, Mr. Hoffmann telling him that as they would probably be considered a rare delicacy in Calcutta, he ought to get at least half a guinea apiece for them.

"Bullock's tongues!" exclaimed Mr. De Sylva. "If it was

not your own special venture, I could put you in a way to make more of them than you can do by selling them."

"In what manner?" asked Gerald. "If I can in any way benefit my employers, I will not allow my own interests to stand in the way of doing so."

"By giving them away, or, at any rate, by so disposing of a portion of them. They will be considered a great delicacy here, and a little well considered liberality opens men's hearts. I should advise you to make a present of a few to each of the merchants whom I will point out to you, and whom I consider likely to deal with you, for you know that I, although a merchant, am likewise a commission agent for others, and it is only by the exercise of the latter profession that I can hope to dispose of all your merchandise for you, though I will take a large portion, it is likely, upon my own account."

"I shall be happy to place the entire stock at your service, Mr. De Sylva," said Gerald, "reserving only half a dozen which I intend to give to Mr. Thompson, and another half dozen that I shall present to the captain of the Seringapatam."

"A hundred or so will be sufficient," said the merchant, "and the remainder, after we have both served our turn, as I trust we shall do, I will gladly purchase from you at a fair market price."

Gerald readily consented to this arrangement, and the buggy was drawing up at Mr. De Sylva's residence; he and Mr. De Sylva alighted and entered the dwelling.

Dinner was ready, and the Portuguese merchant played the host to admiration. His hospitality appeared to be unbounded, and Gerald congratulated himself on having fallen in with so honest and gentlemanly a man.

After dinner Mr. De Sylva observed that they might as well, to prevent mistakes, ratify the verbal agreement that had passed between them, and Gerald consenting, an agreement was drawn out and mutually signed, to the effect that Gerald Dalton, agent for Mr. Hoffmann and others, did appoint Carlos De

Sylva, merchant of Calcutta, sole agent for the sale of the merchandise belonging to the aforesaid Hoffmann and others, now on board the Seringapatam East Indiaman from London, and lying at anchor in the port of Calcutta. And this matter settled, the gentlemen lighted their cigars and adjourned to the verandah, to smoke and chat and enjoy the cool air of the evening.

In a day or two the goods in charge of Gerald were landed, and taken to the Custom House, whither he himself also proceeded to hasten them through the necessary forms to be observed before the heterogeneous merchandise composing the venture, from the sale of which such extraordinary profit was anticipated, was free to enter the Calcutta market.

Gerald was somewhat annoyed at the mysterious nods and smiles that passed between the Hindoo clerks, and at the seemingly facetious remarks that they made, occasioning an interchange of knowing glances; but as he could not understand the language in which these remarks were uttered, he remained in ignorance of the cause of this singular facetiousness on their part.

However, they were accommodating enough to pass the goods without giving any unnecessary trouble, and glad to have got through this difficulty, Gerald lost no time in hiring a bullock cart to convey his treasures to Mr. De Sylva's bazaar, as he had been directed; hiring at the same time a palankeen and bearers in which he accompanied the cart to the bazaar.

He found Mr. De Sylva anxiously looking out for him, and by the merchant's direction the goods were unloaded from the cart, and placed in the store.

"Now, my good friend," said the merchant, "suppose we take some slight refreshment; the day is very sultry, and you must be fatigued. Brandy pawnee lao," (bring brandy and water) he added, speaking to a servant.

"I thank you," said Gerald, "but I am afraid to drink spirits so early in the day."

"A glass of claret then? Bring claret, too."

"I have no objection to that," said Gerald, "for I feel the heat excessive and am very thirsty."

The merchant helped himself to brandy and water, and the young man to claret; and having rested himself, Gerald expressed a desire to proceed at once to business.

"I have brought you a copy of my invoice," he said. "Yesterday I gave you some idea of the merchandise I have under my charge; perhaps you will look over the invoice and consider what can be done, meanwhile I will see the goods unpacked," and leaving the merchant sitting in the verandah of his house, Gerald went into the store to superintend the opening of the cases.

He returned in a short time and inquired of the merchant whether he would like to go with him and examine the goods.

Mr. De Sylva assented, and they went back to the store together.

"Rather a curious assortment of goods you have, Mr. Dalton," said the merchant, looking alternately at the invoice he held in his hand and at the cases before him, and occasionally lifting out and examining a portion of their contents.

"Saleable, I hope?" said Gerald, interrogatively.

"I hope so. We will do the best we can with them; but, my dear sir, they are invoiced at a very high figure. Eye snuff! what sort of snuff is that?" he said inquiringly.

"That's really more than I can tell you till the cases are opened," said Gerald, "although now I think of it, I believe I have a sample package in my trunk. I know, however, that it has long had an immense sale in England."

"Hem!" muttered the merchant, running over the contents of the invoice—"Parmesan cheese—very good; I have no doubt that will do. Pickles," shaking his head. "A mistake, sir; English pickles have a slow sale here. We have so many varieties of our own; besides the market is overstocked. What's this—oh! curtain chintz; that may do. Calicoes.

spades, rakes, hatchets—ah! I perceive, in these crates, eh? Well, very good, they'll find a ready sale in the Native Bazaar. Crockery—hem! What's this? Two—two—"

"Two eremona violins," explained Gerald, looking over the merchant's shoulder at the invoice.

"Hem! and ban—ah! banjos. What are they?"

"Some kind of musical instrument. A new invention, I think."

"Ha! One harpsichord; one spinnett—"

"You know what they are?" said Gerald.

"Not exactly," returned the merchant. "A new kind of instrument?"

"By no means," replied the young man, "old enough in all conscience; but the gentleman who sent them thought they might sell to advantage in India."

"Bottle corks, labelled; Turkish cimeters; engravings; copper plates; one suit of ancient armor complete, except the visor!" continued the merchant. "Why, my good sir, this last assortment is a singular one indeed. I am afraid it will not be a very profitable speculation to the owner."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Gerald, "for he is a good friend of mine. I should regret that he should be a loser by my coming to India. How do you intend to dispose of them? What do you propose to purchase yourself?" he continued after a pause, observing that Mr. De Sylva remained silent.

"I would take the hardware and cutlery," said the merchant; "but there is too much of the latter for my purposes. I should advise you to permit me to dispose of the whole lot of goods by auction, and I will buy in what I want; but you have invoiced them far too high, indeed. To sell them, any of them, indeed, at any thing like the prices in the invoice, you would have to store them for months, paying high storage the meanwhile; though it *may* go at auction, it can scarcely be sold in any other way."

"I will think about it," said Gerald in a tone of disappoint-

ment. "I have to go on board the Seringapatam this afternoon, and on my way I will call on Mr. Thompson and ask his advice. Meanwhile I will leave you to examine the goods more closely after they are unpacked," and wishing the merchant good day, and promising to return in the evening, he ordered his servant to call the bearers, who had lain themselves down on the matting in the outer office to sleep—coolie fashion. He then got into the palankeen and requested his servant to direct the bearers to stop at Mr. Thompson's house in the Cheringhee Road.

Arrived there, he requested to see the consignee, and on being introduced to him, related the adventures of the morning, expressing his disappointment at the appearance of things, and concluded by asking his advice how to act.

"Have you the invoice with you?" asked the merchant.

"It is here," said the young man, drawing the original invoice from his pocket.

The merchant took it, and glancing over the contents, said :—

"I must observe, young gentleman, that the parties who selected these goods could have had little knowledge of the description of goods most suitable for this country; and it is no fault of yours, but the prices at which the articles are invoiced are positively outrageous. I should advise you to do as Mr. De Sylva proposes, and let the goods be sold by auction as soon as possible.'

"By auction!" exclaimed Gerald, catching his breath as his high flown anticipations of obtaining a liberal per centage for his own share vanished. "I shall obtain but a very low price for the goods at auction?"

"Perhaps you will do better than by selling them in any other way," replied the merchant. "We dispose of immense quantities of goods in that manner here, and sometimes obtain very good prices. I have sold entire cargoes by auction."

"Is Mr. De Sylva a good man to trust the sale to?" in-

quired the young man, his opinion of the Portuguese merchant having undergone considerable modification, on account of his manner that morning.

"Quite as good a man as you can find among his class," replied Mr. Thompson. "These Portuguese merchants are a sorry set; but they are necessary. In your case you have no alternative but to trust to him. You must look sharp after him; but he has a better reputation than most of his class."

"Suppose I leave the goods in store for future sale?" said Gerald.

"They would in that case probably remain there until they had to be sold by auction to pay for the storage," replied the merchant. "If you take my advice, you will dispose of them as soon as possible; you may not do so very badly after all."

Gerald thanked the merchant for the information he had given him, and descending to the street, entered the palankeen and went on board the vessel, where a portion of his luggage still remained.

Descending to the cabin, he entered his state-room, and unlocking his writing-desk, took out the letter of instructions Mr. Hoffmann had placed in his hands the day the vessel sailed from London, and read it carefully.

In it he was instructed to *sell at all hazards;* to get as high prices as possible, but to sell; and if he thought it advisable, provided he could obtain the assistance of some competent person to direct him in the choice of goods, he was left at liberty to invest the returns from the "venture" in the purchase of such articles as would command a sale in England.

"*Sell* at all hazards!" he muttered. "As they say in New York, 'I guess I'm sold.' Well, I suppose I had better follow Mr. Thompson's advice. What on earth induced them to send out such a pack of rubbish? It would serve them right if I were to turn the tables upon *them.* I've a good mind to invest the proceeds in maize or some such stuff, or to send home a

cargo of monkeys. However, it's no use grieving over a bad job. I'll go back to De Sylva, and tell him to dispose of them to the best advantage he can, and trust to chance."

Having thus made up his mind, he went on shore, and returning to the residence of the Portuguese merchant, told him that he should leave everything in his hands.

"There will be a great auction sale in the native bazaar to-morrow," said the merchant. "If you are agreeable, I will send the goods there, and we'll have them put up at once, the first thing, as soon as the auction commences."

"As you think best," replied the young man, carelessly.

At an early hour on the following morning, Gerald went to the bazaar. His merchandise was already there, and as his only desire now was to get rid of it as quickly as possible, he was glad to learn from Mr. De Sylva, who handed him a list filled with hieroglyphics that he could make neither head nor tail of, that the sale of his goods would commence the auction.

He looked cursorily around at the throng of persons assembled; it was a motley crew, comprising Mussulmen, Hindoos of every caste, Parsees, Jews, Armenians, Chinese, and, as he thought, representatives of every Oriental nation or tribe; but not a single European was present. The confusion of tongues could not have been greater at the Tower of Babel. Everybody was vociferating loudly, either in their own peculiar language, or in the native Bengalee common to them all; but of course not a word was intelligible to the young man.

"They are going to begin. How would you like the goods put up?" said Mr. De Sylva.

"Just as you please," replied Gerald.

"You have no choice? There is nothing you would wish to dispose of in preference to the rest of the goods?"

"No," was the reply, "I can't understand a word that's said; and I don't understand your system of selling. So, go ahead, and do the best you can."

The goods were brought forward and put up promiscuous-

ly, and to Gerald's great delight, they appeared to go off tolerably well. At all events they were sold with great rapidity. There was much merriment, in which the young man could not help joining, although he could not understand the jokes that passed, when the elegant and well selected assortment of Mr. Hoffman was exhibited. The bottle-corks were cast aside with contempt; but a Chinese bid readily for the banjos, and also bought the eye snuff, and an old Bramin bought both the violins; the harpsichord was sold to an Armenian, and the Spinette to a Jew, who also purchased the engravings and copper-plates. The suit of armor stuck for a long time, and when the bids did commence, they appeared to be very slow; but at length this also was knocked down to the Chinese, and M. de Sylva then descended from his rostrum, and with a smile informed the young man that the sale of his goods was concluded.

"How much has the entire lot brought?" he inquired.

"That I cannot tell you just now, the sale has been so mixed up. I have bought in a good many things myself. We will arrange all that hereafter. Shall we retire or would you like to stay and watch the proceedings?"

"I have seen enough," said Gerald.

"Then we will leave," and the Portuguese, and the young men retired together from the bazaar.

"By the by," observed Gerald, "the tongues—I did not notice that you put up the tongues."

"I have reserved them for myself," said the merchant. "I shall offer you six rupees apiece for the hundred that remain."

"How much is that equivalent to?"

"To twelve shillings of English money."

"Why that is more than they are invoiced at," said Gerald, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, I wish you had more of them. I would give you the same price for them."

"And only one hundred was left out of the three hundred contained in the package?"

"Only one hundred. You know you consented to my giving away a quantity of them. I distributed them among the merchants you saw at the Bazaar. It was a famous thought and went a great way towards putting them in good humor. You saw how readily they bid for your merchandise. Then there were six that you wished to be reserved for your friend the consignee, and six for the captain of the Seringapatam."

"Well, it can't be helped," said the young man, but he thought to himself, "it seems that the very articles that I could have sold to advantage, I have foolishly disposed of in another way. A pretty kettle of fish I've made of it, any way."

"It will take me some time to arrange the particulars of the sale," said the merchant when they had reached his residence. "You were saying that you wished to establish an agency for the sale of eye snuff in the city. I saw Whampooa, the Chinese merchant leave the Bazaar. He bought most of the snuff—suppose you see him. He speaks English. I don't think you will do any thing that way; but he may be willing to make some arrangement. I will give you his directions. He lives in the Dobie Tollah. Your servant will know the place, and when you return in the evening, we will settle up matters in regard to the sale."

Gerald consented to this arrangement, and desiring his servant to hire a palankeen, he took with him the presents he had reserved for the consignee and the captain, intending to deliver them after he had called upon the Chinese merchant, and set out for Whampooa's residence.

CHAPTER XVII.

Which tells of the result of the auction sale, and what happened afterwards, and also shows that justice is awake to her interests in India as well as in Europe and America.

Gerald found Whampooa, the Chinese merchant, busily engaged in examining his new purchases, which he had already removed from the Bazaar to his store.

He was taking the suit of armor to pieces, several of his Chinese friends watching the operation with looks of unequivocal astonishment. They looked at the young man with an expression of mingled wonder and dismay, and he was soon satisfied from their questions that they believed the armor to be the image of one of the Englishmen's gods, and they expressed a sort of superstitious horror at the idea of his having sold it and afterwards come to witness its desecration by the hands of strangers. What the Chinese were going to do with it Gerald could not conceive.

The whole party was indulging freely in the eye snuff, its pungency causing the tears to run down their cheeks as they incessantly snuffed large pinches of the fragrant mixture; but when the young man explained his errand to the merchant, and he in turn explained it to his friends, the whole group burst into uncontrollable laughter, and the snuff getting into their eyes and down their throats, a ludicrous scene of coughing, spitting, and swearing heartily, in approved Chinese, ensued, which looked so irresistibly comical that Gerald could not longer maintain his gravity, and greatly to the indignation of the party, he in his turn laughed louder than the rest.

Quiet being at length restored, Whampooa explained to him that his friends were amused at the idea of establishing an agency for the sale of eye snuff in Calcutta, when he had purchased enough of the mixture to last for a life time. Gerald had already spoken to the consignee on the subject, and he had given him no encouragement, so, after hearing what the Chinese merchant had to say, he arrived at the conclusion that this scheme was also a failure, and he resolved to trouble himself no more about it.

He left the store, and after taking a ride through the city for an hour and looking about him, he returned to the residence of the Portuguese merchant, who, having made up the accounts of the sale, was ready to receive him.

"I hope, Mr. Dalton, you will be satisfied," he said, when the young man entered the store. "We have not quite come up to the invoice prices, but I think we have done pretty well. Pray sit down and let us examine the accounts together."

"How much is the sum total?" said Gerald.

"Seven thousand four hundred and twenty-seven rupees, paid in cash. Deducting my commission, it leaves you seven thousand two hundred and nineteen rupees."

"That is in English money—!"

"About seven hundred and twenty pounds!" explained the merchant.

"How much?" said the young man, in a tone of such angry astonishment that the merchant started in his seat.

"About seven hundred and twenty pounds," he repeated.

"Do you know the sum total of the invoice?" sternly demanded the young man.

"Assuredly," replied Mr. De Sylva, who had recovered from his momentary alarm, and looking at the invoice which was on the table before him, he read:—"Four thousand seven hundred and forty-one pounds."

"And yet," thundered Gerald, "you have the assurance to tell me that we have done pretty well. Why you have not

sold the goods for one-sixth of the invoice prices. I have been swindled, grossly swindled."

"Hush, hush, young gentleman," coolly replied the merchant. "You must not use such language as that. It will not do here. Did I not warn you that much of the merchandise was unsaleable, and that all was badly selected."

"I do not deny that," said Gerald, "but to dispose of it for such a contemptible price as this; it is too bad."

"Have I not your written order to dispose of your merchandise by auction, at the earliest opportunity, for such prices as I could obtain?"

Gerald could not deny this, so he remained silent.

"If you are dissatisfied," continued the merchant, "I am quite ready to return you the goods I have purchased on my own account, after deducting a fair sum for my trouble."

This offer Gerald felt was adding insult to injury; but he was aware that he had been too precipitate, and that he could not help himself. As to taking back the portion of the merchandise in the possession of the Portuguese, that he knew would be folly; he had nowhere to store it; knew not how to dispose of it, and would only suffer greater loss.

"It's done and can't be helped," he said, "though I have a poor account to render to my employers. Let me see how the goods have been disposed of, at any rate, in order that I may know how to divide the miserable receipts, and apportion the proper share to each."

"That, I fear, will be impossible," said the merchant.

"How impossible?"

"Because no single article has been sold separately. Those who have purchased bid for the goods in lots; for instance, here is Ram Chowdah, lot No. 4, two fiddles, 1 box cutlery, 2 pieces of calicoes, 6 cases of eye snuff, and 1 case of pickles—97 rupees. How can I possibly tell what was the individual amount paid for any one article, or any one description of articles?"

Gerald was perfectly confounded; he knew not what to do, or say—and for some minutes he sat the very image of perplexity. At length rousing himself, he requested Mr. De Sylva to pay him over the amount due him.

"With pleasure," said the merchant; "seven thousand two hundred and nineteen rupees, and six hundred rupees being the sum I offered for the package of one hundred tongues, will be seven thousand eight hundred and nineteen rupees. Here is the money; I had it counted out for you, in notes on the Bank of Calcutta, before you returned. Will you please to sign this receipt?"

Gerald did so, and putting the money into his pocket book, bade the merchant good day; and calling his servant, procured a palankeen and desired to be taken to the ghaut at which the Seringapatam lay moored, being resolved to remain no longer the guest of a man who had, as he felt, so shamefully deceived him.

It was late in the evening and quite dark before he arrived at the ghaut, and dismissed the palankeen bearers; the clouds had been gathering overhead during his journey from the Portuguese merchant's store, and there was every symptom of an approaching storm.

Lall, the servant, was evidently uneasy and anxious to get under shelter; but Gerald, who had never yet experienced a tempest in the tropical latitudes, treated the matter lightly and walked leisurely and in deep thought along the wharf to the landing place where he expected to find a native passage boat in which he could get on board the ship.

"Hurry, Sahib, hurry; rain come," said Lall, and while he spoke, the first great, warning drops began to fall. Gerald cast a glance upwards, and even his inexperienced eye could discover sufficient warning of the coming storm in the jetty blackness of the sky, and in the oppressive atmosphere. He quickened his steps, and on reaching the landing called loudly to the *dingie wallahs*, whom he could hear vociferating sharply at a short distance from the ghaut where a number of dingies were lying at anchor; but he received no response.

By this time the wind had risen, and the rain began to fall rapidly; in another minute it was pouring in torrents, apparently a continuous stream of water let down from the sluice-gates of the heavens with a force, inconceivable to those who have not witnessed such a deluge.

Lall united his voice with that of his master and shouted loudly in Bengalee for a boat, but still there was no response to the call. The dingie wallahs, at another time troublesomely pertinacious in their endeavors to procure passengers, had sheltered themselves from the rain in the small cabins of their fragile boats, and cared not to encounter the storm.

"By George! this will never do; I'm as wet as if I had been standing up to my neck in water, already," said Gerald. "Lall, we must seize one of those dingies, and pull on board ourselves."

"How can get 'em, Sahib," said the servant, his teeth chattering with fright and cold.

"There is one we can spring on board of further down the ghaut," said Gerald; "the stern is close in shore. I could see it quite plain through the last flash of lightning."

They bent their steps in the direction Gerald had pointed out, the young man taking the lead himself, and the servant almost paralyzed with fright, tremblingly following his master. It was only a few yards distant, yet the rain was so blinding, and the night so dark—the darkness seeming to deepen after every successive vivid flash of lightning, that they found great difficulty in reaching the spot. However, having succeeded, Gerald sprang on board, and the Hindoo followed him, falling over the stern-post of the dingie in the attempt, and grazing his shins so severely that he yelled with agony. The dingie-wallahs heard them, and protested wrathfully against the seizure of the boat; but Gerald did not heed them, and they did not offer to come out from their shelter. Gerald, assisted by the Hindoo servant, soon succeeded in weighing the light anchor, and then each taking a paddle, a few strokes brought them

alongside the ship, which lay at no great distance from the wharf. Gerald and the servant stepped on the accommodation ladder, and soon reached the deck, leaving the dingie to drift from alongside.

The dingie-wallahs, however, although they had allowed the boat to be unmoored, and had made no resistance when it was paddled away from the ghaut, had no idea of leaving the ship without receiving the boat hire, and scarcely had Gerald and his servant reached the deck before three naked, athletic fellows followed them, and with loud vociferations and threatening gestures, demanded their pay.

"I shan't give you a single piece," said Gerald, when the servant had interpreted the demand made upon his purse. "You refused to put me on board the ship, and you may get your pay the best way you can."

The head man among them approached, apparently with the intention of laying violent hands upon him, which, Gerald perceiving, avoided by a dexterous movement, and closing with him, hurled him over the ship's side into the water. The others, seeing the fate of their leader, descended rapidly into the boat, which still lay alongside, and their companion having scrambled on board, they paddled rapidly towards shore, vociferating loudly and threateningly the whole distance.

"They gib Sahib too much trouble to-morrow," said the servant.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Gerald; "let them do what they like. "It was their duty to paddle us on board, and as they refused to do so, we were justified in taking the boat."

The rain was still descending in torrents, and all the crew were under shelter; even the anchor watch were not to be seen.

Gerald walked into the cuddy, and, after some time, succeeded in rousing the steward; a light was procured, and he and the servant proceeded to change their drenched clothing.

When the young man took off his thin linen jacket, he

thought for the first time of his money, and putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth his pocket-book thoroughly saturated, and on opening, found all his bank notes reduced apparently to the consistence of pulp. To have attempted to separate them would have been to destroy them altogether, if indeed they were not already valueless. There was no help for it but to lay them aside till morning, and then to endeavor to dry them in the sun, and separate them, if possible.

Vexed as he was, Gerald was so fatigued with the excitements, and disappointments and mishaps of the day, that he flung himself on the mattress in his state-room, where he soon forgot all his troubles in sleep. The servant followed the example of his master, and both slept soundly till morning.

Gerald's first thought, on waking in the morning, was about his money. It was a melancholy sight to look at; but after an hour's exposure to the sun, the mass of pulp was perfectly dry, and with the assistance of the steward, he proceeded to separate it: this was a difficult, and for some time, apparently, a hopeless task; but at length, with great care and patience, they succeeded in detaching the notes with tolerable success, although three or four, amounting in value to nearly two hundred rupees, were completely destroyed, and valueless, and a great number were so disfigured that the young man thought it advisable to go with them immediately to the bank and get them exchanged.

He was just on the point of stepping over the ship's side to go on shore, when a police boat came alongside and a native officer stepped on board, accompanied by a dingie wallah, who pointed out Gerald to the policeman, upon which the latter handed the young man a warrant from a magistrate charging him with illegally seizing a dingie, loosing it from its moorings against the wish of its owner, and paddling it alongside the ship, and subsequently casting it adrift, after refusing to pay the boatman; furthermore, with offering violence to the

said boatmen and forcibly throwing one man overboard, there by bruising and otherwise injuring him him severely and endangering his life.

There was nothing for it but to accompany the officer to the police court, where the magistrate was then sitting.

"What is this charge?" said the magistrate, when the young man was brought before him.

The officer explained, and the dingie wallah whose arm was bandaged and who pretended to be in great pain, added his complaint.

"This is a very serious affair, young man," said the magistrate. "Do you wish an interpreter to explain the charge made by the dingie wallah?"

"No, sir," replied Gerald, "I did seize the boat and I confess to throwing the man overboard, after he had assaulted me."

"But you refused him payment for the use of his dingie after having taken it against the will of the crew."

"I did, sir, and I will explain the reason why I did so," and Gerald then told a straightforward story to the magistrate, explaining the whole affair. "You had some cause to feel annoyed, young man," said the magistrate when he had concluded his story, "but that gave you no right to act as you did. At that late hour of the night the boatmen were not compelled by law to let their boat out for hire, and your subsequent conduct on board the ship is altogether unjustifiable. The natives must be protected. You will pay a fine of fifty rupees to the court, fifty rupees more for seizing the dingie unlawfully, and one hundred rupees to the man you have injured. In addition to this, the expenses of the warrant and the fee to the officer who made the arrest will amount to ten rupees. You must pay two hundred and ten rupees or go to jail for two months."

Gerald paid the money without saying a word and left the Court. He then proceeded to the bank, and after much difficulty, many objections being made, he succeeded in changing the money he had left, reduced now by four hundred rupees,

two hundred having been mulcted by the court, and two hundred more having been utterly destroyed by the rain.

He then returned on board the ship in no very amiable frame of mind, and seating himself at the table in the cabin, commenced to write to Mr. Hoffmann in relation to the ill-starred "venture," as follows:—

"*On board the ship Seringapatam,*
Calcutta harbor, June 1st, 18—

"William Hoffmann Esq.

Dear Sir: I arrived safely at this port, a few days since: I left the ship at Diamond Harbor, in company with the captain and passengers, the vessel drawing too much water to allow of her crossing the flats, between that port and the city. However, she was speedily lightened of a portion of her cargo, and towed up to the city on the following day. I lost no time in making inquiry with respect to the best method of disposing of the merchandise entrusted to my charge. The captain introduced me to his consignee, and this gentleman advised me to dispose of the goods to a native merchant named De Sylva. I immediately sought out this person, and after having introduced myself to him, and stated the nature of my business, requested to know if he were willing to become a purchaser. He recommended a sale by auction—a method of disposing of goods very prevalent here. Having confidence in his integrity—for which too ready confidence you will doubtless blame me severely—I assented to his proposals, and signed an agreement to that effect. When however, he looked over the invoice and read the description of the goods he pronounced the greater portion unsaleable, except at a ruinous loss. Not knowing how to act, I again had recourse to the consignee, Mr. Thompson, also referring him to the invoice. His opinion was the same as Mr. De Sylva's. He recommended me to allow Mr. De Sylva to dispose of them at the very earliest opportunity, cheering me with the information that goods sold by auction sometimes brought high prices. Accordingly I left the matter in De Syl-

va's hands. A native auction sale was to come off the next day, and it was arranged that my merchandise should be first brought to the hammer, and knocked down to the highest bidder.

"It sold readily. It was *knocked down* with a vengeance, and you and I and all of us were *sold* with the goods.

"I am almost afraid to furnish you with the results of the sale, but it is necessary that I should do so. Your goods, in toto, were invoiced at £4741 8s., which in the currency of this country may be estimated at about 47,000 rupees. The entire bill, the little venture you were kind enough to present me with in the bargain, was sold for 7819 rupees, or about £781 —leaving a trifling balance against us of £3,960, or thereabouts. You may think I am writing flippantly; but I grow reckless when I think of the sacrifice, and cannot help it. The worst of it is, I have been told, since the goods were sold, that taking into consideration the peculiar character and the quality of the assortment, they went off very favorably! The fact is that a gross mistake was made in selecting the articles. Nearly all are almost unmarketable here, and those which are not, the market is already glutted with. The case of preserved tongues would have sold at a higher rate than it was invoiced at; but I made a gross blunder in giving most of the tongues away, in order, as I was led to anticipate, that the other merchandise would sell more favorably. A pretty mess I have made of it, as you will perceive. This, however, is not all. Out of the gross proceeds there is yet £40 to be deducted, I having had to pay £20, or 200 rupees for kicking a rascally Coolie overboard, and £20 more having been ruined in consequence of the money which was paid in bills, having got wet in a rain storm, which came near drowning me, and which nearly rendered the whole of the paper trash valueless. One hundred rupees I shall retain for my own use. You must perceive that this is necessary, for I cannot leave myself utterly penniless in a strange land. The residue, amounting to £731, I shall transmit to London

by means of a bill of exchange. With regard to the division of this sum, all I can say is, that it must be left to your own judgment. The sale was effected in such a complicated manner (and I, not knowing a word of the language was unable to interfere) that it is quite out of the question for me to give any idea as to the amount received for any one package—fiddles and eye-snuff, spades, and calicoes, pictures and pickles, hardware and crockery, were all jumbled together in picturesque confusion. What your particular articles sold for, I cannot therefore say, but I believe for very little. The natives have no idea of the fine arts, though the banjos appeared to tickle the fancy of the Chinaman who bought them. This fellow also bought most of the eye-snuff, and the suit of armor, in one lot, I was told, and De Sylva says that the fellow is going to make a god—a goss, I believe they call it—out of the armor. I called upon him, after the sale, in order to try to establish an agency here for Mr. Grimsby, but he laughed at the idea, and said there was enough snuff here now, to last for a quarter of a century. So that endeavor fell through.

"Independently of the bad selection that was made, you labored under a great mistake in believing that there was a great demand for goods here. There is nothing of the kind. Most of the articles sent out from England, can be purchased here for less than they can be bought in London; and as to investing the money I have received in goods, that *may* find a sale in England, to tell the plain truth, I am afraid if I attempt such a thing, I shall make another blunder. I know that you will all be very angry, but I have done the best I could, and cannot help the result.

"I shall not return home in the Seringapatam, but I have not yet decided what I shall do; indeed I scarcely know what I can do. Should I ever be in a position to indemnify you for the losses you have sustained, you will, perhaps see me again; if not, I shall probably never return to England.

"I should like you to write to me, at all events; and if you

direct the letter to the care of Mr. Thompson, merchant, &c., Cheringhee Road, wherever I may be, it will reach me, as I shall leave directions with him to forward it to me.

"Deeply regretting the result of this unfortunate transaction,
I subscribe myself, dear sir,
Still very respectfully, yours,
GERALD DALTON."

Having finished this task, Gerald applied himself to writing a letter to his mother, in which he briefly informed her of the result of his adventure, and told her that he had resolved to remain abroad for some time, in hopes of retrieving this misfortune. He begged her not to grieve on his account, since he hoped that all would be well in the end, and, assuring her of his unalterable respect and affection, he promised faithfully to write again, and let her know where he was, and what he was doing, as soon as he himself arrived at any conclusion. In a postscript, he requested her to let him know whether anything had yet been heard of or from Alice—intimating further, that if such were the case, it would have a tendency to hasten his return.

He also wrote to the vicar, giving him a brief account of his proceedings; and then hastening on shore, he went to the bank, and procured a bill of exchange on London, for the amount mentioned in Mr. Hoffmann's letter. After which, having deposited his letters in the post-office, he strolled listlessly along the streets, attended by his servant, in the direction of the esplanade, pondering as he walked, upon his prospects, and endeavoring to come to some conclusion regarding his future proceedings.

"The world was all before him where to choose,"
And ———— "Providence his (only) guide."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A very short chapter, which shows how pride sometimes overcomes right and reason, and severs its possessor from all that he holds most dear.

While strolling along the esplanade, gazing listlessly upon the river and its motley show of vessels of every description, and of every nation, from the heavy English East Indiaman to the picturesque Malay prou, Gerald met, accidentally, Captain King, of the Seringapatam.

"Ah! Mr. Dalton," was the captain's exclamation: "glad to see you; why your thoughts appear to be wool-gathering; what is it so earnestly engages your attention on that particular spot on the river upon which your eyes have been fixed so attentively for the last five minutes?"

"Nothing, captain, nothing," replied the young man. "My thoughts, as you say, were wool-gathering just then; I'm thinking what I shall do next."

"How do you mean!"

"I mean where will be my next destination."

"Why, you will of course return to London with me on board the Seringapatam."

"No," replied Gerald; "I have made up my mind not to return to England, just now."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the captain; "you are disheartened at the failure of the 'venture' you had in your charge."

"You have heard then," said Gerald, "of the ridiculous sacrifice I have been compelled to make?"

"Yes, I heard of it just now, from Mr. Thompson, but I

could have told you as much during the passage out. I once got sight of your invoice, and I knew as soon as I read it, that your venture would prove a failure; but it's no fault of yours. It serves the simpletons right who dispatched you with such a pack of rubbish."

"Why did you not warn me of the result?" asked the young man.

"There was no occasion to do so. It would have discouraged you, and answered no purpose. 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' is a text I've often heard my old mother repeat, and it's a maxim I generally allow to guide me. But it's folly for you to take the matter so much to heart. You've done the best you could do; it's no use sighing over what can't be helped. Cheer up, forget all about it, and make your home aboard the ship, 'till we sail, and then return with me to London."

"No," replied Gerald, "my mind is made up on that point. I shall not go back to the drudgery of the shop again, I promise you."

"A wilful man must have his way," said the captain: "however, what do you intend doing?"

"That I don't know yet," replied Gerald. "I have been thinking of going to Ceylon. I have relations there; the difficulty is to find a ship that's going to that island."

"Ships occasionally sail for Ceylon from here," replied the captain, "and if you can wait long enough, as you have friends in Ceylon, and will not return to England, I don't know that it isn't the wisest thing you can do; but you'll find the passage-money come pretty high."

"I know that," said Gerald; "but that doesn't trouble me much. I have very little money, but I'll work my passage, some way or other; get a berth as steward, or assist the cook, or anything that comes to hand."

"You'll not find that very agreeable," said the captain, "particularly as you haven't been used to it; but if that be your resolve, I think I can manage the matter for you. The

Firefly is going to sail in the course of next week for Borneo and the Phillipine Islands, and on her return, she will sail for Trincomallee. At what part of the island do your relatives reside?"

"At Colombo," said Gerald.

"Ah, that's on the western side. However, you can easily get to Colombo from Trincomallee. Would you like to go the voyage?"

"I should like nothing better," responded Gerald.

"Well, then, I know the owners and the captain, and if you have no objections to take the berth of steward, though I warn you, you won't fancy it, I think I can procure it for you."

"I will accept it, gladly," responded the young man.

"Go aboard the ship, then, and sleep to-night, I shall be aboard after tiffin to-morrow; meanwhile I'll see the owners and the captain, and when you meet me again, I'll let you know what success I have met with."

Gerald thanked the captain, and the latter excusing himself, by saying that he had to meet the consignee, left the young man to enjoy his walk and his ruminations alone.

It was not customary for any person but the mates and the crew to live on board the ship, in port, but Gerald was very glad to embrace the captain's offer. He did not choose to quarter himself any longer on Mr. De Sylva, and he felt a degree of repugnance to trespassing on the hospitality of the consignee, and yet his stock of money was insufficient to enable him to maintain himself at even the wretched apologies for hotels that were then to be found in Calcutta, kept by natives of the lowest class, and frequented only by sailors out of employment. He strolled about till nightfall, and then hired a boat and went on board the Seringapatam, having in the first place, greatly to the regret of the native servant he had engaged, paid him his wages, and discharged him.

At the appointed hour the next morning, the captain came on board.

"I have seen the owners of the Firefly," he said, addressing Gerald, as soon as he saw him; "and the captain, too. The owners make no objection, and the captain is willing to receive you as his steward. The vessel sails this day week, and you can go on board and commence duty at once, if you choose. The vessel, however, returns to Calcutta before sailing for Ceylon."

"I don't care for that," said Gerald. "How long does the captain expect to be absent on this cruise?"

"Probably six, eight, or ten months. It's impossible to say, as he is going on a trading voyage among the islands."

"That's all the better," said Gerald; "I have written letters to England, and I expect answers to arrive at Calcutta in the course of eight months. I will join the Firefly to-morrow."

"As you please," responded the captain; "but think once again before you make the engagement, whether you had better not return to England with me."

"As I have told you before, my mind is made up on that point," said Gerald.

The captain turned away to give some directions to the chief mate relating to the ship, and Gerald descended to the cabin to pack up his clothes, and prepare for his new situation.

The next day he joined the brig Firefly, signed articles, and his name was duly enrolled in the list of the crew, which consisted chiefly of Lascars and Malays; and the week afterwards the vessel sailed for Borneo, Gerald having left directions with Mr. Thompson to receive any letters that might arrive for him from England, and to retain them until the return of the Firefly to Calcutta.

It was not without feelings of regret, after all, that the young man passed the Seringapatam, in the brig, as the latter was being towed down the river. It was like placing a gulf between himself and his mother, over which it might be long ere he could cross—which he might never cross again. It was separating the last link which bound him to home—for Eng-

land was home to him, although it was not his native land. He thought, too, of Alice, and what little prospect there was of his seeing her again; but his pride was too great to allow of his returning home, unsuccessful; and though he knew that he was acting wrong, he felt that the die was cast, and now he was a wanderer indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Which relates to Alice Thornton, and lifts the veil, without however, explaining the cause of her mysterious disappearance from Herrington.

Leaving Gerald to purse his wandering course, I will make a retrograde movement and bring back my story to the date of Alice Thornton's disappearance from Herrington.

As the reader is aware, she was strolling along the pathway on the cliffs on the day in question, and was just thinking of returning homewards, when she heard footsteps behind her, and looking back, she saw a gentleman approaching her. She stepped aside in order to give him room to pass; but he slackened his pace and addressing her, asked if her name was not Alice Thornton.

"Yes, sir," she replied, surprised at the question being put to her by a person she had never before seen, and somewhat alarmed, although the stranger's appearance was gentlemanly and his manner respectful.

"I thought so from your strong resemblance to your mother," continued the stranger, "You don't know me? How is it possible you should, poor child?" he added, "when you have never before seen me? Did you ever hear your father speak of your uncle, your mother's brother? I am he."

"I have not," replied Alice. "My father died when I was little more than an infant, and my mother I don't recollect."

"True, true," said the stranger, "but you know what was your mother's maiden name?"

"Yes, sir, it was Craddock, I believe. I don't know that I

was ever told so, but I have a locket that belonged to my mother It is all I possess as a memento of her, and Craddock is engraved upon it."

"It contains two locks of hair, plaited together," said the stranger. "Will you permit me to see it? Have you it with you?"

Alice hesitated for some moments. She knew the stranger could employ force in that lonely place, if he chose: but his manner was so respectful, his appearance so engaging, that she did not fear this, and yet she hesitated to draw forth the locket and show it to a total stranger.

The gentleman observed this hesitation. "You think me rude. I appear so," he said, "in making such a request: do as you please, I shall not urge the matter; but as I have told you, I am your uncle and the brother of your deceased mother. The hair in that locket consists of mine and hers."

Alice drew forth the locket and unfastening the ribbon by which it was attached to her neck, placed it in the stranger's hands.

He took it, and touching the spring, gazed long upon the relic within: "Poor Alice!" he said, with visible emotion, as, clasping the trinket again he restored it to the young lady.

"I have called upon the vicar of this parish, to-day," he continued, after a pause. "I brought a letter to him from Mr. Ashley with whom you lived after your father's death."

"Have you lately come from India?" said Alice, interested in what the stranger had said, and asking a question for the first time.

"I have. It is just five months ago since I left Colombo, where Mr. Ashley is now settled."

"Was he well? and his family, were they all well?" said Alice.

"All well, and very comfortably settled when I saw them," replied the stranger.

They had turned off from the narrow path on the cliff and were now approaching the high road to Dover.

"You are fond of walking, I think," returned the gentleman. "You have yet a long walk before you, to Herrington."

"Only about two miles," replied Alice. "It is nothing. I am accustomed to walking."

"Nevertheless, a ride would not perhaps be unacceptable. I have a carriage in waiting close by, which I quitted half an hour ago to look at the view from the cliff. If you choose we will return to Herrington together."

Half afraid of she knew not what, and yet unwilling to refuse the invitation given in so kind a manner, Alice hesitatingly allowed the stranger to assist her into the carriage, which they had now reached, and which she observed was a post-chaise. The gentleman followed, and the post-boy mounting his horse, they started off in the direction of Herrington: but instead of turning off when they reached the by-lane which led to Herrington, the post-boy continued to follow the high road.

Sometime elapsed before Alice discovered the mistake, as she supposed, the gentleman having kept her in conversation: but at length she remarked that they had passed the by-lane, and were going in the opposite direction from Herrington.

"I know it, Alice," replied the gentleman. "You will allow me to call you Alice, I hope, for you are my niece, and will be to me henceforward, I trust, a daughter. I am going to Dover."

"I must return to Herrington," said the young lady, much alarmed. "Mrs. Dalton will be expecting me, and will be alarmed at my absence. Permit me to alight here, or if you are indeed my uncle, return with me to Herrington, and call on Mrs. Dalton. She will be glad to see you."

"Not to-night, Alice. You must go with me to Dover. There are reasons for my acting thus, which by and by will be explained to you, and which will be satisfactory."

"I must return to Herrington," said Alice. "It is cruel, unmannerly, ungentlemanly to deceive me thus," and as she spoke hse endeavored to unfasten the door of the post-chaise.

"Alice," said the gentleman, arresting her hand, "are you mad? If you were to spring from the carriage while it is going at this rapid pace, you would kill yourself instantly. No harm is intended you. On the contrary I intend to do you a service for which you will one day be grateful. You cannot—*must* not leave the carriage or escape from me. I have returned from India expressly to find you, and a fortune depends upon my endeavors. I will tell you this much,—Alice, you are an heiress."

The young lady looked wildly round. She saw that escape was hopeless. They might ride for miles on that country road at that hour, without meeting with any one able to render her assistance if she were to call for it, or if her cries could be heard. She trembled with fear and agitation, alternately threatening and imploring, and at length did what most young ladies in her situation would have done, burst into a passion of tears.

Her uncle, Mr. Craddock, for such he, in fact, was, spoke to her kindly, and tried every means to console her, but in vain. Her only hope was in making her escape, and throwing herself on the protection of the first person she met when the carriage should stop at Dover.

But the town was reached and the post chaise rattled along the streets, past the hotels, and down to the piers, at which the French packet was lying. Here it stopped, and the postboy alighted and opened the door, Mr. Craddock having in the meantime warned his niece that resistance would be useless.

He alighted from the vehicle and held out his hand to assist the young lady in her descent. She also alighted and looking around saw only the crowd of seamen and laborers putting the last packages of luggage on board the packet which was just about to sail. All were too busy to heed her had she called upon them to do so; there was too much confusion and noise had she attempted to call, to allow of her voice being heard. Mr. Craddock guarded her very closely, as he led her on board the

vessel; but his precaution was needless; before she reached the deck he felt her weight fall heavily upon his arm—the poor girl had fainted. He appeared to have anticipated this, for he remarked to the captain of the packet as he bore her tenderly across the deck and into the cabin, that this was the sick lady for whom he had engaged a passage to Calais, the day before, and he requested that functionary to lead him to the most comfortable cabin that was disengaged.

The captain and crew, waiters and servants, were all French, as were the majority of the passengers, and Alice after having been carried to the cabin was attended by a French stewardess, whose care, assisted by the attentions of Mr. Craddock, soon restored her to consciousness. Her uncle remained with her for a couple of hours, during which period the packet had put to sea. He urged her by every persuasion he thought likely to console her, to calm her unavailing grief, assuring her again and again, that it was for her welfare he was acting; but at length, growing weary of his useless efforts, he left her in charge of the stewardess and went upon deck.

The woman's countenance and actions showed that she suspected something was wrong; but Mr. Craddock had quieted any scruples of conscience she might have felt with the present of a heavy fee; and even had she been inclined or able to serve the young lady, communication was impossible, since neither she nor Alice understood a word of each other's language. However, she was kind and attentive—even officiously so—and Alice after weeping in silence for hours at length wept herself to sleep.

When she awoke in the morning the packet, which had "lain to" during a greater portion of the night, in consequence of the foggy weather, was being moored alongside the pier at Calais.

The first act on the part of Mr. Craddock after having procured an apartment and ordered breakfast to be prepared at the Hotel d'Angleterre, was to procure a supply of such necessary

articles of clothing, as Alice needed to secure her comfort during the remainder of the journey that lay before her, of which Calais was only the first stage. These articles were procured without regard to expense, and after breakfast Mr. Craddock, who seemed anxious to exert every effort to reconcile his niece to her abduction from home, proposed a walk round the town, at the same time he placed a well-filled purse in her hands, telling her not to spare the money, but to purchase anything that pleased her fancy, regardless of the cost. Alice refused the purse but accepted the clothing, which she really needed, since, as the reader is aware, she had been carried from home with no articles of attire beyond what she put on for an afternoon's walk; besides, the dress she wore was not of a material that corresponded with the gentlemanly habiliments of her uncle. This fact at this time, probably troubled Alice very little; but doubtless it had its weight with Mr. Craddock.

The young lady begged for permission to write to Mrs. Dalton, and to let her know the circumstances connected with her disappearance; or at least to let her know that she was alive and well and that no accident had befallen her. But this petition was peremptorily refused. It would serve no purpose he said. It would only cause greater anxiety. By and by she should write, when they had reached their journey's end, but not now.

After dinner the diligence was to start for Paris. Mr. Craddock had engaged the *coupé* for himself and his neice, and before nightfall they were several leagues on their way to the French capital. Amiens was reached in time for breakfast on the following morning, and in the evening the diligence entered the porte St. Denis and the travellers were in Paris.

Mr. Craddock remained at the capital several weeks, in order to afford his young charge every opportunity of visiting the most attractive sights. The Louvre—L'Eglise de la Madeline—Pere la Chaise—the Luxembourg—Versailles—everything that was worth visiting in the city and its environs was

visited, and Mr. Craddock, who spoke the language perfectly, and who had once resided for some months in Paris, proved himself a valuable and interesting cicerone. His manner was so uniformly kind to his niece, and his desire to please her so apparent, that the young lady gradually resumed her customary cheerfulness, and learnt to take pleasure in her uncle's society, although she still continued to beseech him to allow her to write to Mrs. Dalton, telling him that if she were allowed that privilege, she would be quite contented to remain with him; but to all her requests and remonstrances, in relation to the subject, he turned a deaf ear, merely telling her that by-and-by she should do so, but not now—he had reasons that he would one day explain for his actions. Neither had he yet informed her of the cause which had led him to act so mysteriously in carrying her from her home. All she was told was, that she was an heiress, but that peculiar circumstances in relation to the wealth that would one day be her's, required this secrecy.

At length they left Paris for Orleans, at which place Mr. Craddock informed his niece he intended to leave her at school for a year or two, while he went abroad upon urgent business.

"You know, Alice," he said, "that your education has necessarily been limited. When I say this, I mean that you have not been taught those accomplishments which will be essential to you in the social position in which you will hereafter be required to move. So far as regards a plain, substantial, useful education, Mrs. Dalton has done her part well. One day you shall have the pleasure of recompensing her for her care and affection."

Whenever any allusion was made to Mrs. Dalton, Alice was always deeply affected. Her uncle told her that she ought to strive to conquer this feeling. Mrs. Dalton, as well as Mr. Ashley, had been kind to her, he said; they had been very kind, and merited her warmest gratitude, but they were not in any way related to her, and she must strive to form new and closer attachments.

She often thought of Gerald, and wondered whether he thought so much of her, and whether he lamented her mysterious disappearance. "Is he still in London," she would ask herself, "or has he returned again to Herrington? Shall I *ever* see him again?" but she had never mentioned his name to Mr. Craddock.

Gerald had given her a miniature of himself the day before he left Herrington for London: it was a cheap thing enough, and had been taken in the United States when he was about four years of age. If it had been like him then, it bore very little resemblance to him as Alice had last seen him; still she cherished the trifle, and always wore it in her bosom.

One day, while she was still in Paris, her uncle came unexpectedly into the room in which she was seated. She held the miniature in her hand, and was gazing at it earnestly—so earnestly, that she was not aware of his approach until he stood behind her chair. A tear had fallen from her eyelid, and partially obscured the portrait. It was the first time her uncle had seen it, and after standing behind the chair for a few moments, he said:—

"What have you there, my love, that so interests you? whose portrait is that?"

Until he spoke, Alice had been unaware of his presence. She started, blushed, and replied that it was a miniature of Mrs. Dalton's son, Gerald.

A frown, such as she had never before seen upon her uncle's face, corrugated his brow, and he turned pale with anger. "Give it to me," he said—"I insist upon your casting away such silly baubles—give it to me, instantly." Alice was frightened, and starting from her chair, and confronting her uncle, she looked up in his face, holding her breath, her face as pale with affright as his with passion.

Perceiving her terror, and fearing he had gone too far, and had undone that which he had been for weeks attempting to do—to gain her confidence and affection, he said, in a milder tone:—

"I am not angry, Alice; but you know, my love, that I wish you to forget these people; but you can keep the bauble if you choose, only do not, for appearance sake, wear it round your neck. Let me see it, if you please."

Alice took the ribbon to which it is confined, from her neck, and handed him the miniature.

"A child, a mere child," he said, after looking at it. "I knew that Mrs. Dalton had a son in London, but he is much older than this." "Yes, uncle," said Alice; "he is about the same age as I am. That portrait was taken in America, when he was a child."

"I have never spoken to you, Alice, of Mrs. Dalton's son," said her uncle, "because I thought you were almost a stranger to him, and could have no interest in him; besides, I did not wish to keep alive these old recollections which your present prospects call upon you to obliterate from your memory. The boy went to London a long time ago, did he not?"

"Only a few months since, uncle," said Alice. "He gave me this as a keepsake, when he was about to leave Herrington."

"And you have worn it round your neck ever since?" said Mr. Craddock, with difficulty restraining his anger.

"Yes, uncle."

"My love, you must lay it aside; keep it if you like, but do not wear it about you any longer. It is foolish and improper—quite unbecoming. He is no relative of yours, and probably you will never meet him again. Should you meet, it will be in a social position so entirely different to that which you held mutually when you last saw each other, that intimacy would be no longer proper. Oblige me in this matter, and I will replace the paltry trinket with something far more valuable."

Fearful of her uncle's anger, and feeling she was altogether in his power, Alice consented to place the miniature in her drawer. Her uncle kissed her, and that same day presented her with a miniature of a handsome boy, set in brilliants.—

"There," he said, "I have kept my promise; wear that.—Some day you may meet the original."

"Who is it, uncle," asked she.

"Never mind now," he replied smiling. "I have much to explain to you by and by. When we do come to an explanation, you shall know who that miniature represents."

Nothing further was said upon the subject at that time. The costly gift occupied the place of Gerald's miniature round Alice's neck; but her uncle might not have been so well satisfied as he appeared to be, had he been present in her little bed-room when she retired for the night, and seen with what affection the discarded miniature was taken from its secret hiding-place, and kissed, and wept over, and with what carelessness, nay, almost contempt the costly locket he had presented her with was thrown off, without a look being deigned at the miniature, and yet it represented a beautiful dark complexioned, curly headed boy, much handsomer than Gerald.

However, while seated in the *coupe* of the diligence, on their way to Orleans, Mr. Craddock carelessly renewed the subject.

"What is the name of this boy of Mrs. Dalton's?" he asked.

"Gerald, uncle."

"And I suppose you interchanged *souvenirs* with Master Gerald when he gave you that trinket I saw you with the other day?"

"I gave him a sixpence with a hole in it, it was all I had to give," said Alice.

"And both of you promised to keep these *souvenirs* as long as you lived, I'll be bound."

"Yes, sir," replied Alice, innocently.

"I thought so," replied her uncle, smiling, "I warrant that Gerald's sixpence was spent for cakes or candy before he had been a week in London, though. Well, boys and girls will do such things: but you must forget all about him now, as he has doubtless long forgotten you."

Alice did not reply. She did not believe that Gerald had forgotten her, but she did not wish to offend her uncle, and with an adroitness beyond her years, she changed the subject of conversation, and Gerald's name was not again mentioned.

The journey to Orleans occupied two days, and on arriving at that beautiful city, Mr. Craddock engaged handsome apartments at a hotel for himself and his niece; and in the course of the following week, placed her at school, in a convent, near the city, at which the daughters of some of the most wealthy families in the province were receiving their education. He desired that she should be taught music, dancing, French, Italian, embroidery and all the lighter and more fashionable accomplishments, paying a very high price for her tuition, in advance. He should be absent, he said for a year, at least, probably more; but if he did remain longer away, the sum necessary for another year's tuition should be promptly forwarded. No expense was to be spared, and his niece was to have the utmost care and attention paid to her. None of the young ladies were allowed to go beyond the convent grounds, unless sent for by their parents, nor was any communication permitted with any person outside the convent. Mr. Craddock was very peremptory in his orders that his niece should not be allowed to send any letters to any one. "She is an orphan," he said to the Superior, "and has no friends with whom I wish her to communicate. You will see that my wishes in this respect, are strictly adhered to?"

The promise was readily given: indeed, the Superior said that no letters were allowed to be written by the young ladies except to their parents, and then the contents of these letters were subjected to an examination by herself.

"That is all I require," he replied. "Do your duty towards the child and you shall have no cause to repent having done so."

Before parting with his niece Mr. Craddock presented her

with a most liberal allowance of pocket money, bidding her not to spare it, when, as was the case at certain seasons, female peddlers were admitted within the convent grounds, for the gratification of the young ladies. Alice was very anxious to know where her uncle was going ; but all the information she could obtain from him was very vague. "It is more than I can say myself, my love," he said. "To the West Indies first, and then perhaps to the United States. If I return direct from there you will see me here in twelve months from now. But it is not improbable that I may go to India again, in which case, I shall be absent for a much longer period : but you will be well provided for, be this as it may."

Alice was sorry to part with her uncle, for she was friendless in the world, and he had used every endeavor to gain her affections, and in no instance had thwarted her wishes since the day he had carried her from home, except in refusing to allow her to correspond with Mrs. Dalton, and on the occasion when he discovered in her possession the portrait of Gerald Dalton.

He was twelve months absent, and during that period she was a splendid prisoner within the walls of the convent : still she was not unhappy. She enjoyed the society of young ladies of her own age, had every opportunity afforded her to progress in a variety of pleasing studies, and the grounds of the convent were spacious, well planted and supplied with everything requisite to the health and amusement of the pupils. Only two things troubled her. She still sighed for an opportunity of writing to Mrs. Dalton, and still cherished the recollection of Gerald, and longed to know whether he cherished as fond and faithful a recollection of her.

CHAPTER XX.

In which the scene is changed, and some strange things occur after a strange fashion.

Again I change the locality of my story. Five years had elapsed since the conversation, recorded in one of the early chapters of this narrative, had taken place between Mrs. Dalton and Mr. Brower in the stage-coach, on their journey from Liverpool to Derby, on the occasion of that lady's return to England from the United States, when that gentlemen went back to America with the intention of permanently residing there.

He had written according to promise, to his brother at Cincinnati, a few weeks after he had given the promise; but, little notice had been taken of his inquiries respecting the piece of waste land that still remained the property of Mrs. Dalton.—His brother had merely said, "The land you speak of, George, is really of no value whatever, I would not have it as a gift. You are sanguine in your anticipations of its future value. It may become so, as we advance in our internal improvements; but I see no reason at present, to believe that it will be worth the trifling taxes levied upon it, in our time or that of the widow," and Mr. Brower had read the letter, and thought no more about it. But when he returned to the United States and went to Cincinnati, his native city, he saw ample reasons to believe that his anticipations would be realized sooner even than he expected. Cincinnati was growing rapidly in size and

wealth. It had already acquired the proud appellation of the "Queen city of the west." Canals were being constructed, and already railroads that would intersect the State in all directions were seen in the dim perspective. Before he had resided at home two years, he saw enough to convince him that it would be a profitable investment were he to make the widow a handsome offer for the land, even if it should be idle for years. He accordingly wrote to Mr. Ashley's address in Herrington, which he still retained in his possession, inclosing a letter for Mrs. Dalton, in which he honestly told her what he thought of the property, and asked if she were inclined to sell it. "I know not," he wrote, "whether you or your son have any idea of returning to America. If you have I would not advise you to dispose of this property. But if not, I will willingly purchase it from you at a price fully equal to that which your late husband paid for his whole farm. For two or three years yet, it will be no value to me; perhaps for longer. It may be ten years before it is valuable; but the day will come when it will be rented for wharfage and storage purposes, and it will return a handsome income to its possessor. I am willing at once, to take it off your hands. At the same time I will inform you that it is believed that the owner is dead, as no claim has been made upon it for years; the barn that stood upon it has been sold to pay the arrears of taxes, and several squatters having settled upon it—laborers on the canal—the State will probably shortly lay claim to it; of course, by proving your title deed, you can at any time reclaim it; but to save expense and trouble, if you decide not to sell, I would recommend you to empower me to hold it in your name. Please advise with me at your earliest convenience—remember me to my little namesake—a tolerably big namesake I presume he has grown to be now, and believe me

Yours truly,

GEORGE BROWER."

This letter reached England some time after Mr. Ashley had sailed for Ceylon; and after having been returned to the dead letter office, in London, and lying there for a long time, it was on the point of being returned to the writer, when by some means Mr. Ashley's address became known, and it was mailed to the East Indies, but it was again delayed, having, through some blunder, been sent to Singapore instead of Ceylon. It was returned to England, and again re-mailed to Colombo, and finally received by Mr. Ashley, nearly three years after it was written, and encumbered with postage charges to a very large amount. Even then he knew nothing of the contents of Mrs. Dalton's letter, the envelope in which it was enclosed merely instructing him to forward the letter to Mrs. Dalton's address, and stating that it came from Gerald Brower. Mr. Ashley puzzled his brains for some time in the endeavor to recollect who Gerald Brower was; and at length recalled to mind his fellow-passenger in the stage-coach, some years previous. All that remained to him was to re-mail the letter again to Mrs. Dalton, who did not receive it until Gerald had sailed for India.

Meanwhile, Mr. Brower having received no reply to his letter, either from Mr. Ashley or the widow, or her son, supposed them to be dead, or removed, as was the case, to some other locality, and he had acted in the matter upon his own responsibility. Having informed the proper authorities of all that he knew in relation to the owners of the property, and stated that he believed them to be dead—he had rented it of the State, which held it in trust for the rightful owner. The canal which passed near it was already nearly completed, and storehouses and wharves were already in the course of erection upon it. It already paid a handsome rental, and bade fair in the course of a few years more to become very valuable property.

Mrs. Dalton, upon the receipt of the letter, wrote to Mr. Brower, thanking him for the trouble he had taken, but de-

clining to give any decisive answer until she had advised with her son, who, she wrote, was in the East Indies, but whom she expected home in the course of six or eight months.

Greatly to her surprise and gratification, she received a second letter from Mr. Brower, in the course of three months, enclosing a bill of exchange for the value of the rents already received by the State, and asking her for a power of attorney, by which he might act in her behalf for the future. His anticipations, he wrote, promised to be more than realized, and he no longer advised her, since her son was living, to dispose of the property. His request was thankfully complied with by the widow, who looked forward now with more anxiety than ever to her son's return from abroad. It was but a short time after this that she received a letter from him, informing her of the unfortunate result of his visit to Calcutta, and of his intentions to remain for some time in the East Indies.

She wrote to him, immediately urging his return, telling him at the same time that she had heard from Mr. Brower, and had some good news to communicate to him when she saw him. She was silent with regard to its character, for she knew Gerald's impetuous disposition, and was fearful if she told him all, that he would take it into his head to go to America before he returned home to her. Her over caution defeated itself, as will be seen hereafter.

Shortly after this she also received a letter in the well remembered handwriting of Alice Thornton. It bore no date, but was stamped with the Paris post-mark, and ran as follows:

"At length, dear Mrs. Dalton, I have received permission to write to you, and inform you that I am still in the land of the living. You will have thought me ungrateful to one, who has been to me as a second mother. You will still think me ungrateful, but believe me, when I say, that it has been no fault of mine that I have not written before. It is no fault of mine that I write as I am writing now. I have been for more than twelve months at school in the interior of this country, during

which period I have had no communication with any one outside the institution in which I have received my education. It is only at my urgent request before leaving France for another country, which I am not permitted to name, that I have obtained permission to write at all; and now I am writing under the eye of a relative, who will read my letter before I seal it—indeed, it is partly from his dictation that I am writing. Some day he tells me you shall know all, but not now. It is only within the last month, since I have left school, that the causes which led to my removal from your charge have been explained to me; still do not think that I am unhappy, or that beyond my inability to write to you before, I have any cause to complain. I am indeed rich in this world's goods, or at least I shall be, in the course of time, if I live. Meanwhile, I am abundantly supplied with money, in proof of which I inclose you the accompanying trifle, which I am promised shall be transmitted to you, annually. I shall probably write to you again, but I am not permitted to give you any clue to my place of residence. It is useless to reply to this letter, as I shall have left Paris before you receive this.

"I send this letter enclosed to Mr. Pearce's address. You many have removed from your former place of residence. He, most likely, is still residing at the vicarage; indeed I am informed that such is the case.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Dalton, still as ever,

Your affectionate child,

ALICE THORNTON."

The trifle enclosed in the letter was a fifty pound Bank of England note.

Mrs. Dalton read the letter again and again, with the utmost interest: but although she was delighted to know that Alice still lived, it was with feelings of the deepest regret that she heard from her own hand that she would probably never see her again. So far from explaining the mystery connected with

her disappearance, the letter only rendered it deeper, and left not a hope of future explanation.

Another thing also distressed the widow. Alice had made no inquiries after Gerald. She had not even mentioned his name!

Mrs. Dalton was not of course aware that she had been forbidden to do so, and knowing how deeply Gerald had mourned her loss and how fondly he still loved her, she thought this apparently purposed omission heartless and cruel. She resolved to say nothing to Gerald about it until his return, further than to inform him in her next letter of the fact that Alice was still alive and had written to her.

CHAPTER XXI.

Misrepresentations and their results. The evil effects of false pride again exemplified.

Gerald was absent for nine months on the voyage amongst the Islands of the Indian Archipelago. During this period he visited Borneo, the Phillipine Islands, Singapore, Pulo Penang, and a score of islands of lesser note. Had his mind been easy in relation to matters at home, the voyage, notwithstanding the menial situation he held, would have been an interesting one to him. In many respects it was so after all. He had shown himself active and willing, and it soon becoming apparent that he had received a better education than usually falls to the lot of common seamen, his captain who was not overstocked with education himself, released him from much of the menial drudgery which he would otherwise have been compelled to perform, and appointed him to duties of importance and trust, especially when the brig was at anchor or lying off the islands. He had called at Borneo for the purpose of purchasing wild horses for sale in the Phillipines, and Gerald was generally deputed to exercise the office of ship's clerk and to keep an account of the expenditures and of the amount of the sales that were made, and in this duty he acquitted himself so well that at the expiration of the voyage, on the return of the brig to Calcutta, the owners, on the captain's recommendation, presented him with a considerable addition to his wages, and offered him the situation of supercargo during the next voyage to Ceylon. It was Gerald's intention to remain for some time with his uncle at Colombo, provided that

he found himself well received, and he represented this to the owners and received their permission to leave the brig at Trincomallee, and to proceed thence to Colombo. His wages, with the compliment he had received and the commission he hoped to make on arriving at Ceylon, would place him in possession of a considerable sum of money and he was gratified to think that, at any rate, he would not visit his relatives as a beggar, intruding upon their hospitality.

His great anxiety, however, on returning to Calcutta, had relation to the letters he expected to find awaiting him there, and he lost no time in calling upon Mr. Thompson and asking if any letters had been received.

There were three ; one from Mr. Hoffmann, one from his mother, and one from the Vicar of Herrington.

It was with a beating heart that he opened the second letter ; but its contents threw him into an agony of grief and rage.

Mrs. Dalton had received a letter from Mr. Hoffmann, before she had written to her son, and it was evident to Gerald that the unfortunate results which had attended the sale of the merchandise entrusted to his charge, had been grossly misrepresented to his mother.

The letter was couched in affectionate language, and he was earnestly entreated to return home, when all, she said, would be forgotten and forgiven. She was sorry that he had been led astray, but she hoped he had not intentionally done wrong. She believed that he had been duped by designing persons, and so had yielded to a temptation that he could have strength to resist in future ; and she thought if he were to write a penitent letter to Mr. Hoffmann, he would look over what was passed and could not be recalled, although she heard that his friends had suffered a heavy pecuniary loss. The letter concluded with earnestly entreating him for his mother's sake, to recollect the lessons he had received from her in his childhood, and the prayers he had been taught to repeat at his mother's knee ; and she begged him earnestly to pray that

henceforward he might be enabled to resist temptation or to fly from its first approach—but erring or penitent, he was assured that he still possessed, and would ever continue to possess his mother's fondest affection.

Gerald fairly gnashed his teeth with rage and distress when he had finished the perusal of this letter. "All will be forgotten and forgiven!" he said. "This from my mother. A curse fall on those who have endeavored to turn her against me. The fools! they were alone to blame in sending out such a lot of trash, and in greedily affixing such absurd prices to their useless merchandise. I did my best, God knows, and if I failed, it was through no fault that I could avoid, except that of placing too much confidence in their judgment, and in De Sylva's probity.

"But this letter has fixed me in my resolve. I will not return home, until I have brought them, aye, and my mother too, to confess that I have been grievously wronged."

He had scarely patience to read Mr. Hoffmann's letter. It was full of recriminations, and not only charged him indirectly with having sold the goods at higher prices than he had rendered an account of, and of making use of the money for his own purposes; also, with writing with a degree of levity and flippancy, after having so recklessly robbed those whose chief motive had been to befriend him and advance his interest. It was signed by every one of the persons whose goods had been entrusted to his care.

Mr. Pierce's letter, like that written by his mother, was couched in a strain of mingled warning, commiseration and regret, having evidently been penned rather in sorrow than in anger—that wounded the feelings of the young man far more than the angry and reproachful letter of Mr. Hoffmann had done. He shed tears over these letters, and would perhaps have returned home, as they urged him to do, had not the bitter invective of Mr. Hoffmann excited his anger to such a degree that when his thoughts again recurred to it, he strove

to banish from his mind every feeling of regret, and almost felt inclined, since his actions had been so misinterpreted, to give his late employer some good cause for condemnation: better thoughts, however, happily prevailed over his first feelings of pride and passion, although he was more than ever determined to become an alien to his home until those who had judged him wrongfully, freely acknowledged their injustice.

The only reply he deigned to Mr. Hoffmann was to obtain from the Portuguese merchant an account of the sale, *in Hindoostane*, and to transmit it without further explanation than the insulting statement that he had sent him a bill of the prices obtained for the goods, and he and his friends might make the best they could of it.

To the vicar and his mother he wrote briefly, and with some bitterness of feeling, though he said that he believed they had been misled by the false representations of Mr. Hoffmann, and he informed the latter that she probably would not see him again until she was satisfied that he had been harshly treated and unjustly suspected.

It would have been well, if amidst the bitter and vindictive feelings of pride and obstinancy which agitated his bosom, he had recollected the advice of honest Jemmy Milton, given him on the beach, on the occasion of his first visit to Herrington, after he had quitted that town to go to the situation procured for him in London: "Don't go agin your mother, Gerry, if you wants to have luck in this world, and to mount up'ards when your time comes."

Having again requested Mr. Thompson to retain any letters that he might receive for him, until he sent directions where they were to be forwarded, he sailed as supercargo on board the Firefly, for Trincomallee.

CHAPTER XXII.

In which Mr. Craddock makes a long and strange explanation, which Alice listens to patiently, with what result will be seen hereafter.

Some eighteen months after Alice Thornton had been abducted from Herrington, a middle-aged gentleman, and a young lady, who might well have passed for eighteen years of age, but who was in reality nearly twenty, were seated, one evening, in the verandah of one of the graceful country seats that are scattered along the coast in the vicinity of Havana, in the Island of Cuba. The villa was situated in the centre of a delightful sugar plantation, which covered a hundred *caballerias* of land. The grounds immediately surrounding the dwelling were planted with shrubbery and with ornamental trees, among which, the royal palm, the *oreodoxia regia* of Humboldt, was conspicuous; its fresh, glossy green leaves contrasted beautifully with its whitish-brown trunk; orange and lemon trees, whose rich sweet-scented blossoms filled the atmosphere with their grateful perfume, and flowers of every variety, in bud and blossom, gave additional beauty and sweetness to the landscape. The cool evening breeze was blowing gently from seaward, and wafting the perfume of the flowers into the verandah, the view from which was so gloriously beautiful, that the young lady uttered an involuntary exclamation of delight.

The gentleman, who had for some minutes been observing her in silence, appeared pleased with this evidence of admiration on the part of his youthful companion.

"It is, indeed, beautiful, Alice," he said; "and all this broad land will one day be yours."

"Mine, uncle!" exclaimed the young lady.

"Yes, Alice, yours, on the day that you complete your twenty-first year, provided you do not, in one respect, thwart my wishes."

Alice made no reply, although Mr. Craddock waited some moments in expectation; but, at length, he continued:—

"I promised you, my love, when I took you from the convent school, at Orleans, that when we arrived in Cuba, I would explain the causes which led me to seek you out in England, and more fully to take such an interest in your welfare. Of course, as your uncle, your mother's only brother, there was a natural cause existing to some extent; but you must be well aware that I have had other reasons, or I should not have adopted so singular a method of carrying out my views. We have been now three weeks in Cuba. In the course of a few days I expect your cousin, George, to arrive from Jamaica. I sent for him the day after we landed, and I will, this evening, relate to you, if you please, the history of your family, of which, in consequence of the early death of your parents, you appear to have remained ignorant."

Still Alice remained silent. She appeared to dread the story, which she was yet so anxious to hear.

Mr. Craddock seemed to consider her silence a token of consent, and thus continued:

"You are not aware that your mother was born on this Island?"

"No sir," said Alice, greatly surprised. "I was not aware of that."

"Of course not. How should you have known, if your former friends in England never knew anything of your mother's family? It was foolish of me to ask you the question. Such, however, was the case; she was several years younger than I, and was born here shortly after I came here with my father and mother from Ireland.

"Your father, I knew when a boy; he having also came

here with his parents from England about the same time. His father and mine were engaged by the Cuban Government as Surveyors and Civil Engineers; but Mr. Thornton died of yellow fever, and his wife followed him to the grave, dying of the same terrible disease, within a year from the death of her husband. My father and mother took him into the family after the death of his parents, and he and I were educated together here, until, at the age of fourteen, we both went to England, he to a grammar school, and I to the Cadet's College at Croydon. My father, who had some influence with the East India Company's Directors, having procured me the promise of a military appointment in the East India Company's service. At the age of sixteen, I left England for the East Indies, and did not again return to England until the period I met with you at Herrington.

"Your father after he quitted school, when eighteen years of age, returned to Cuba, and resided there a year. He had succeeded in gaining the affections of your mother, my sister: but her parents being opposed to their union, they were married clandestinely. Henry Thornton, your father, having secretly followed Alice, your mother, to Jamaica, whither she had gone on a visit to some friends, and there he succeeded in getting the marriage ceremony performed.

"Your grandfather was greatly irritated when he heard of this act of disobedience on the part of his daughter. He refused to receive or even to see the newly married pair, and declared his intention of discarding his daughter. All your grandmother's endeavors to bring about a reconciliation, although she was herself opposed to the match, were of no avail, and your father and mother sailed for England; your father, who was always seriously inclined, intending to study at one of the colleges with a view of becoming a minister of the gospel. He had £500 which had been left him by his mother, and this sum constituted his whole fortune.

"Shortly after their arrival in England, your were born,

and within a few months your mother died. She had been much grieved with the anger of her father; this grief, no doubt hastened her death.

"Your father died when you were about three years of age, and Mr. Ashley, who had been his fellow student at college, but who had married and taken holy orders, adopted you into his family. From that period until I took you from England you, I presume, recollect all that occurred.

"Your mother had frequently written to her parents, but her letters had not been answered. After her death your father wrote them the sad intelligence, and to this letter he received a reply, requesting him to send you to Cuba, and on his compliance with this request, promising to provide comfortably for him; but otherwise declining any further correspondence.

"From that date no more letters passed between them.

"My parents, your grandfather and grandmother, wished me to wed the daughter of a neighboring planter; and after I had been some years in India, I received a letter requesting me to obtain a furlough, and return home and marry this young lady.

"The letter reached me too late. I had already married the daughter of one of the captains of the regiment to which I belonged. I had known Donna Julia, my affiancee, on this island, when a girl, and I knew that it had been the wish of the parents of both of us that we should be married when we arrived at the proper age; but I had never cared for her, though she was a beautiful and amiable girl, nor, I believe had she cared for me—probably because we had been always told that we were to marry each other. Still had I not fallen in with the lady whom I married, I should not have opposed the wishes of my parents.

"My father was very much exasperated when he heard that his designs for his children had again been thwarted. He was a man of very irritable temper, and he wrote me a letter tell

ing me that he had altogether cast me off and erased my name from his will.

"I was sorry for this, not, however, in a pecuniary point of view, for I was young then and careless of money; besides I was rising in my profession, and my father-in-law was a man of considerable wealth; but I deeply regretted having offended my parents, although I would not have undone what was done, even if I had possessed the power. I wrote to my father and mother expressing my sorrow, and begging to be restored to favor; but I received no reply; before the letter reached them both had died. The executor of the estate, however, wrote to inform me that my name had been erased from the will, and the name of Alice Thornton, the daughter of Henry Thornton and Alice Craddock substituted in its place as sole heir. He endeavored to console me, however, by informing me that the title to the property was contested by the heirs of a former possessor, and that a long course of litigation would ensue, and that in all probability the result would be the loss of the estate to my family.

"Several years elapsed, during which period your Cousin George was born. I continued to take an interest in whatever occurred in Cuba, and occasionally received the Havana newspapers, in which, from time to time, at long intervals, I read the tedious proceedings of the legal contest between my father's executor and the rival claimants.

"At last, a short time before I quitted India, to my surprise I received a newspaper from which I learnt that the claim had been decided in favor of the heirs of Mr. Craddock. The will was published, and an advertisement inserted calling for information of Alice Thornton, grand-daughter of William and Alice Craddock, formerly of Dublin, Ireland, and subsequently of Regla, in the Island of Cuba, and of William Craddock, of the Hon. Company's service, son of the aforesaid William and Alice Craddock, supposed to be in the East Indies.

"The Will I read carefully. It was to the following effect. To wit:

"The property, consisting of this estate and another of equal value on the south side of the island, was left to Alice Thornton and her heirs forever; provided, In the case of William Craddock having male issue living, the said Alice Thornton wedded one of the said male issue. In case of her refusal or decease, the property was to fall to the said William Craddock personally."

"I knew that you, my love, had been adopted by Mr. Ashley, and some short time before this I had read in the Bengal newspapers of Mr. Ashley's appointment to an Educational post in Ceylon.

"My term of service in India had expired, and my wife having died some years before, I had sent my son George to Jamaica to receive his education, as I have friends there, and having no ties to bind me to India, I had resolved to return to England and send for my son to rejoin me from Jamaica. This welcome and unexpected intelligence however altered my plans, and I went to Ceylon to seek for you. I found Mr. Ashley and heard from him that you were residing at Herrington, in England, with one Mrs. Dalton. Mr. Ashley was very eager in his inquiries as to the cause of my anxiety regarding you, but I had no desire to give him all the information he sought, and in some respects I plead guilty to having misled him. I however, returned to England and you know the rest.

"My object in acting as I have done I need scarely explain further. I heard from Mr. Ashley that Mrs. Dalton had a son about your own age, and I feared the consequences of your being together, knowing how much depended upon your marriage with your cousin George, and I feared there might be delay and difficulty if I sought Mrs. Dalton and demanded that you should be given up to my guardianship.

"Again, I wished you to be entirely separated from your former friends, and I think, now I have explained my motives, you will confess that I was right.

"I was glad to find that you never mentioned the name of Mrs. Dalton's son.

"Only once I was annoyed at seeing in your possession a miniature which he had given you. You know that I replaced it with another—the portrait of your Cousin George. I hope that the silly bauble I complained of has long ago been destroyed and forgotten. In a few days you will see the original of the miniature you have since worn.

"I forgot to say that while you were at school in France, I visited Cuba and obtained possession of the will and saw that everything was settled. It is your fault if on your twenty-first birth-day, you do not inherit the beautiful estate upon which we now reside; but it is growing late, my love, and the night air is somewhat chilly, and you are not yet accustomed to the climate. You had better retire to rest. Good night and pleasant dreams attend your slumbers."

Mr. Craddock rose from his seat, and lighting a cigar, commenced pacing leisurely up and down the verandah, and Alice, wishing her uncle good night, acceded to his request and retired to her apartment.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which the reader obtains some inkling of the motives which actuated Mr. Craddock, and in which Alice and her cousin came to a mutual understanding. Showing also what was the result.

"My uncle speaks kindly and disinterestedly," soliloquized Alice, as she laid aside the miniature she had withdrawn from its hiding-place, and carefully locked the drawer; "still I cannot understand his motives. Surely it is a singular disinterestedness which would lead him to urge me to consent to marry my cousin, whom I have not yet seen, when, by my refusal, he would secure the whole estate to himself. What need of this secrecy if the Will be worded as he says it is? I shall displease him, and I know, though he is usually so kind to me, he is terrible in his anger; but I will ask to see this Will. He cannot refuse me that permission—It is my right; and then I shall know better how to act. As to my cousin George, he is handsome, if the miniature my uncle gave me, resembles him; and he is said to be amiable and intelligent, but I know I shall hate him, notwithstanding. My uncle can have no legal authority over me, and he shall not force me to marry against my inclination."

She sat for hours deeply absorbed in thought; then undressed, and got into bed, and fatigued as she had been with the unwonted exertions of the previous day, during which, in company with her uncle, she had ridden over the plantation, and extended the jaunt far into the interior of the island, she soon fell asleep, but her slumbers were disturbed and restless—her

dreams took the color of her wakeful thought. She was again in England, walking on the sea-beach, near Herrington, with Gerald—again standing in the court-yard of the inn, bidding him farewell, as the stage drove away from the yard—again she passed through the agonies of mind consequent upon her abduction from her friends—she was again on board the Calais packet—in Paris—in the convent school at Orleans; yet amidst all these changing visions, her cousin George and her uncle were present, urging her to consent to a union, against which her heart revolted.

Then a change came over the spirit of her dream. She saw before her an old trunk, which a strong curiosity prompted her to open and to examine the contents, but it was locked, and the key was not to be found. She tried all the keys she had in her possession, and the last one on the bunch fitted the lock. She opened the trunk, and there lay the Will. She was about to reach forth her hand to take it, when suddenly her uncle appeared, and in a voice of thunder, ordered her to replace it, and close the trunk. She started and looked up in his face; there was the same fearful scowl on his visage, that only once or twice she had seen, yet which had struck terror to her heart. He laid his hand upon her shoulder, as if about to drag her away forcibly. She screamed, and awoke to find her French maid standing by the bed-side. It was her touch which had awakened her.

"Levez vous ma'mselle," said the young woman, who was accustomed to make very free with her mistress. "Il est tres tard, le dejeûner est servi."

"Quelle heure est il, donc? Minette," said Alice, springing out of bed.

"Il est sept heure, ma'mselle, mais vous paraissez indisposé ce matin. Est-ce que vous n'avez pas bien dormi, vous?"

"Pas trop bien Minette, j'ai fait des rêves affreux. Je crains de m'être trop fatigué, hier, mais dites à mon oncle que je descendrais toute de suite."

Minette quitted the chamber to carry the message to Mr. Craddock, who was impatiently waiting at the breakfast table for his niece's appearance, and Alice having hastily made her morning toilet, shortly joined her uncle, who was, as usual, all courtesy and attention. He did not make any allusion to the conversation of the previous evening, and Alice had been so terrified with her dream, that she did not dare to introduce the subject of the Will, as she had resolved to do, before she slept.

After breakfast, her uncle proposed a ride in a different direction from that they had taken the day before. To this arrangement Alice willingly consented, and on their return, Mr. Craddock exerted himself to find other amusements for her. Thus, with reading, music, and conversation, the time would have passed pleasantly enough had not Alice been possessed with a foreboding that some trouble was hanging over, which might descend at any moment, and she dreaded, while she anxiously looked for the arrival of her cousin from Jamaica.

A few mornings after, she was again awakened from her slumbers by Minette, whose countenance sufficiently expressed that she was the bearer of what she thought would be welcome intelligence.

"Ma'mselle does not know that a surprise awaits her, en bas," she said, in the odd mixture of French and English, which she was accustomed to use when she imagined she was speaking the latter language—"all same comme un natif," as she was used to say.

"No, Minette; what is it?" inquired Alice.

"Mam'selle's cousin, George, has arrivé. Ah! he is so fine, un si bel homme; but ma'mselle is not overjoyed."

"Oh, yes, I am very glad, Minette," said Alice, though her pale face denied her words.

"Haste, then, et vous habillez vous ma'mselle, Mr. Craddock et votre cousin, await le dejeûner."

"I will soon attend them, Minette. You can tell them so. I shall not need any assistance to dress."

Minette went down stairs with her message, and was soon followed by Alice, who, on tapping nervously at the door of the breakfast-room, was received by her uncle, and presented to the cousin, of whom she had heard so much.

The young man rose from his seat, and advancing, took his cousin's hand; at the same time expressing his pleasure in seeing her.

He was a remarkably handsome youth of about the same age as Alice, and had she met him under any other circumstances, she could scarcely have helped being pleased with him, but now her expressions of pleasure were constrained, and she was so nervous that it was with difficulty she could maintain the appearance of satisfaction that she felt herself called upon to assume.

She would have recognized him any where from his resemblance to the miniature, although he was now a young man, and that was the portrait of a child; but there were the same earnest dark eyes, and black curling hair, and oval contour of visage, and the same clear olive complexion which he had inherited from his mother who was of Creole descent, Captain Fortesque having married into a Hindoo family of high caste, and considerable wealth, that had embraced Christianity.

After breakfast Mr. Craddock proposed that the young people should ride out together, and that Alice should enact the part of *cicerone* to her cousin, as he had business of importance on hand which would require his attention at home.

Alice could not well have objected even had she been desirous of so doing, and together they rode over the plantation. During the ride she found that her cousin's good qualities had not been misrepresented. He was refined, intelligent, and conversationable, and, so far as she could judge, appeared to possess an excellent disposition. They both returned from their ride in good spirits, and Mr. Craddock, who watched his niece narrowly though cautiously, appeared to be perfectly satisfied with his experiment in bringing them together. From that period,

for the month George remained at home, he always accompanied her in her rambles, and assisted in her amusements and recreations within doors. Mr. Craddock although he occasionally joined the party, still professing to be closely engaged in business.

At the end of this period George Craddock was to return for twelve months to Jamaica. After breakfast the day before his departure from Cuba, his father desired him to attend him to his study.

"I trust you will be able to dispense with your customary jaunt this morning, Alice," he said, smilingly addressing his niece. "You know George leaves us to-morrow, and I have some little affairs of business to arrange with him."

Alice willingly assented, and Mr. Craddock and his son adjourned to the study, leaving the young lady in the breakfast saloon.

"George," said Mr. Craddock, when they were seated in the study, "you return to-morrow to Jamaica for twelve months, and at the end of that period you will come back to remain here. It is my wish that you should marry and settle down on the estate. Have you any objection to make to this arrangement?"

"None, whatever, sir," replied the young man, "provided the lady whom I marry shall be one of my own choosing."

"Then," said Mr. Craddock, "I think there is no difficulty to be anticipated. You have been much in the company of your cousin Alice since you have been here, and from what I have observed I have no reason to believe that she is distasteful to you. She is the young lady whom I hope to see your wife as soon as you have both obtained your majority. What say you to this arrangement?"

The young man made no reply.

"Answer me, George," continued his father, observing his son's hesitation. "Have you any objection to make to my proposition?"

"The young lady, herself, may object, sir," replied the youth.

"That is not to the point, George. Although if that be all I do not think there is much probability of it. You, I presume, have no objection. I therefore shall myself speak to Alice, in your presence, this afternoon, and shall then leave you together. I shall consider the matter settled. This is all that I wished to speak to you about. You can now go and rejoin Alice. After dinner I will see you both together."

"I beg, sir," said George, "that you will not introduce the subject before Alice. At least, not in my presence."

"And pray, why not, sir?" said Mr. Craddock.

"Because, father, we have already spoken of it."

"Oh ho!" exclaimed Mr. Craddock in high glee, "you have been beforehand with me, eh? Well I might have anticipated that, and I am glad of it. It will save a great deal of trouble; but I don't see why I should be debarred from a knowledge of the arrangements that you young folks have arrived at."

"We have not made any arrangements, sir," said the young man, much embarrassed.

"Well, then, so much the more reason, George, that I should assist you and give my sanction to your engagement. I do not particularly desire that you shall be married before you have reached the age of twenty-one; but still, if you are both agreeable, I will not interpose any obstacle to a more speedy union."

"You mistake me sir," said the young man, "We have entered into no engagements, nor have we thought of anything of the kind."

"What do you mean, then, sir, by saying that you have conferred together upon the subject?" inquired Mr. Craddock in an angry tone. "You sir, I presume," he continued sarcastically, "have no prior engagement? and the young lady I think I can answer for myself."

"Father," said the young man, "since I have been here I have spent much of my time with my cousin Alice, and I acknowledge to have seen much to admire, much to love in her

character and disposition. I have admired her and should perhaps have learnt to love her, had she not intimated to me one day—the second day we spent in each other's company—when I playfully introduced the subject of marriage, that her affections were already engaged. She said it might seem like boldness on so short an intimacy as ours to make such a confession but she had particular reasons for so doing, and I then informed her that I too entertained a partiality for a young lady whom I had met in Jamaica."

"Upon my word, sir," said Mr. Craddock, "this is a very pretty mutual confession, and who pray, is the young lady of whom you speak?"

"Miss Mary Barton, sir, the daughter of the Deputy Commissary General at Kingston."

"Indeed! and you have proposed to her?"

"No sir, I have seen her but a few times and might have transferred my partiality to my cousin Alice, had she not confided to me what she had done. As regards Miss Barton and myself, I should not have thought seriously of asking her hand without first informing you."

"Very dutiful, indeed, sir! but permit me to ask you one more question. What is the name of the gentleman to whom your cousin Alice has engaged her affections?"

"Father, I cannot reply to that question. It would neither be honorable nor delicate in me to do so."

"But I know who he is," said Mr. Craddock, in a towering passion. "His name is Gerald Dalton. A paltry tradesman's apprentice in London—a beggar, and worse for aught I know; but she shall never see him again if I have to shut her up in a convent for life; and you, sir, discard all idea of marrying this Mary Barton—whoever she be. It is my wish, my demand that you wed your cousin Alice Thornton, and if I am disobeyed, you know me well enough to fear my anger. I shall disown you as my son—and not one dollar of my property shall ever be yours. You shall become a beggar, sir,—a

beggar, spurned from your father's door, if you venture near to ask an alms ——"

"I hope, sir," said the youth, his indignation aroused by this tirade of passionate abuse, "that I have ability and energy enough to earn my own living, even if I were visited with the severe displeasure you threaten, and if such should not be the case I would not seek charity at the door of my father's house."

"Silence, sir," thundered Mr. Craddock, "leave my presence and think over what I have said, and when you have come to a wiser conclusion we will speak of this matter again. Meanwhile, I will deal with this disobedient girl."

The young man left the room without replying, and Mr. Craddock shortly after rang for the attendance of a servant, whom he ordered to request Miss Thornton's immediate attendance in the study.

Alice, who had entertained some suspicion of the cause of the private interview between her uncle and cousin, received this message with ill disguised alarm.

"Where is Señor George?" she demanded of the servant in the best Spanish she could master.

"Jo no se' Señorita," replied the negro. "He has just left Senor Craddock's room. The Señor wishes to see the Senorita immediately."

Alice obeyed the mandate and went immediately to the study.

"Come in," said Mr. Craddock, in answer to her faltering tap at the door. The dark frown was on his brow when the young lady entered; but he endeavored to assume his usual suavity of manner, as he rose and offered her a chair.

"I have sent for you Alice, my love," he said, "to ask an explanation of a conversation which, I am informed by my son George, took place between you and he a day or two after his arrival from Jamaica."

"I do not know, uncle, to what you particularly refer,"

tremblingly replied the young lady, "we have discoursed on so many and such different subjects."

"Alice," said Mr. Craddock, sternly, "this is subterfuge on your part. You well know to what conversation I allude. We have spoken together upon the subject ere now. However, since your bashfulness perhaps, prompts you to pretend ignorance, I will explain that to which I refer. It was a conversation relative to some special engagement you had made, with a view hereafter to matrimony. Rather a delicate subject, allow me to inform you, to be the theme of conversation between two young people like you and George."

"I cannot explain, uncle, indeed," replied the young lady. "But a few words were said by either of us, and my cousin it appears, has informed you of their import?"

"He has, Miss," said Mr. Craddock, losing his assumed patience and good temper. "I only sent for you that I might have his words corroborated from your own lips. I know perfectly well who the person is to whom you alluded. It is that beggar Gerald Dalton, with whom you had the misfortune to be brought up in early life, before I rescued you from your low associations in Herrington. I have been led to hope that your good sense had long ago led you to forget them, and him. When I permitted you to write to Mrs. Dalton, and to send her a bank note, I trusted that henceforward all communication between you would cease except the annual gift which I promised you you should transmit her. Since, however, you have thus abused my generosity, I shall withdraw that favor. You know that I wish you to marry your cousin. You are aware of the benefits that will accrue to yourself by so doing; and I am resolved, on my part, that my wishes shall be carried out, or I will take other measures that will punish you for your contumacy and prevent you from ever again seeing or even holding communication with any of the low-bred set who have gained such an ascendancy over you. George leaves for Jamaica to-morrow. I give you till then to make up your

mind; after that I shall decide for myself, and my decision will be irrevocable."

"Uncle," said Alice, finally, "my decision is already made, and my cousin George, whom I highly esteem, is aware of it. It is needless for me to explain it to you since you already know to what I allude."

"Think over what I have just said, Alice," continued Mr. Craddock, striving to control his rising passion. "Perhaps to-morrow your good sense will induce you to change your mind. Think of your loss of fortune; of the indigence that awaits you if you continue to oppose my wishes for your welfare; and then let me know, if you still continue to cherish affection for one who has doubtless, ere this, forgotten that you ever existed. You have your choice, fortune and happiness, and my favor, or my repudiation, and poverty, and wretchedness—" or, dropping his voice, "what is perhaps still less endurable—life-long seclusion."

"Uncle," replied Alice, gaining courage from despair, "you have told me of a Will, dictated by relatives whom I never saw nor heard of, until their names were mentioned by you, who have made me the heiress to a large fortune if I consent to arrangements, which I might once perhaps have been induced to consent to, but which I never can consent to now. If I fail to comply with the requirements of this Will, I have been told that my cousin George and you will be the gainers. Why, then, do you urge this matter upon me? You have carried me away from those whom as a child I learnt to love. You have denied me the poor consolation of communicating with them. Only once have I been permitted to let them know that I am still living. I have never seen this Will. If it be in your possession, permit me to peruse it, and if it really demand such a sacrifice on my part, I am willing to make it, and you and George can lawfully claim the estate. Why seek to coerce me thus, when it is to your beneft, that I should disavow openly my intention of fulfilling its requirements. Again, I

say, let me read the Will and I will cancel my right to any portion of the property, and gladly return to England."

"And to poverty and the home of a London shopman," sneeringly replied Mr. Craddock.

"To poverty if necessary," replied Alice; "but this need not be. Gerald Dalton possesses energy and spirit, and is not destitute of education. His lot need not necessarily be one of poverty."

"Very romantic indeed!" said Mr. Craddock; "but you forget that in England, a lad like Gerald, of humble birth, has little opportunity of making his way in the world. As to your modest request to read the Will, I plainly tell you, I shall refuse it. I have the Will in my possession. Whatever be my object in forcing you into the possession of fortune to my detriment, I shall not explain to you. As your natural guardian, for you have no relatives but George and myself living, your are wholly in my power, and that you must have known long ago. However, you will think better of this contumacy. I will not hear another word now. To-morrow I shall expect your reply; and the result, whether it involve your happiness or misery, will depend upon your own good sense. For the present I wish you good-day."

Alice rose, and quitting the room, retired to her own apartment, where she spent the remainder of the day, until summoned to the dinner table, where she met her uncle and cousin. Mr. Craddock had entirely effaced all semblance of ill-humor. His conduct was as kind and courteous as ever; but as soon as the meal was finished, he retired, saying with a smile, "I shall leave you two young people to amuse each other this evening. I have some matters on hand which require my attention."

The subject of conversation between Alice and her cousin during the evening naturally turned upon the stormy interviews with Mr. Craddock in the morning. The young man frankly promised to support his cousin's cause, against his

father, and Alice resolved that whatever might be the consequence, she would not swerve from her resolve.

On the morrow, only a few hours before the vessel on board of which George's passage to Kingston was taken, and ready to leave the port of Havana, Mr. Craddock held an interview with his son and niece together. Both adhered to their expressed resolution of the previous day. Mr. Craddock flew into a towering rage ; but his passion was of no avail in shaking the resolve of his son and niece. Alice bade her cousin a kindly farewell ; but the excitement of the past two days had been too much for her, and she became so unwell that her maid was summoned to assist her to her room ; and Mr. Craddock accompanied his son to the schooner.

"George," he said, after they had reached the vessel, "I leave you here. You have my command to forego any further communication with the young lady of whom you spoke to me the other day. I have no doubt you will hereafter think better of what I have said. You have a twelve-month before you. I am content to wait that time. If then Alice changes her mind will you promise to comply with my wishes?"

"If my cousin, sir, freely and of her own accord alters her resolution, and is willing to accept me, as a suitor, I will ; but without her free consent be obtained, I will make no promise."

"Be it so, obstinate boy," said Mr. Craddock, as he shook hands with his son and wished him a pleasant passage. He waited on the quay till the schooner was underweigh and then returned homewards.

"It will go hard," he muttered to himself, as he turned away, "if I cannot before a twelvemonth passes by, control that stubborn girl to my will. I have been too easy with her hitherto."

For several days Alice remained seriously unwell, and during this period her uncle was assiduous in his attentions. All his former kindness of manner returned, and he never once made allusion to the cause of their estrangement ; but it was

the calm which precedes a tempest. Soon after she was restored to her accustomed health, she was again subjected to persecution and urged to comply with her uncle's desires, and on her repeated refusals to alter her resolve, she was treated with a degree of harshness to which she had been hitherto a stranger. Four months of the twelve months' probation passed by and Mr. Craddock had been unable to gain a single point. He now came to a desperate resolution. Alice had for three months been forbidden to leave the house or to hold communication with any one but her maid Minette. Mr. Craddock now engaged a passage to France for himself, his niece, and her maid without informing Alice of his intentions. She knew nothing of the contemplated voyage until the day before the vessel was to sail for Havre de Grace, when her uncle came to her room and ordered her to prepare for a voyage to Europe.

"A voyage to Europe, uncle? Where are we going?" she asked, a faint gleam of hope arising in her mind that her uncle had relented and was going to return her to her friends in England.

"To France—to Orleans, where you were at school, some months since," was the reply.

"Am I to remain there?" she asked.

"That you will know when you arrive in France," was the reply. "We sail to-morrow, so you have little time enough to get ready."

Although this sudden proposition for departure astonished Alice, any change from her late monotonous life was welcome; besides even in France, she would be nearer the friends she so ardently longed to see again. Minette was overjoyed at the prospect of returning to her own country, and both she and her mistress set to work with alacrity in making the busy preparations necessary on so short a notice. At the cost of a night's rest all was in readiness on the following morning, and before sunset on that day they had passed the Moro Castle, and were on their way to Europe.

In less than six weeks the vessel entered the port of Havre, and Mr. Craddock immediately set out for Paris without allowing his niece a days' rest at Havre, to recruit after the fatigues of the voyage.

At Paris, greatly to the regret both of Alice and Minette, the latter was discharged, Mr. Craddock informing her that her young mistress would have no longer occasion for her services, and two days after Alice was once more in the city of Orleans. Without even stopping here at a hotel, beyond the time necessary to obtain a meal and make the necessary changes of attire after the rapid journey from Havre, for they had rested but a few hours in Paris, Mr. Craddock hired a *fiacre* and proceeded to the convent where Alice had formerly been placed at school. Arrived there, he had a long and secret interview with the superior, at the conclusion of which, Alice was summoned and informed that she was again placed as a boarder in the convent.

"I shall remain for three months in Paris, Alice," he said to his niece. "If before that time expires you change your mind and are willing to conform to my wishes, the Superior will let me know, and I will come immediately and take you back to Havana. After that you will never quit the convent. You now know the alternative that awaits you. If you are not capable of acting with a due regard for your own welfare it is well that others should act for you. Farewell, and let me hope that better thoughts will prevail over your perverseness and obstinacy of disposition."

Alice was overcome with terror. She had fainted in the arms of one of the attendants and had not heard her uncle's concluding words. He hastily left the room, as if fearful of trusting to his own strength of purpose, and after holding another long conversation with the superior he quitted the convent and before nightfall was on his way to the French capital.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In which the hero of the story is found to have made a more successful voyage. He visits old friends and receives more good advice, which partially meets the usual fate of good advice, and accepts the offer of a novel situation.

Gerald's voyage to Ceylon was a successful one. He had acquired a knowledge of business in the hard school of experience, and he was acting in behalf of men who were themselves experienced in their own peculiar business matters. His trip on board the Firefly was in every way successful. The goods under his charge were profitably disposed of at Trincomale, and according to previous arrangement he left the ship there to proceed to Colombo, where his uncle Ashley and his family resided. He had, as the reader is aware, more in view than the single object of visiting his uncle's family. He still entertained the hope, that the stranger who was believed to have abducted Alice Thornton from her home, and who had visited Colombo, as it appeared, with the sole object of obtaining information of her, was some relative of hers and that by this time Mr. Ashley might have heard either from him or from Alice. Perhaps, he thought, as this person, according to my uncle's letter, had some idea of again visiting India, he may have returned, taking Alice with him. I may find her at my uncle's house. With this lively hope animating him, he set about the preparations for his journey with an alacrity and cheerfulness to which, since he had received the harshly written letters from England, relating to his disastrous business speculations in Calcutta, he had been a stranger.

He had a sufficient supply of money at his command, and he determined to make the journey overland, although the distance was full two hundred miles, and even then he would be compelled to travel, and he would have to cross a lofty and difficult mountain range; but one of his objects was to visit the famous Adam's Peak, and he was not to be deterred by trifling obstacles from undertaking a journey which promised to abound in incident and hardy adventure.

Kollar was his first resting-place, and thence he proceeded to Kandy, the ancient capital of the once independent kingdom of that name. From this city, which he found little more than a heap of ruins, retaining few vestiges of its former populousness and wealth, he proceeded on the direct route towards the chain of mountains of which Adam's Peak is the crowning point and the centre. The journey was a tedious and harassing one, but the tedium was relieved with chasing the novel and noble game which was to be found by beating about, under the direction of the native guides, at every one of the numerous resting-places. Finally, after several days' journey, through forest and jungle, and across swamps and morasses, occasionally obtaining a trifling relief from the fatigue of foot travel, or the scarcely less fatiguing and still more wearisome travel by ox wagon—by sailing in a canoe down one or other of the numerous narrow and shallow rivers that intersect the country in every direction—he reached the peak, and resting at the base for a day to recover from the fatigue of the previous travel, he spent another day in ascending and descending the mountain, and enjoying the splendid view from the summit; and this feat accomplished, the remaining portion of the journey to Colombo was much less fatiguing, the roads as they approached that capital becoming gradually better and more commodious for travelling. Twenty-four hours after leaving the peak, the bastions of the city were in view, and the young man felt his heart leap with joy at the prospect of again seeing the friends from whom he had been so long separated.

His uncle had received no intimation of the visit, nor did he know in what direction from the city the Mission school, of which he had the charge, was situated. However, this was a matter of small moment, as he had no doubt he could readily find Mr. Ashley by making inquiry when he entered the city. He was even saved this trouble, for on reaching the *pettah*, or inner town, almost the first thing that attracted his attention was a crowd of Europeans coming out of a building, which he was informed was the public library, that day opened for the first time. It struck him that it was not improbable that his uncle might be amongst this crowd, and he advanced towards it. He was correct in his judgment. Mr. Ashley, looking somewhat yellow in complexion, but otherwise little changed since Gerald had parted with him in London, more than three years before, was coming down the steps of the building just as he reached it, and behind him was a youth whom Gerald had no difficulty in recognizing as his cousin Henry. He advanced towards them, and taking his uncle by the hand, asked him after his health.

"Thank you, sir, I'm pretty well," replied Mr. Ashley, "but you have the advantage of me. I really cannot recall your name, though, it strikes me that I have seen your features somewhere before."

"Why, it's Cousin Gerald Dalton, father," said Henry Ashley, advancing and shaking the young man heartily by the hand.

"Gerald! what, Gerald Dalton!" exclaimed Mr. Ashley. "Dear me—Gerald Dalton. Why, who would have thought of seeing you here? Welcome, welcome, my boy. I never should have known you. Bless me! how you have grown, and so changed too, so stout and brown, and in a sailor's dress. We see so many sailors here, that I took you for the mate of one of the ships in port."

"I knew Gerald, the moment I saw him," said Henry.

"Well, never mind," continued Mr. Ashley, "we are going

home to dine. My bungalow is a mile or so beyond the suburbs of the city. You must come with us, and enlighten us as we walk as to how you came to drop down so unexpectedly in our midst. How surprised and delighted your aunt will be to see you."

"Are my aunt and cousins all well?" said Gerald.

"All quite well. The climate really agrees with us famously. You know your aunt was very subject to nervous attacks at home, in England. She has quite got over them now. Never has had a day's sickness since she has been here, and, by the bye, you will have two new cousins whom you have not yet seen—twins, and as pretty a pair of little girls as ever were seen."

"You spoke of them, sir, in your letter respecting the stranger who visited you to make inquires respecting Alice Thornton."

"Ay, I dare say I did; but I had forgotten. They were born, I recollect now, sometime before I wrote that letter; but you remind me of Alice, poor, dear child! I hope you have received some intelligence of her or from her before this?"

"None, sir," replied Gerald, "not a word. I was in hopes that you might have heard of her."

"No, Gerald, no. I have heard nothing. Poor child! I ought not to have left her in England. I should have brought her to Ceylon with me. I feel that I have grievously failed in the fulfilment of my promise given to her father on his deathbed; but I acted for the best."

They walked on for some time in silence, Mr. Ashley thinking of the probable fate of Alice, and Gerald keenly disappointed in his hope of at least hearing something of her from his uncle, though that hope had rested on a fragile foundation.

Henry Ashley was the first to break the silence and interrupt the painful current of thought.

"You have not yet told us, Gerald, how you came to find us out in this out-of-the-way part of the world," he said. Thus

reminded of his mission, Gerald briefly recapitulated his adventures since leaving home, omitting, however, for the present, the unfortunate, though somewhat ludicrous result of his first adventure in Calcutta. "But where is Frederick? you have said nothing about my cousin Frederick," he said, when he had concluded his story.

"Do you see that cruizer lying out there in the harbor, with the pendant flying at the main-royal mast head?" said Henry pointing in the direction of the vessel.

"Yes," replied Gerald.

"Frederick is on board of her. She is a new frigate belonging to the East India Company, and Fred. has just got an appointment as Assistant Surgeon in the service. He has already been one cruize on board the Goa brig and has lately been removed to the frigate. We expect him at home to-night. But have you embraced the professsion of a sailor? One would think so to look at your rig."

"Not exactly so," replied Gerald, "though for anything I know, at present, I may do so; but I will relate my adventures more fully when we get home and I have had something to eat, for I am really quite hungry as well as tired, after my journey. It is no trifle to undertake to travel overland from Trincomale."

"Not when you are unused to travelling in the jungle, and through the forest," replied Henry; "but we don't think much of the trip here; however, here we are nearly home. You see that pile of buildings, there, to the left, jnst beyond that grove of cinnamon trees: that's the mission school, and the house beyond, standing amidst the plantation is our bungalow, and a very pretty place you'll say it is when you get there and have rested yourself and had time to look about you."

"You intend to remain with us for some time, Gerald, of course?" said Mr Ashley. "A visitor from so great a distance must not pay a mere passing visit."

"That will depend upon circumstances," replied Gerald.

"I have no immediate engagement, nor have I determined exactly what to do. I wish to visit the United States; but I shall in the first place return to Calcutta."

"Well, then, if your time is your own," said Mr. Ashley "you can surely spare us a portion of it, after so long a separation; but here we are close home; the cinnamon grove conceals the school-house now, but you can hear the hum of the children's voices, and here, I declare, is your aunt and little Emma with her, coming to meet us. They have seen us from the house, and have been wondering, no doubt, who the stranger is accompanying us. How surprised your aunt will be when she finds out who it is."

Mrs. Ashley had now approached close to the party.

"I have brought a stranger from England, to share our hospitality, my dear," said Mr. Ashley, presenting Gerald to his wife.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said Mrs. Ashley, extending her hand to the young man. "Any person from England is welcome and doubly so when he brings intelligence of the friends we have left behind us. Are you from our part of the country—from Kent, sir? Why, bless me! it can't be possible. Yes, it is Gerald Dalton. Why, Gerald, my dear, who would have thought of seeing you out here?" and the affectionate little woman embraced him as ardently as if he had been one of her own children restored to her after a long absence.

Eager inquiries were again made after absent friends, although Gerald could furnish little information on that score since he had been very little in Herrington since Mr. Ashley had left, and again the mysterious disappearance of Alice Thornton was the subject of regretful comment.

However, dinner was served and waiting the return of Mr. Ashley and his son from the city, and soon all were seated at the meal, to which Gerald did ample justice.

"You will take up your abode with us, of course," said

Mrs. Ashley while dinner was progressing. "Where have you left your luggage?"

"At the hotel at the entrance of the inner town," replied Gerald. "Of course I intended to put up here, if you had room for me, and I left orders to have it sent to your residence. You see that I was determined that you should be my hosts for one night whether you had accommodations or not," he laughingly added.

"Quite right. Where else should you put up while we have a roof to shelter you," answered Mrs. Ashley. "Mr. Ashley is going to send the bullock cart to the city to bring home some marketing this afternoon, and the driver can call at the hotel for your effects. If you trust to their being sent on, you may wait a week."

"At the end of which period, I expect to be on my way back to Calcutta," said Gerald.

"Nonsense. Who would ever think of paying so short a visit as that. You must stop with us a month at least," said Mr. Ashley. "Besides there is no ship now in port bound to Calcutta. Frederick will be up here in the course of an hour or so and he will be rejoiced to see his old playmate."

"That he will, indeed," observed Mrs. Ashley. "How well he looks in his uniform," she added, with a mother's pride.

"You'll stay with us a month, won't you, Gerald?" said Henry.

"Since as it seems you are determined to insist upon it," said Gerald, "and as I may perhaps have letters sent on here from Calcutta in the course of that time, I suppose I must consent."

"Well, then that matter is arranged," said Mrs Ashley, "so we'll say no more on the subject. Now, if you like, I will show you to a room, which you can appropriate to yourself. Probably you may wish to rest awhile, and we will call you when Frederick comes."

Gerald readily assented to this arrangement, and having

been shown to an apartment and provided with a change of linen clothing, till his luggage should arrive, he threw himself upon the cool, cane lounge, and soon fell asleep. Towards sunset he was awakened by his cousin Henry who ran into the room to tell him that Frederick had come and was extremely anxious to see him. He quickly roused himself and making a rapid toilet, joined his uncle and cousins in the verandah. Frederick had grown so tall and looked so different to the boy he had known him, in his naval uniform, that Gerald confessed he would not have recognized him so readily as he had his brother Henry, and he almost envied him his good fortune when he saw him looking so manly and handsome. Mrs. Ashley soon joined the party and the evening was spent in talking of home and old friends, and in listening to a more detailed account of Gerald's adventures, and in speculation as to the fate of Alice, to whom all the family had been greatly attached.

The Mysore, the new frigate to which Frederick was attached, was going to remain in port for four or five weeks, when she was bound to Bombay, and as there was a greater probability of Gerald's finding a vessel bound to Calcutta at Bombay than at Colombo, where he might wait for months, the young surgeon pressed his cousin to remain until the frigate sailed, and take passage with him.

"I would have no objection to go to Bombay," replied Gerald, "provided, in the meantime, no vessel sails for Calcutta; but the Company's cruizers do not carry passengers, and I cannot get any appointment on board a vessel of that description."

"I think I can manage that," replied Mr. Ashley. "The captain of the frigate is a friend of mine, and at my request, will, I have no doubt, gladly give you a passage."

"And you can mess in the ward room, with the officers," said Frederick. "You will find them a capital set of fellows."

"If you think it can be managed, I am agreeable," said Gerald, "and shall be greatly obliged to you, for I should like to visit

Bombay. It seems," he added, "that my every wish is to be anticipated."

"We don't often have visits from our relatives in England," said Mrs. Ashley. "We must make the most of them when they do come."

The next morning Gerald was shown around the Mission, and he afterwards accompanied Mr. Ashley and his cousin Frederick on board the Mysore, where he was introduced to the commander and an offer of a passage to Bombay freely tendered. The crew were all in good health, and as Frederick in consequence had very light duties to perform, the commander, at the further request of Mr. Ashley, readily gave him leave of absence for a fortnight on account of the arrival of his relative from England, and it was arranged that a series of athletic amusements, peculiar to the island should be gotten up for Gerald's entertainment. Elk and wild boar hunts were devised, and if practicable it was resolved that Gerald should witness an elephant hunt before he left.

All these arrangements were successfully carried out, and the time passed away agreeably, the evenings, when it was not necessary for the enthusiastic huntsmen to encamp out all night, being spent in conversation at home, where Gerald succeeded in making himself an established favorite with his younger cousins, the duplicate twins.

When narrating his adventures since leaving Herrington, the young man had refrained from making any allusion to the letters he had received from Mr. Hoffmann and his mother and the vicar in reply to his account of the sale of the goods. But one day while walking out with his uncle, neither of his cousins being present, he spoke of those letters and stated his intention not to return home until of their own accord his friends had expressed regret for their conduct and for the expressions they had made use of when writing to him.

"You are acting wrongfully, Gerald," said Mr. Ashley, when he had listened to his nephew's explanation and exculpa-

tion of his own conduct. "I have no doubt that you feel keenly the misinterpretation that has been put upon your action in this matter. I truly believe that you did the best you could for your employers; and you know that we all have laughed over the description of the collection of oddities that your friends sent out to India for sale. It is only a wonder to me that you disposed of many of the goods in any way whatever; but by remaining abroad you give Mr. Hoffmann and his friends reason to believe that they are justified in condemning you. You can procure a letter from the consignee of the Seringapatam, who, you say, told you that the goods were unsaleable, which will go a long way towards exculpating you, and you can show that letter yourself to Mr. Hoffmann, and convince him that he has done you injustice. If he is a reasonable man, he will readily confess that he has considered your conduct rashly, and will be sufficiently punished for his injustice towards you, in feeling that he has wronged you. I do not attempt to palliate his conduct in misrepresenting you to your mother and your friends at Herrington; but you are yourself committing a grievous wrong, a wrong that you will one day deeply regret having committed, in allowing your indignation to fall upon the vicar and upon your mother. They have been misled, and as you say their letters were written in sorrow not in anger, you are obstinately maintaining a false position by your present conduct, when a proper course of action would soon reinstate you in the good opinion of all. Be guided by me and act as I have advised you. How long is it since you have written to your mother?"

"After I returned from the islands, I then wrote in reply to letters I found awaiting me in Calcutta, sir," replied Gerald.

"Then write to her again from this place; tell her that you are sorry for the harsh expressions you permitted to escape from your pen in the moment of indignation, and promise to return home as soon as convenient. Remember, Gerald, she has no one but you to care for in this world, since poor Alice

has been taken from her, and Alice could never have been to her what you are and ever must be while she lives. Beg her to forgive your petulance and passion, and I promise you, you will feel happier when you have done this; and when you return to Calcutta, obtain a justification of your conduct from responsible persons there, and write to Mr. Hoffmann. You need not humble yourself in doing this, but if he be a man of correct feeling your letter will humble him, and when he sees you again he will readily acknowledge his injustice and be more desirous of serving you than before you left England."

"I will follow your advice in regard to my mother, uncle," said Gerald, who had been much affected with the first portion of his uncle's remarks, "but," and his voice changed its tremulous tone, to one of deep and scornful indignation, "to Mr. Hoffmann I will not write again until he shall first freely acknowledge the gross wrong he has done me. I could sooner pardon his abusive letter to me than his base conduct in endeavoring to represent my conduct in a false light to my mother and to Mr. Pearce."

"He did not know he was doing so in the heat of his anger at having suffered such a loss, Gerald," mildly replied Mr. Ashley.

"*He* suffer loss, in the trash! the unsaleable rubbish he placed in my charge!" cried Gerald, "he was more than paid by his share of the paltry remittance I sent home."

"But others did through him, if he did not, Gerald," said Mr. Ashley, "and he himself no doubt fancied that he had also suffered with them."

"Then let him of his own accord discover that he was wrong," said the young man. "I have resolved never to write to him again until he writes to beg *my* pardon for the wrong he has done me."

"You will regret this obstinacy and pride, Gerald."

"I cannot help it, uncle. I will not humble myself to that man nor to his associates. I will write to-morrow to my mo-

ther and dispatch the letter by the next mail that leaves this place for England. I acknowledge that I have acted hastily and unkindly in condemning her and I am sorry that I sent it; but write to Mr. Hoffmann! *never!*"

Mr. Ashley forbore to press the subject further, and on the following day Gerald wrote to his mother a long letter, full of expressions of affection and kindness, and though he did not promise to return home immediately, he said that he would write by every opportunity. He begged her to forgive any unkind expression she might have discovered in his last letter, for he had scarcely knew what he had written, his mind at the time of writing had been so agitated, and he enclosed in the letter a draft for £20, out of the profits of his late successful voyage from Calcutta to Ceylon, as a proof that he was doing well, and of his desire that she should share his good fortune.

This duty done, he acknowledged to his uncle that he felt his mind relieved of half its burden.

The day was now nearly at hand on which the Mysore was to sail for Bombay, and yet, although one mail had arrived from Bengal, he had received no letters from the consignee, whom he had directed to send to Colombo any letters that he might receive from England, directed to Gerald Dalton. But on the morning on which the frigate got underweigh, a second mail arrived, bringing the letter from Mrs. Dalton, containing information of the brief letter she had received from Alice and also informing her son that she had heard from Mr. Brower. This letter as the reader is already aware should have reached Gerald sooner, but various causes had united to delay its earlier arrival at its destination.

This letter Gerald did not receive until the frigate had left the port of Colombo, the mail having been brought on board by the pilot, consequently Mr. Ashley was ignorant of its tenor.

It had, however, the opposite effect to that which the widow had hoped for. "I would go to the United States and see this

Mr. Brower at the earliest opportunity," he said, after having read the letter to his cousin, "but I have an idea that this man whoever he be, who has obtained this strange control over Alice intends to bring her out to India. He expressed some intention of returning here, to your father, you recollect. I shall therefore remain here longer than I anticipated. I will find Alice if possible, and if my endeavors are fruitless, I will then visit the United States, and return thence to England, and mother and I will go back to America and settle there."

The young surgeon was of the same opinion as his cousin, respecting Alice, although he said Gerald's chance of discovering her was a very feeble one. There was, he said, no satisfactory proof that the person who had assumed the strange guardianship over her would return to India. Still the remark he had made to Mr. Ashley led to that inference.

Gerald, on the arrival of the Mysore at Bombay, wrote to his mother again, informing her of his resolution, and giving her his reasons for having formed it.

The Captain's clerk of the Mysore had died on the passage from Colombo to Bombay, and on the arrival of the frigate at the latter port, the Captain offered the situation to Gerald. The offer was readily accepted, and thus the young man found himself duly enrolled as one of the crew of the Company's cruizer.

CHAPTER XXV.

Showing how the noble Dane was right when he said, "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than e'er were dreamed of in our philosophy."

After lying a few weeks in the port of Bombay, and having been on a short cruise up the Persian Gulf, the captain of the Mysore received orders to sail for the Yellow Sea. This order was received with joy by all on board, for officers and crew were alike tired of lying in a port possessing so few fascinations as Bombay. Gerald was delighted at the prospect of a change of scene although his present post afforded him little opportunity of hearing of Alice or her self-constituted guardian, even if he should have returned to India, and have brought her with him. Another matter occasioned the young man no little annoyance. He knew not how he should get possession of the letter which he expected to arrive in the course of a few months from his mother in reply to that which he had written her from Colombo. He had requested it to be directed to him, in the care of his uncle Ashley, anticipating the return of the frigate to Ceylon, and this voyage of indefinite duration to the coast of China rendered the receipt of letters from any part of the world very uncertain. His only resource was to wait with patience until the cruise should expire, when the Mysore would either return to Colombo, or sail for some port from which he could communicate with Mr. Ashley and request his letters to be forwarded to him.

In due time the frigate reached her cruising ground and there sailing and countersailing, backwards and forwards along the Chinese coast, sometimes stretching off to the Phillipine or

Loo Choo Islands, occasionally going into some minor port on the coast, the Mysore remained on the station for two months: that short period appearing to have lengthened itself into two years, so speedily did the crew tire of their new cruising ground and long to return to some more hospitable station; such strange beings are sailors and so prone to tire of that which but a short time before they looked forward to with delight.

It was therefore with no little gratification that in falling in with the commodore's ship of the squadron, off Canton, they heard orders given to sail for Singapore and there await fresh orders from Bombay.

Communication could be readily had at Singapore with Bombay, Calcutta, Colombo, or any other part of the East Indies, still from the nature of the orders he had received, the captain of the frigate had every reason to expect a long detention in the harbor of that beautiful and thriving dependency.

The island was reached within a fortnight after the vessel's prow had been turned westward. The officers freely visited the shore and partook of the hospitalities of the merchants on the island, and the crew were allowed shore-leave at stated intervals, those remaining on board being employed in refitting and tarring the rigging and painting the ship, which had suffered severely from the tempestuous weather so often encountered in the Yellow sea.

The business alacrity everywhere visible on shore, the many attractive rides and drives over the island, the frequency of the entertainments given by the merchants and dignitaries, and the lively scene in the harbor, where lay vessels of every European commercial nation, and Chinese junks in almost countless numbers; the abundance and cheapness of fresh fruits and vegetables, and the delightful climate of this little tropical paradise, rendered the change from the solitary cruise from which they had lately returned doubly grateful, and every one on board participated in the general feeling of gladness.

Gerald immediately upon the ship's arrival had written to

his uncle, at Colombo, and to Mr. Thompson, at Calcutta, requesting that any letters that might be awaiting him should be forwarded to him at Singapore, and this task accomplished, he entered freely into the pleasures of the hour, and endeavored to nerve himself with patience to await the long time that must yet elapse before he could hear from his friends.

In spite of all his endeavors a singular presentiment of some coming evil haunted him to such a degree that he could not shake it off. His situation as captain's clerk relieved him from the duty of keeping the customary anchor-watch while in port, but he generally remained up during the first watch, conversing with the officer in charge of the deck, for if he retired early to rest, the strange foreboding of approaching evil which occupied his mind, led to frightful dreams which seemed still further to increase the gloomy impressions which surrounded his waking hours, when not actively employed. He spoke to his cousin on the subject but Frederick merely endeavored to laugh him out of his gloomy conceits.

"Pooh, pooh! my dear fellow," he would say, "you are suffering under a slight attack of hypochondria. You should take more exercise. Your occupation of quill driving is too sedentary. You must not permit your mind to brood over silly fancies. You are too anxious about those letters you are expecting. I have not heard from home since we left Colombo, and yet I do not worry myself about things I cannot help. In the course of a few days we shall hear from Ceylon and Calcutta too, and then I warrant you'll find everything right."

"I trust so," Gerald would reply.

"Then think so. It's never any use foreboding evil. It's bad enough when it comes; but all the lighter for coming without being anticipated. The anticipation is generally worse than the reality." And so Gerald endeavored to school himself to think, but still all his efforts were fruitless, and he grew more desponding every day, as the time drew near when a reply might be expected to the letter he had despatched to his Uncle Ashley.

One day the officers of the Mysore gave a party on board to the merchants and their ladies. Everything had passed off pleasantly, and Gerald, who had joined in the dance several times during the evening, felt his spirits much revived. It was near midnight when the guests left the frigate, and after they had gone Gerald walked the deck for some time, smoking a cigar and talking with his cousin.

"I think you were right, Fred," he said, "when you told me, the other day, that I did not take sufficient exercise. I feel better to-night than I have done for a long time, not that my bodily health is improved, for it is always good; but I have taken a great deal of violent exercise to-night, and I feel much more cheerful than I have done since we entered this port."

"Of course you do," returned Frederick. "You wanted exercise, nothing more. You were beginning to feel a little home-sick. I have felt so myself at times; but now, take my advice, and don't overdo the thing. Go below and turn in at once, and to-morrow you'll find yourself quite another being."

The young men descended to the wardroom together, and Frederick retired to his hammock; but Gerald, not feeling sleepy, seated himself on a stool, opened his chest, and taking out a book, commenced reading. The book he had chosen out of the few that the chest contained, was a volume of the Pilgrim's Progress, which had been given him by his mother a day or two before he had left Abbottsford for London. It was among the latest souvenirs from her that he possessed.

On the fly leaf his name was witten in her hand-writing, and beneath was a quotation from Cowper—her favorite poet.

Gerald's eye on opening the volume chanced to fall upon this verse:

> "Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
> When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers."

"The violet, the pink and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin."

("And thou was't happier than myself, the while
Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile")

"Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them: Would I wish them here?"

"I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might."

"But no: What here we call our life is such—
So little to be loved, and those so much."

"That I should ill requite thee to constrain,
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again."

Gerald, at Mrs. Dalton's request, had read this entire poem of Cowper's, "On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture," during the afternoon of the day on which she had presented him with this little memento, and when placing the book in his hands before he retired to rest, she said:

"Gerald, in a few days you will be on the ocean, bound to a distant country. I sincerely hope we shall meet again, my son; but, perhaps, it may not be. If not—if before you return to England I shall have passed into the tomb, and if the disembodied spirit be permitted to watch over the welfare of those whom they have loved on earth, my spirit will be ever hovering around you, Gerald, until yours rejoins mine in a better world. It is a gloomy fancy that has possessed me this evening, Gerald; lowness of spirits, occasioned by your approaching departure and my own poor health, I suspect has been the cause of it, and I will try to overcome it: but, Gerald, I have written a stanza from the poem you read aloud to-day in the fly leaf of this book, and should I be removed hence before we meet again, when your eyes read those lines, cease to grieve for me, but rather believe that I am happier in heaven than I have been here, and am only waiting, to complete my happiness, for you to rejoin me."

"You must not give way to these melancholy feelings, mother," answered Gerald. "I shall not be very long absent; the probability is, that I shall see you again, sooner than if I were going to remain in London. You are much improved in health since you have resided at Abbottsford, and when I return to England, I hope to find your health completly restored."

Gerald had never opened this book from the day he left England until now, and as he read the lines and recalled the conversation to which they had given rise, his heart smote him for the disregard he had paid to his mother's entreaties to return to England as soon as possible. He thought of the unkind letter he had written from Calcutta, and again he seemed to hear his Uncle Ashley's warning voice saying, "Gerald, you will one day deeply sorrow for having allowed your indignation to fall upon your mother."

Instead of reading the volume, a strange fascination, that he could not withstand, fixed his gaze upon these lines, traced by his mother's hand.

How long he sat in this position, he declared, subsequently, that he did not know: hours must have passed, although they seemed but minutes. He was still gazing upon the page, when the lines grew indistinct, as if some shadow had passed over them. The fascination that had fixed his gaze was gone, and raising his head, he endeavored to discover the cause of the shadow which had suddenly obscured the page. Before him was a thin yet palpable mist, in the midst of which he fancied he could discern the shadowy outline of a human form. He was again fascinated, and was unable to withdraw his gaze; the mist slowly dissolved, and the figure grew more distinct. Soon he could plainly distinguish the form of his mother, clad in a plain white robe, that might have been a shroud, and then the features became visible, at first shadowy and indistinct, then more and more clearly defined, until the mist had entirely disappeared, and his mother's figure stood erect before him, one hand pointing upwards, the other with the fore finger out-

stretched, pointing to the open page of the volume upon his knee. The features were those of his mother as he had last seen her, but the face was pale and death-like, and the expression of the countenance was sad and sorrowful, yet beaming with love and pity. Soon as he gazed, essaying to speak, yet unable to give utterance to a word—the expression of the countenance changed to one of thankfulness and gratitude—a sweet, gentle smile, lighted up the pale face, and he heard his mother's well-remembered voice, saying, as her finger still pointed to the page—"Remember, Gerald, remember!" and in a moment the figure vanished from his sight.

He started like one awaking from a frightful dream. It was not long past midnight, when he had seated himself in the cabin, but the faint glimmer of day was beaming in through the skylight, and the solitary lamp, by the light of which he had intended to read, was flickering feebly in the socket. His brow was bathed in a cold, clammy sweat, and his frame shuddered with cold. He could hear the deep breathing of the other occupants of the wardroom,—all were yet sleeping soundly. At first, he thought he had been sleeping and dreaming himself, but still he sat upright, with the chest-lid open before him, and the open volume lying upon his knee, in exactly the same position in which he had placed it hours before. Had he stirred a single inch, it must have fallen to the floor; besides, the impression left of his mother's figure and features, and the sound of her warning voice, and the gentle smile which had succeeded the first mournful gaze was all too vivid to have been effected by a dream. For some moments he still felt the spell upon him; then he rose, placed the book in the chest, closed the lid, extinguished the last faint glimmer of the flickering lamp, and threw himself, dressed as he was, into his hammock. A strange sense of weariness oppressed him, and he was soon asleep. Then he dreamed indeed. He was home again, in Abbottsford; he had alighted from the stage, at the corner of the lane, which led to the vil-

lage from the high road, and with a joyous heart trudged gaily on, intending to give his mother a happy surprise, for she knew not of his coming. And now the village was in sight; he could see the turret of the little village church peeping over the horse-chestnut trees, which surrounded and shaded the sacred structure. The birds were chirping sweetly amidst the budding foliage of the trees and hedges, for it was the season of early spring, when nature puts forth her gayest garments. Suddenly the deep toll of the church-bell struck solemnly upon his ear; his gaiety and joyousness had fled. He hurried on, until he met with a villager—one whose features he seemed to recollect, and yet whose name he could not recall. With the strange inconsistency of a dream the figure and features seemed to be those of Mr. Pearce—then of Jemmy Milton—then of his uncle Ashley. Again the bell tolled mournfully, and approaching the village, he asked the cause of this death-peal.

"Mrs. Dalton died last night," replied the person addressed.

A faint sickness came over the young man, and he felt as if he would have fallen to the earth; but recovering himself, he turned to ask further questions—the stranger had vanished.

Again the scene changed; he was still at Abbottsford, but the beautiful spring morning had passed away, and the wind blew keen and chill, whistling dolefully through the young leaves on the trees, a fitting accompaniment to the mournful sound of the church bell which was still tolling. The sky above was gloomy and lowering, and people passed by him hurriedly, their eyes cast sadly upon the ground. All were hastening in one direction, and in that direction he turned his steps. It led him into the church-yard, and just as he entered the gate, a mournful procession was leaving the church. A coffin covered with a pall, and preceded by a clergyman in his black gown, was carried between four bearers, the pall supported by school children. Two and two together, several adults, male and female, clad in sombre garments, followed immediately behind; and then, also, two and two together, followed the children of

the neighboring parish school, clad in white garments, with black sashes round their waists. Some were weeping; all wore a look of sadness as they slowly passed on towards an open grave at some short distance from the church, and situated deep in the shadow of the chestnut grove. The clergyman halted at the head of the grave, and read the burial service, and anon the voices of the children who stood around burst forth in a mournful chant. Then the coffin was lowered into the grave. He heard the hollow rattle of the earth as it was cast upon the coffin by the grave-digger, and the solemn tone of the clergyman's voice as he repeated the words:—

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

He had stood spell bound during the ceremony; when all was over, he found words to speak, and turned to ask a question of some one of the mourners, but all had vanished except the sexton. He stood alone with him.

"Whose funeral is this?" he asked.

"Where have you come from that you do not know?" was the reply. "'Tis Mrs. Dalton's, the village schoolmistress's. Ah! poor thing, she was a good body, and sorely she sorrowed that her son was not by her to close her dying eyes."

"I am Gerald Dalton!" he replied, and the man seized him firmly by the shoulder. He struggled to extricate himself, and awoke to find Frederick Ashley standing by the side of his hammock, shaking him roughly.

"Are you going to lie in your hammock all day long?" he cried. "It's nearly seven bells. Breakfast will be ready directly, and hammocks have been piped up long ago. Come, rouse up. We have arranged a party to go and see a tiger hunt; the brutes have swam over from the main land, and have been playing the d—l with the Chinese laborers on the plantations; the merchants have collected a lot of coolies, and are going to turn out *en masse* for the hunt. Come, make haste, or you will be too late."

Gerald sprang from his hammock, performed his ablutions, changed his clothes, and sat down to the breakfast-table, but he was unable to eat a mouthful.

"Why, Gerald, what ails you this morning?" asked Frederick. "You look as pale as the ghost in Hamlet, and only last night you were boasting of being so well."

"I am not sick," replied Gerald, "but I have no appetite this morning, and don't care for any breakfast."

"The very way to get sick in this climate, not to eat in the morning," said Frederick, helping himself to another roll. "But you'll soon have an appetite if you join the hunt to-day. We are going to take provisions with us."

"I must beg to be excused from joining you," said Gerald.

"Pooh! What nonsense. You've got into your old tantrums again, I see. Come, I'm your medical adviser, and I insist upon your joining us for the benefit of your health. We go to-day up to Mr. Morley's plantations, and wait there till night-fall, when the tigers come out of the jungle, and then we shall set out in chase. We shall have a grand and exciting time of it."

Again Gerald begged to be excused, and his cousin, noticing his agitation, forbore to press him further; but after breakfast, when the party had gone on deck, he stepped up to him and kindly inquired what ailed him. Gerald for some time refused to explain, but at length he yielded to his cousin's pressing questions, and relating the singular waking vision of the previous night, and the subsequent equally singular dreams.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," said Frederick, "waking visions, indeed! that was a dream as well as the others. You are allowing yourself to become the victim of a morbid imagination, Gerald, and you must shake off these fancies, or you will become a confirmed hypochondriac."

"It could not have been a dream," said Gerald, "the impression it left left was too vivid, it was not like those other dreams which followed; besides I could not have slept for

hours with an open volume lying on my knee and myself sitting upright, without any support, on a camp-stool. The thing's impossible."

"Not at all impossible," said Frederick, "we can sleep in strange attitudes sometimes. Why, I've slept on horseback while out hunting in Ceylon, before now, and held the reins and guided the horse as cleverly as if I had been broad awake."

"What is the day of the month?" asked Gerald.

"The 18th of March," replied Frederick.

"And at what hour does the daylight begin to appear in the morning?"

"About six o'clock."

"I shall note the day of the month down," said Gerald. "I am certain that I saw something more than a mere dream last night."

"Well, I see you won't be convinced, and an obstinate man—and you are a deuced obstinate chap, you know, Gerald—must have his own way, as the old adage says. After all, Hamlet was right when he said "There is more in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than e'er was dreamed of in our philosophy," but you are fretting now about letters from England when you know it is only about four months since you wrote to your mother from Colombo, and she can scarcely have done more than received the letter yet, certainly there has not been time for you to receive a reply to it."

"No, but still I cannot help this strange foreboding that has come across my mind."

"And which is the cause of nightmares and frightful dreams, and indigestion, and loss of appetite, and evils of all sorts. Come," he added, after a pause, observing Gerald's irresolution, "you must join us to-day. The exercise and excitement will shake off these gloomy fancies," and Gerald at length suffered himself to be persuaded, and promised to join the party.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Which announces the death of Deacon Milton, and tells how Jemmy Milton came into possession of a "fortune." How he was sought after in marriage by antiquated spinsters and disconsolate widdys. How all was in vain, and how Jemmy made his will and smoked his pipe in peace in the boat-house.

Matters of trifling moment to the world, agitate a small community. If Herrington had been swallowed up by an earthquake, or what would have been more probable, had that insignificant little seaport been swallowed up by the ever-encroaching sea, and forever blotted out from the world, the map of Europe would have needed no modification, and even the map of the small island of Great Britain would have required little perceptible alteration, and yet, during the brief period in the course of this narrative that has been occupied in the description of events that occurred in distant localities, a circumstance had occurred in Herrington which had very much excited the little community and had been food for the gossips and a matter of grave speculation to the sages and of the town. Deacon Milton, its wealthiest, and one of its oldest inhabitants, had died, full of years and *honors*, "deeply lamented by all the residents of the borough of which he had so long been a prominent and influential member," so said the minister of Zion chapel, who filled the post, once occupied by Mr. Ashley, when he preached the funeral sermon on the following sabbath.

"So old Thomas Milton has dropped off at last; well, he was a close fisted old fellow; but it seems as if one of the props of the town had fallen, we have been so used to see him taking

his walk as regular as clock-work, from his house to the Town-Hall. He was a man of substance. I wonder who'll get the old fellow's money; not that ne'er-do-well brother of his, sure*ly*,'' said the majority of the towns-people who had no particular interest in the chapel of which he had been the wealthiest member, and, "so old deacon Milton's gone, I wonder who'll get his money; he must have left a pretty penny behind him;" echoed a hundred gossips, over the tea-table, the day that the tidings had gone forth that old Deacon Milton was no more.

Jemmy Milton, the old sailor and fisherman was, so far as was known, his only living relative, consequently, the only person who had any natural claim to his late brother's wealth; but, few persons thought that the deacon had left his property unrestrictedly to his brother. There had never existed any fraternity of feeling between them, and beyond an ordinary recognition, a nod of the head, and a brief good-day when they met, they had held no intercourse with each other, excepting on the occasions when Jemmy went to the deacon's house, four times a year, to receive his quarterly dole of salary. The leading members of the chapel thought a large portion of his money would be found to be left to the chapel, some of them thought that they might themselves come in for an individual share—as a token of the long friendship that had existed between them and the deceased. Others believed it not unlikely, now that the deacon could no longer enjoy the contemplation of the wealth he was too niggardly to spend, even for his own comfort and gratification, that he had bequeathed at least some portion of it to the public charities of the town, or to the poor among the congregation of his own chapel, or, perchance, to the endowment of some beneficent institution that might be a lasting monument to his memory—these were the charitably inclined; others said that the ghost of the deceased deacon would haunt the town if the money were thus scattered that he had amassed with so much pains and hoarded with so much care, and hinted that it would be discovered,

when his will came to be examined, that he had devised some scheme to carry his treasure with him to the tomb, or, at least, had given directions that it should be expended in the erection of a splendid monument over his grave. These were the decidedly uncharitable.

All these calculations, however, were doomed to disappointment. It was soon known that the vicar of the parish, with whom the deacon had never been on terms of close intimacy, was the executor of the deceased, and that Jemmy Milton was the sole legatee. With the exception of Dr. Knight's fee for his medical services, calculated to the utmost degree of nicety, for the deacon had preserved his faculties unimpaired until a few hours before his death, and had only probably sent for the vicar the day before it occurred, and five pounds bequeathed to the vicar, for the purchase of a new gown, as some compensation for his trouble in accepting the office of executor—all the property was bequeathed, without restriction, to his brother, and thus Jemmy Milton found himself in the unexpected possession of ten thousand pounds sterling—a mint of wealth in the eyes of the good people of Herrington.

Much and grievous disappointment was felt at this natural and just disposal of his property by the deacon, and no little indignation was openly expressed by those who had hoped to profit by the death of the deceased miser, whose memory was now most sorely traduced by those who had most fawned upon him, while living.

The matter, however, after having been the main topic of conversation and the chief source of gossip for a season, passed at length into oblivion, and with it, the deacon himself, who, living as he had lived in Herrington, had left no real friend to mourn his loss—no widow or orphan to bless and revere his memory.

This sudden accession to wealth was the source of great trouble to Jemmy Milton. The deacon's property was nearly all in ready money. He had amassed his fortune, in the first

instance, by smuggling, in which nefarious profession he had been very successful in early life, and he had, subsequently, increased it by lending out small sums at usurious interest to the needy among the townspeople and the farmers in the vicinity; but, in his later years, he had grown so cautious and so fond of retaining his money in his own possession, that he had called in his loans, and deposited the money in an iron safe, set into the wall in the bedroom in which he slept, the key of which was tied to a string worn round his neck. No one in the town, however, was aware of this, he had managed his affairs with so much secrecy; and, although it was known that he had withdrawn his money from the Herrington bank, he had managed to cause it to be generally believed that he had deposited it, for greater security, in a bank in London. To London the money had been transmitted, by the advice of the vicar, shortly after the deacon's death, and, after the funeral had taken place, Jemmy, clad for the first time in his life, in a new suit of black broadcloth, had gone himself up to London as he said, to look about him a bit, and traverse his old cruising ground, Ratcliffe Highway and Wapping, and work off the melancholy, for the old deacon, though his brother had never encouraged any fraternal feeling, had been his brother still, and he was now, as he said, an old hulk, left quite alone in the world.

However, Jemmy soon returned from London and took up his quarters at his former lodgings, the cottage of a middle aged widow left with a large family of children, her husband having been drowned at sea two or three years before the deacon's decease. Jemmy had lived with the family, the widow's husband having been an old shipmate of his, for several years, and after the husband's death he had still continued to reside with the widow.

Immediately upon his return from London he had doffed his mourning suit, merely reserving the crape around his hat, and had resumed his old, seaman's garb, for, as he said, in that "long toggery," he felt like a craft whose backstays had been set

up too taut, and that consequently jerked terrible hard in steering.

A few days after his return to Herrington he called upon Mr. Pearce, at the vicarage. At the vicar's request he was shown by the servant who admitted him, into the study.

"Ha! Mr. Milton," said the vicar, "how are you to-day? I thought you were in London. I had no idea that you would return so soon. But take a seat, my old friend, take a seat," and he handed a chair to his visitor.

"Thank'ee sir," replied Jemmy taking the proffered seat, "I am quite well, and I hope you are the same. I came back from Lunnun near a week ago. Couldn't find any pleasure there, sir, Wapping and Ratcliffe highway ain't what they used to be, but I beg pardon, sir. You'll excuse this 'ere toggery as I've got on, but I could'nt stand that 'ere swaller-tail any longer. I was like as if I was in the bilboes, when I wore it. Mayhap I should have enjoyed myself better in Lunnun if I'd ha' gone up there in Christian-like toggery, axing your pardon for speakin' so bold."

"Not at all, not at all, Mr. Milton," said the vicar, "every one has a perfect right to dress as he pleases, and it is only natural that you should feel most at ease in the attire to which you have been accustomed all your life."

"I should like, Mr. Pearce," said the old man, "that you'd call me Jemmy. It's the name as I've been used to, and like the old duds, it seems to fit me best. I hardly know who the folks mean when they 'dresses me as Mr. Milton."

"Jemmy, then, if you please," said the vicar, "although I believe I have generally addressed you as Mr. Milton."

"To be sure, sir, you have, and I didn't mind it from you in old times, seeing as you was the reverend. But every one calls me so now. It's *Mister* Milton here, and *Mister* Milton there, till I'm well a nigh crazed. But I've taken the liberty of callin' to ask some advice of you, sir."

"What is it, Jemmy, since so I must designate you?" said the vicar. "I shall be happy, I'm sure, to afford you any advice to the best of my ability."

"It's about this here money that my brother left me, sir," said Jemmy, "it's a great trouble to me, sir."

"It is a talent entrusted to your care which it is your duty to put out at interest," replied the vicar.

"That's what ever body tells me," said Jemmy. "*Mister* Milton," says they, "You should put that there money out to good interest, and one advises this, and t'other that, till I'm a'most crazed. Lor' bless you, sir, axin' your pardon, there's more than I can spend, without puttin' it out to interest, if I was to live to be as old again as I am now."

"You mistake me, my friend," smilingly replied the vicar. "Although the advice given is still good in a worldly point of view. When I spoke of putting the talent entrusted to your care out at interest, I meant that it was your duty so to use it, as to benefit your less fortunate fellow creatures, and so obtain hereafter the reward that is promised to those who assist the sick and needy for the love they bear to him who gave them their abundance."

"You talk reasonable, sir, in that, but it puts me out of patience to hear folks tellin' on me, to make the most of my money, as if money was every thing to an old man like me, who has lived on fifty pounds a year and thought it wealth. Besides Jemmy Milton ain't such a fool as not to see, as these folks has their own ends to sarve."

"What have you thought of doing, Jemmy? How have you concluded to dispose of your recently acquired wealth?" asked the vicar.

"Why, sir, I'm an old man, and can't reasonably expect my worn out timbers to hang together many years longer. I can't think of changing my mode of living, for I shouldn't be happy any other way. I have been thinking, sir, I ought to make a will."

"And a very good thought too, Jemmy," said the vicar. "By-the-by, what is your age?"

"Does your reverence know what age they put on my brother's coffin?" asked Jemmy.

"Seventy-two years and nine months, I believe," replied the vicar.

"Well then, I've always heerd that I was four years younger than Tummas. That makes me to be——"

"Sixty-eight years old," said the vicar.

"'Xactly, sir; very good. Now a man as has seed hardships, and is sixty-eight years old, can't expect to live many years longer. I feels old age a creepin' over me now. The rheaumatis' troubles o' nights, and I feels aches and pains in my limbs, specially in the great toe as got frost-bit, and was amputated when I was on board a North Sea whaler twenty-five years ago. That ere great toe troubles me terrible, sir."

"I hope you'll live to see many more years yet, Jemmy," said the vicar, smiling at the old man's singular conceit. 'You're a hale, hearty man for one of your years; still, it is a prudent thought of yours to make your will while in sound health of body and mind. When do you think of setting about it? I shall be happy to afford you any assistance you may require."

"There's a many as advises me agin it, sir," continued Jemmy. "They says that when a man makes his will, it's a sure sign as he's a goin' to slip off the hooks; 'specially the widdies and old maids goes agin it. I was a talkin' about it over at my lodgings the night arter I come from Lunnun, and Peggy Nelson, she as I boards with, had axed six or seven women-folk of her acquaintance to tea to meet me and welcome me home agin, as she said. After tea, they all begins to pitch into me about my money, and to 'gratulate me, as they says, on comin' into the deacon's fortun'. Says I, 'yes, it's a great sight of money for an old man to fall alongside of, and I'm thinking as I ought to make a will.'

"'Lauks,' says they, all at a time, 'I hope you'll remember your old friends then, *Mister* Milton?' And then, says one, 'To think of *Mister* Milton a calling of hisself an old man, Peggy, when I warrant me there's many a young 'ooman as 'ud

be glad to set up her cap at him sooner than at half the men as calls theirselves young, let alone the widdies,' says she; and then chimes in another, 'For my part, I never fancy a man when he's too young.' She was an old maid, precious near as old as I be, and she says, 'I allers turned my face agin very young men, and I've had a many offers. No, no, give me a sober, steady man, in the prime of life'—squintin' awful at me—'one as has got over the follies of youth, and as is a good purvider.'

"After they wor all gone, Peggy Nelson fetched out a bottle of holland's, and brewed a couple of glasses of hot toddy, and, says she, '*Mister* Milton'—she always called me Jemmy afore, and I knowed as how summut was commin'—'*Mister* Milton,' says she, 'them folks as is gone talks a good deal of nonsense; but, Lor' bless ye, they means nought. Still,' says she, sittin' up closer alongside of me, "there be some truth in what they says. You're a man of substance now,' says she, 'and you'll find the need of somebody to nuss you, and take care on ye, and make you comfortable, though I don't say anything agin my neighbors, but I can't say as I think any of them would be the woman as 'ud make you a good wife;' and then she sipped her toddy, and axed me if mine was sweet enough, and pressed me to drink it up and have some more; and when she'd mixed me the second glass, she sits for some time silent, squintin' at me now and then, and a droppin' of her eyes when I chanced to look at her, like a young gal of sixteen. At last, she says:

"'It *was* terr'bl dull when you was up there at Lunnun, Mr Milton.'

"'I wish, Peggy, you'd call me Jemmy, as is my nat'ral name,' says I.

"'It's the name I love to call you by,' says she, 'but I thought, now you'd come into a fortun', as it would be disrespectful-like; but since you wishes it, I *will* call you Jemmy. It *was terr'bl* dull when you was up at Lunnun, Jemmy,' she repeats, a winkin' at me agin.

"'I found it dull,' I says; 'I was main glad to get home agin, Peggy.'

"'No! Was you, now?' says she. 'Well, and it's astonishin' how the children took on after ye. 'When'll feyther come back, mammy?' says little Molly. And, 'I shall be so glad to see feyther agin,' says Bobby. You know they all call you feyther, Jemmy?'—a winkin' at me agin—'for you was always so good to them; just as kind as their own poor feyther,' and Peggy put her apron to her eyes and begun to rub 'em till they got as red as if she'd a been peelin' ingyens; but she soon put it down agin, and goes on; 'you was always a bringin' on 'em apples and shrimps and perrywinkles,' says she; 'and your face was always so smiling and good-natured, that you reminded me of my own good man that's dead and buried in his salt sea grave,' and up went the apron agin. 'He was a good man,' says she, 'and please God, while he lived, I made him a good wife, and we had a large and interestin' family of children. Ah! Jemmy Milton, it ain't till a body's been married and is left a disconsolate widdy, that they feels what was the happiness of a married life,' and she began a winkin' at me worser than ever.

"Howsomever, I said nought that night, and when I refused to have any more toddy, she got up and bid me good night, as affectionate like, as if I was a goin' to be drownded myself the next day.

"When I got to my own room and turned in, I says to myself, 'Jemmy Milton,' says I, 'there's materomony in this here drift of wind; them old maids and disconsolate widdys didn't come to tea last night without some reason of their own; and Peggy Nelson wasn't a talkin' about the children, and of my bein' like a feyther to 'em and a winkin' at me, and a wipin' her eyes with her apron, for nought. Now, Jemmy, don't you be a driftin' into materomony at your age, like a ship 'ithout a pilot, that's lost her steerage-way, after having lived true to poor Jane's memory so long.' And then I began to think as

it was terr'ble lonesome-like lying in bed alone, and how I'd read in the bible, that David, when he got old, got a young wife to keep him warm, and take care on him; and thinks I, I'll call on the vicar in the morning and ax him, and take his advice on the subject, but I felt too bashful-like, and I put off calling; but the next day and the next, I had to submit to the same persecution, 'till I got fidgetty, and to think that a wife wouldn't be such a bad thing, after all, and Peggy's a good-looking woman for her years, and made a good wife to Jack Nelson, so at last I made up my mind to ask your reverence's advice about materomony and the makin' on a will."

The vicar had listened patiently to Jemmy's long story without speaking a word, though he occasionally smiled at some odd conceit of the narrator's; but when he had concluded, he said:—

"With respect to the subject of matrimony, Jemmy, I have nothing to say, though if you insist upon my advice, I should say, since you have lived so long single, at your age I think you would be running a great risk in taking a wife. These ladies, it seems, never pressed you thus before; it is your money that is the temptation now."

"To be sure it is, sir," said Jemmy, "axing your pardon for interrupting you, sir; and I'll still remain true to my poor Jane's memory. But about the will, sir?"

"I was about to say in regard to that subject," resumed the vicar, "that I think it will be a very sensible action on your part. If I were in your place, I would set about it immediately."

"So I will, then," said Jemmy; "but there won't be any need of calling in a lawyer?"

"Not necessarily, so that the will is drawn out and signed in the presence of witnesses, although, to be sure that no errors are made, it might be as well to get a lawyer to draw out the document."

"It'll be so plain, I shall make no errors, sir," said Jemmy,

"and I'll do without a lawyer, if possible: I never liked 'em, at sea nor ashore—the breed's bad; a sea-lawyer is a curse aboard of a ship."

"I presume you can do without," said the vicar, smiling at the old man's prejudices.

"Can't it be done at once, sir?" asked Jemmy.

"I suppose so," answered the vicar. "Have you the premises drawn out?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir?" replied the old man; "but if you'd be kind enough to write down what I say, I'll be obliged to you, and you can be the witness."

"We shall require another, I believe," rejoined the vicar, "though I am so ignorant of the necessary forms, that I cannot be sure that such is the case."

"Draw it out, and I'll get Doctor Knight to call with me to-morrow, and sign it," said Jemmy.

"I will, if you require it," said the vicar, and taking a quire of paper from his desk, and his pen in his hand, he wrote at Jemmy's dictation, making his own amendments to the style and syntax, as follows:—

"On the 20th day of May, in the year of our Lord 18—,

"I, James Milton, of the parish of Herrington, in the county of Kent, mariner, being of sound health in body and mind, do hereby make my will and testament, and give and bequeath my property as follows:—

I bequeath to my well-beloved friend, Gerald Dalton, late of Herrington, son of Charles and Mary Dalton, the sum of Five Thousand pounds, to him and his heirs forever, or in case of his decease, I give the same sum of five thousand pounds to Mary Dalton, the mother of the said Gerald Dalton, or in case of her decease, to William Ashley, formerly of Herrington, and now of Ceylon, in the East Indies.

"I also give and bequeath the interest of the sum of one thousand pounds to supply once, each and every quarter of a year, a supper to those messmates who have united with me

at the old boathouse on Herrington beach, known as Jemmy Milton's boat-house, at the same period for a series of years past, so long as they shall live, and at their death, I desire that the money shall be equally divided amongst the survivors of their several widows and children.

"I furthermore give and bequeath the interest of the sum of two hundred pounds, forever, to be employed in keeping the aforesaid boat-house in good repair, externally and internally.

"I give and bequeath to the corporation of Herrington the interest of the sum of two thousand pounds, forever, to be expended in the purchase of coals and blankets for six poor widows, to be distributed at the season of Christmas every year, by the vicar of the Parish of Herrington, according to his judgment.

"And the residue of my property at the period of my death after sufficient shall be deducted therefrom to provide a plain funeral, I desire shall be divided amongst the poor widows of seamen of the parish of Herrington.

"Given at the vicarage of the parish of Herrington, at the date above-mentioned.

JAMES MILTON+His mark.

Witnesses, { THOMAS PEARCE, Vicar,
CHARLES KNIGHT, M. D.

(The last written signature was affixed on the following day, Jemmy having brought Dr. Knight to the vicarage, for the purpose.)

"I am afraid we have made a bungling affair of this, Jemmy," said the vicar after he had read it aloud to the old fisherman, "but I fancy it will be as binding as if it were constructed in a more technical style."

"I wish I could get you to accept some bequest, sir," said Jemmy, he having repeatedly urged the matter while the vicar was writing.

"No, Jemmy, I thank you," said the vicar, "I have enough

for myself and would rather not. Let the will stand as it is."

"Very well, sir, if you insist upon it," replied the old man. "I will now bid you good day, and thank'ee for your trouble, and I think I'll make short work of that 'ere trap to catch me in the bonds o' matermony, but Peggy Nelson'll be mortial angry."

"Good day, Jemmy," replied the vicar, and the old man left the parsonage.

Many months passed away before Jemmy was allowed any peace—at least so he averred—by the antiquated spinsters and disconsolate "widdys," who were eager to entice him into their toils, but he proved obdurate and resisted all their blandishments, and at last they gave up the idea of bringing him to their feet, and Jemmy was allowed to smoke his pipe and drink his beer in peace in his favorite retreat at the old boat-house on Herrington beach.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Explaining how Minette manages to procure an interview with Alice, at the Convent at Orleans, and showing the result of the interview.

Minette, the waiting-maid of Alice Thornton, whom Mr. Craddock had discharged in Paris, after his return with his niece from Cuba, had been engaged after Alice had left the convent school, expressly to attend her during the voyage to the West Indies. She was a native of the French capital, and had passed through various grades, from a singing girl in the street, to a flower vender, and thence to become a children's "*bonne*." Her agreeable and intelligent appearance had attracted the notice of Mr. Craddock, and he had offered her good wages to accompany his niece. It had required some persuasion on the part of Mr. Craddock to induce Minette to leave her dear Paris, but ambition at length prevailed over inclination, and Minette found herself promoted to the post of ladies' maid, the acme of her ambition, until, in the course of a few years more she should marry some student or painter from the *Quartier Latin*, and settle down as a married woman, for life. Nor was this latter altogether a vague idea on the part of the newly-promoted *soubrette*. She had already *une affaire de la cœur* on hand, which promised to ripen into marriage, the object of her admiration being a young artist, who was copying at the Louvre, and living and working cheerfully on, in the hope of one day securing fame, fortune, and Minette; and when the young *soubrette* had engaged to attend Ma'mselle Alice, she had been partly tempted to undertake the voyage and forego the delights of Paris for a season, in hopes that the wages she would save

would help to forward the happy consummation to which both she and Armand both looked forward with much impatience and not a little anxiety.

Minette possessed most of the virtues and frailties of her class. She was capable of strong attachment to those who treated her kindly, and at the same time prone to resent, without particular regard to the means she employed, any slight that she believed she had received. She had become much attached to Alice, who, perhaps, for want of any other female friend to converse with, had made her her confidant. During her residence at the convent school, Alice had acquired a fair acquaintance with the French language, nothing else being spoken by her teachers and daily companions, and from subsequently conversing in that language with Minette during the passage to the West Indies, she had learned to speak it with tolerable fluency. The most shrewd and cautious often overreach themselves, and Mr. Craddock was little aware that in engaging this humble French waiting-maid, he was opening the way to the eventual discovery and overthrow of his scheme of aggrandisement. It had never struck him, singular as it may appear, that Alice would ever make a confidant of her maid, or that a simple *soubrette* could, by any possible means, defeat the object of his ambition.

Minette was glad to return home to *la belle France*, yet she would willingly have remained for a longer period in the service of her young mistress; the object of her service was not yet attained; her purse had not yet acquired the plethoric fulness that she wished to see. She had heard enough of Alice's history to suspect that something was wrong, though, as Alice herself was ignorant of the real object of her uncle, the waiting-maid, of course, could not, with all her shrewdness, divine the cause of his actions. She knew, however, that Ma'mselle Alice had been sent to school at a convent, in Orleans, and that she was not permitted to correspond with her former friends. She knew that Alice cherished a secret affection, and this excited

her sympathies, and she saw, on parting with her young mistress, that she was overpowered by some secret grief, and she earnestly inquired its cause. Mr. Craddock was present, and in no gentle mood at the time. He reproved her harshly for what he called impertinent curiosity, and told her that as he had paid her her wages, she might depart as soon as possible; neither he nor Miss Alice had further occasion for her services.

Minette stole one glance at Alice. The sad smile of farewell on her lips, while the tears filled her eyes, touched the heart of the *soubrette*, and the harsh words of Mr. Craddock had deeply wounded her pride. She smiled at Alice in return—a smile full of deep meaning—and then haughtily throwing back her head, she retreated from the room with the stately step of a duchess.

"Ha!" she exclaimed, as soon as she was out of hearing, "Quelle hauteur, sur la part de cet Monsieur Craddock, je suis pauvre, ha! Je ne besoin pas que les gages. Cést assez, má'mselle sera vengé."

Minette lost no time in seeking out Armand. He had been successful, and was elated with pride. He had painted a picture which had gained the prize at the last distribution. This success had procured him several orders, and he had earned since Minette had quitted Paris what appeared to him a large sum of money. He urged upon her their immediate union.

"Not so fast, *mon cher Armand*," replied Minette, submitting herself, however, with a good grace to her lover's caresses. "You have yet a task to accomplish; that done, I will be your wife."

"What is that?" demanded Armand in great surprise.

Minette related what had passed when she parted from her young mistress.

"The poor child is betrayed, Armand," she said. "I know not; she knows not whither she is going; but she has been to the convent school at Orleans. I believe her *gros bête d'un*

oncle is going to carry her thither again; perhaps to immure her forever in the convent, so that she shall never marry him she loves. Think of that, Armand. Is it not terrible?"

"But what can I do, Minette?" said Armand, who by no means fancied the idea of deferring their union until he had accomplished the seemingly hopeless and Quixotic task of delivering a young lady from a convent. "I cannot release the poor lady."

"Ah, Armand, *comme vous etes nigaud!*" said Minette, playfully patting her lover's cheek. "Who said, *mon petit*, that you were to deliver the young lady from the convent? *Mon dieu!* I don't know that she is going there. I have only my suspicions. You must learn, Armand."

"But how, Minette?"

"The thing is simple. We will wait awhile. I already know, however, that Monsieur has taken two places in the diligence for Orleans to-night. That strengthens my suspicions. In the course of a week, you will accompany me to that city. You have that pretty painting of the holy family nearly finished?"

"Yes," replied Armand, glancing at the picture on his easel, and wondering what that had to do with the question at issue.

"*Ma foi!* Armand, you must give me that picture as a last gift for my sister."

"*Que diable!* I don't understand," said Armand. "What, give you my picture which will bring me two hundred francs?"

"And I am not worth that sacrifice?" said Minette, pouting prettily.

"Yes, and a thousand more," said Armand; "but what will that effect?"

"We will go together to Orleans, Armand, you and I, and I will go to the convent and learn from the porteress, by means of a trifling bribe, whether a young lady answering the description of Ma'mselle Alice, who was formerly at school there, has returned."

"And then?" said Armand.

"Why then, I will take the picture and ask to see the superior. I shall be admitted. I will then say that I have called to see my sister for the last time before she takes the veil, and wish to give, in her name, this picture of the holy family to the convent. It is superb, Armand. You will one day be a great painter," continued Minette with well-directed flattery. "And the offer will be accepted; for the sake of obtaining the picture, I shall be permitted to see *Ma'mselle*."

"And what object will that effect?" said Armand, still undecided.

"I will learn what are the names of her friends in England. A whisper will tell me, and I shall recollect well. I am quick at such things. Ma'mselle never told me yet, for fear of her uncle. She will tell me now, if things be as I fear, and then you, Armand, who are so clever, and can do everything, shall write to her friends—to her lover, perhaps, and he will be so rejoiced, he will pay you more than two hundred francs for the loss of your picture."

This last suggestion was cleverly thrown in by the shrewd *soubrette*, and went somewhat to reconcile Armand to the loss of his painting. After considerable demur, he suffered himself to be persuaded by his mistress, and consented to the arrangement, although he still asserted that he considered it an absurd scheme.

However, the painting was finished, and a week after this conversation, Minette and her lover were in the city of Orleans.

Minette soon ascertained that her suspicions were correct, and that Alice was in the convent, and by the promise of another bribe to the porteress, she obtained permission to call again on the following day, when the porteress promised to introduce her to the superior.

Minette was there at the hour appointed, and after waiting for a short time, was presented to the superior. She carried the painting, set in a neat frame, and carefully wrapped in canvas, under her arm.

"What do you wish to say to me, *ma chere?*" demanded the superior.

"I have called, *madame*," said Minette, "to beg permission to bid adieu to my sister Alice, who came last week to this convent. You will not refuse me, Madame? I shall then never see her again."

"The young lady Alice, who will soon change the name she has been known by in the world, has no sister, I have been informed," said the superior.

"No, madame," said Minette with admirable presence of mind, recovering herself from the blunder she saw she had made, "I am not her sister, madame, but we have been friends, and I love her as a sister. I was far away, in Paris, when she came here, and I have come all the way to see her once more. You will not refuse me that little pleasure, Madame?"

"It is against the rules," replied the superior, who, however, was touched by the proof of affection that had induced a young girl to travel all the way from Paris to see her friend once again. The asceticism of the convent had not altogether destroyed, though it had deadened the sympathies of her woman's heart. However, she still hesitated. "What have you there?" she asked sharply, and with some degree of suspicion in her tone.

"A picture," said Minette, undoing the parcel, "which I have to offer to Madame, on behalf of my sister Alice, as you will permit me still to call her."

"It is very beautiful!" said the Superior, admiring the painting, which Minette had taken from its covering and exposed in a good light, "and I thank you, my good girl; but, I forgot, Sister Alice is English and you are French. How came you to be acquainted with her?"

"I and Alice have travelled much together, madame," replied Minette. "It is no reason because our countries are different that we should not be friends and sisters."

"*Bien!*" replied the Superior, "I will break through the

regulations for once. You shall see sister Alice, but it must be in my presence."

"I am content," replied Minette.

The Superior summoned an attendant and in the course of a few minutes Alice appeared. The moment she saw Minette she rushed into her arms. All distinction of social position was forgotten in her joy at seeing a friendly and sympathizing face again.

The Superior was overcome by this exhibition of feeling. She relaxed her severity of countenance, saying:—

"You can walk together on the *parterre*, in front of the hall, my children, and I will remain here; then you must bid each other farewell."

This was more than Minette had dared to hope. The two went into the garden, and Minette hastily explained to Alice the object of her visit. "You must tell me now what you have so often feared to tell; you will have no other opportunity," she said.

They saw that their movements were closely watched by the jealous superior, and Alice strove hard to render the name and address of Mr. Pearce familiar to the lips of Minette, but the case appeared almost a hopeless one to her French organs of articulation. At length Minette observed that the superior's back was turned:—

"Write, Mam'selle," she said huriedly, "here is pencil and paper. I came provided for all emergencies." And Alice hastily and tremblingly wrote the address, "Rev. Mr. Pearce Herrington vicarage."

"That is all I can do," she said, handing the slip of paper to her humble friend.

"And it is enough, if this *Monsieur* be living," said Minette. "Adieu, I see the Superior is beckoning to us; the half hour is expired; be of good courage, mam'selle, you shall soon, *plait à Dieu!* be delivered from this place."

Adieus were interchanged, and soon Minette was again be-

yond the convent walls. Fearful of discovery she and Armand set out that night for Paris, and on their arrival there Armand at the dictation of his mistress wrote a letter in French to Mr. Pearce explaining all that it lay in Minette's power to explain. The letter was duly received, and read by the vicar with the utmost amazement and indignation. He immediately wrote to Gerald, enclosing a copy of the French letter, expressing his opinion that some fraud had been or was about to be perpetrated, and his belief that the letter was authentic. Gerald's address was still at the Cheringhee Road, Calcutta, and thither the letter was directed to him, and a duplicate was also sent to Mr. Ashley in case the young man should have left Calcutta, and have visited Colombo, which Mr. Pearce did not consider at all improbable.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Melancholy news and its results.

Letters came at last from Colombo and Calcutta, but there was no news from England, and Gerald's despondency increased notwithstanding the endeavors of his cousin to cheer him.

"Why give way to this anxiety, Gerald?" he said, "you know the old adage, 'No news is good news.' Had anything serious occurred you would have been written to by some one or other. But your last letter has little more than reached home. Cheer up, you will get a reply to it in good time and all will be well."

And Gerald was fain to confess, that he had no reason to give for his despondency beyond the impression left on his mind by the singular dream he had dreamed, shortly after the frigate had cast anchor in the port of Singapore—and the waking vision, as he still persisted in terming it, which had preceded it. He endeavored to drive away his melancholy, by entering into all the amusements of his brother officers with alacrity; but the effort was a vain one. If he succeeded during the day in banishing these forebodings of evil from his mind, they returned at night with redoubled intensity, and he was glad, when, at the expiration of another month, orders were received for the frigate to proceed to Bombay, and, subsequently, to cruise in the Arabian Sea. He thought that any change were preferable, that by calling his attention to fresh scenes, might serve to dispel the gloom that burthened his spirits.

For five months the frigate remained in the Bombay station, and then returned to Colombo.

As soon as was practicable, after the vessel was brought to an anchor, Frederick and Gerald obtained permission from the Captain to go on shore and visit their friends.

Letters were now awaiting Gerald. He started with horror on perceiving that the superscription on both was in the handwriting of the vicar of Herrington, and that both were sealed with black wax, and staggered back to the cane sofa from which he had risen when the letters were handed to him by his uncle, as if he had been shot. The letters had fallen from his hand, and were picked up from the floor and re-presented to him by his cousin, Henry.

"Read them," he gasped, addressing his uncle, "I dare not."

Mr. Ashley received them from him, and broke the seals. The first one opened was from Mr. Pearce, enclosing a copy of the letter received from Armand, the lover of Minette, with a few words of comment from the vicar himself. A brief postscript at the bottom of the page explained the cause of the black seal.

"Since this was written," wrote the vicar, "I have received sad news from Abottsford. Your mother is no more. I was about to dispatch this letter to the post, when I received intelligence of her death. I shall detain it a few days, until I hear further from the Rev. Mr. Davis, who has promised to write me, at greater length."

The second letter was also from the vicar, and furnished a brief acccount of the details received from the Rector of Abbottsford, following which, was some other information of a nature calculated greatly to interest the young man.

Mr. Ashley read both these letters in silence; but from the expression of his countenance, Gerald readily divined the nature of the communications.

"I am sorry to say that these letters bring sad intelligence

from home, Gerald," he observed, making an effort to control his own agitation. "Your poor mother is dead——"

"I knew it—I knew it," replied Gerald, and turning to Frederick, who stood by, he said almost fiercely: "Was I not forewarned of this? Will you now deny that I was not wide awake when I saw that vision?"

Frederick made no reply. He was himself too much shocked to speak.

Mr. Ashley was about to place the letters again in his nephew's hand; but Gerald motioned him back.

"Not now, uncle;" he said, "please, not just now. Will you lay them on the table—I will read them another time—another time."

He spoke so wildly, and his countenance had assumed so strange an expression that Mr. Ashley became alarmed.

"You are ill, Gerald," he said, kindly, "the shock has been too much for you; but, there is other news contained in these letters which you will be glad to learn."

"Not now, uncle; not now," repeated Gerald, "I will soon retire to my room, and read the letters alone—Frederick—Henry—will you bring me a glass of water, I feel faint."

His cousins hastened to comply with his request; but before the water was brought, he had fainted, and lay in a state of unconsciousness on the sofa.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashley, as she untied his cravat, and, assisted by her husband, endeavored to restore him to himself. "It is a dreadful blow, indeed." She applied the customary restoratives, and in a few minutes the young man opened his eyes and glared wildly around him. Mrs. Ashley put the glass of water to his lips and he drank it greedily. Then passing his hand over his brow, as one bewildered, or who has awakened from a frightful dream, he said, "Ha! I recollect now—my mother is dead, you say—I knew it—I knew it, months ago, yes, months ago."

Mr. and Mrs. Ashley were alarmed; they thought his reason

had become unsettled. He again fixed his gaze upon his cousin, Frederick, in a manner so peculiar, that they looked at the young man for an explanation, when Gerald suddenly cried; "Answer me one question, uncle—when did this happen; when did my mother die?"

"Shortly before midnight on the 17th of March," replied Mr. Ashley.

"Frederick," said Gerald, "you recollect I told you it was at six o'clock on the morning of the 18th of March just at the break of day, when the vision vanished, and I became conscious that I had sat for hours, in fact, during the whole night before my chest in the Cabin. That was the exact hour of my mother's death, allowing for the difference of time between England and Singapore. I will go to my room, now," he continued, "if you will assist me there; I feel so weak. I will take these letters with me and read them, alone, by and by."

Mr. Ashley and his son assisted him to the room, and offered to stay with him but he declined the offer.

"Do not be alarmed," he said in reply to their expressions of fear lest he might again be taken ill. "I shall not faint again. It was the effect of the shock received so suddenly. I would rather be left quite alone."

His request was acceded to; but Mr. Ashley, before he left him, informed him that one of the letters contained some interesting information relating to Alice Thornton.

For a moment his eye brightened and his animation appeared to be restored; but he speedily relapsed and reiterated his desire to be left alone.

When Mr. Ashley and Frederick returned to the apartment in which they had left Mrs. Ashley and Henry, he explained to the astonished group the cause of the strange observations that his cousin Gerald had made, and related the particulars of the singular vision that had occurred to him in the harbor of Singapore.

"It is indeed a strange coincidence," observed Mr. Ashley.

"I have heard of such things, but never before had any evidence of their actually occurring."

The unexpected intelligence of Mrs. Dalton's death, shed a gloom over the whole family and deteriorated from the delight they would have otherwise experienced on hearing that news had been received of Alice Thornton, though, in fact, Mr. Ashley was ignorant of the nature of the intelligence; the copy of Armand's letter, having been directed to Gerald, was of course left unread by Mr. Ashley, who only gained his knowledge from the inference he drew from the allusions made to the subject by Mr. Pearce in the envelope. It was a sorrowful evening to all and a sad damp to the pleasure that the visit of the young men would otherwise have afforded, although Mr. and Mrs. Ashley had anticipated bad news when the letters with the black seals had been received.

They sat up far beyond their usual hour of retiring, talking over the subject and recalling to mind the latest conversations they had held with the deceased, before quitting England.

Poor Gerald passed a sleepless night: he sat in his room for an hour before he had courage to peruse the letters; but he summoned resolution at last. The letter from the vicar having special allusion to Mrs. Dalton's death, supplied the young man with the information received from Mr. Davis, who had written to the effect that Mrs. Dalton had been for a long time ailing, but that her death occurred very suddenly, she having been confined to her bed but for a day or two. Latterly, he wrote, she had expressed great anxiety with respect to her son, whom she had not heard from for a long time. She feared that he was sick; perhaps that he had died in a foreign land, with no one near him to soothe his last moments, and to listen to his dying words. The day before her death, her mind wandered considerably, and in these moments of unconsciousness, she talked of him incessantly, sometimes tenderly upbraiding him for not writing; sometimes talking to him, as if he were present, and lavishing endearing epithets upon him; while at

other times she addressed him earnestly and sorrowfully, as if she feared alike for his spiritual and bodily welfare. Only an hour or two before her death, the postman of the village had arrived with the mails, and a letter was brought to the rectory bearing the East India post mark. Mr. Davis at once surmised that it was from Gerald, and he had himself been the bearer of it to the dying woman. A messenger arrived at the rectory at the very moment he was leaving the house, requesting his immediate attendance. It was not until then that he was aware that her end was so nigh at hand. When he reached the little cottage in which she lived, the doctor informed him that he had only just arrived in time to see his patient alive. Consciousness had returned, and she was talking sensibly with those around her. The moment he entered the sick chamber, the dying woman appeared to divine the object of his visit.

"You bring me news of my boy, of Gerald?" she said interrogatively. "I feel that it is so. God has heard my prayers and a letter has arrived from my boy; I shall again hear of him before I close my eyes forever to this world."

Mr. Davis wrote that he could in no way account for this singular *presentiment*, as the dying woman could have had no knowledge of the postman's arrival, since he came at very irregular periods, much less could she have known that the East India mail had reached England, or that he had received a letter from her son.

He had made no remark at the time, but had taken the letter from his pocket and placed it in her hand; subsequently, however, he learned from the young woman who attended her, that suddenly rousing herself from a condition of stupor into which she had fallen, talking wildly to her son, as if he had been present, she said: "it is so; my boy has not forgotten me. Send for Mr. Davis; tell him to hasten, for I have not long to live." A messenger had been immediately dispatched, and had met the clergyman as he was leaving the rectory.

The wasted fingers of the dying woman moved nervously as she strove to break the seal. "I cannot—I cannot," she said, letting the letter fall from her hand. "Pray open—the letter —and—read it—for me—" she added, addressing the rector, in faltering accents, gasping at each word for breath. "Quick—quick—I have but a few moments to spare; I am summoned—even—now."

The clergyman hastened to obey. He read the letter aloud, but the senses of the dying woman were already failing her. "Louder," she murmured feebly; "louder—closer to my ear. Let me—not lose a word;" and bending his head to her ear as closely as possible, the clergyman again commenced the letter, and read it to the end. "Thank you—thank you," she murmured. "Thank God! Now pray with me, I have but a few moments left."

The clergyman knelt in prayer with all present, and when he rose from his knees, consciousness had again fled from the dying woman. She lived yet for an hour, but made no sign or motion 'till a few moments before the spirit departed from her. Then a smile of love and tenderness passed across her wan features, and feebly raising her head, she stretched out her thin fore-finger and uttered the word "Remember." The hand fell heavily upon the bed, and her spirit had flown to the eternal world.

The clergyman, after eulogizing the character and speaking of the many Christian virtues of the deceased, furthermore wrote that he had taken measures to provide for the funeral, and that Mrs. Dalton had expressed a desire, a short time before her death, to be interred in one particularly secluded spot in the village church-yard, and that he should see that her wish was carried out.

He would, he added, place a tomb-stone over the grave, at his own expense, but he had thought, that in the event of her son returning to England, the young man would wish to perform himself this act of filial pity; he, therefore, should leave

that undone for the present, until he heard from the young man in question.

In the latter portion of the letter, Gerald found some intelligence, which under other circumstances would have given him pleasure, but which now only increased his distress and added to his bitterness of feeling. It was to the effect that Mr. Hoffmann had received his second letter from India, and had seen the captain of the Seringapatam, and that he was now satisfied that he had judged the young man too hastily. He asked his forgiveness for what had passed, and urged him to return home.

"Yes," said Gerald, bitterly: "Return home, now. It is your injustice that has led to all this misery. I shall never return home again."

He laid the letter aside, and opened that from the vicar relating to Alice. The letter from Armand had been copied in the original language. Gerald was a very poor French scholar, but with some difficulty, he managed to gather its purport. His plans were altered. "Yes," he muttered, "I will return to England, and find Alice, if she be living, and avenge her wrongs. She is all I care to live for now. And then we will go to America together; I am weary of England, of India, of all the world; but my native land shall be my future home."

The information contained in this last letter seemed to distract his thoughts, in some degree, from the sad intelligence contained in the former one, although he now blamed himself severely for giving way to the obstinacy and pride which had led him to remain in India. "Had I subdued that," he said, "I should probably have myself closed my mother's dying eyes."

Morning dawned, and found him still sleepless; but weary Nature at length gave way, and he fell into an uneasy slumber, from which an hour afterwards he was awakened by the voice of Mrs. Ashley, who came to ask how he had passed the night, and to condole with him upon his loss. At her earnest persuasion, he descended with her, and joined the family at the

breakfast table, where he expressed to his uncle his intention of immediately returning to England, if by any means he could quit the frigate on so short a notice.

"I don't think you will find any difficulty in doing that," said Frederick. "My father will explain to the captain your object in desiring to return, and I have no doubt he will give his consent readily."

That same day the captain's consent was obtained, and the young man tendered his resignation, as a matter of form. A vessel was then in port, taking in a cargo for Bombay, to which port Gerald resolved to go, as thence he would be sure to find vessels at all seasons bound to England, and in the course of a week he was on his way thither, and almost immediately after his arrival, he took passage on board a vessel bound to Liverpool.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Gerald arrives at Liverpool, and proceeds to Herrington.—His interview with the vicar.—More news of Alice.—Gerald's plans.—A voyage to Cuba.

The bark Laurel, on board which Gerald had sailed from Bombay, arrived at Liverpool after a favorable passage of ninety days, and, allowing himself no time for rest, the young man immediately took the railroad cars, then but a few years in operation, for London, whence he proceeded by stage to Herrington, and on the very night of his arrival at the latter place, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he walked to the vicarage to seek Mr. Pearce.

The vicar was reading in his parlor, when the servant announced the young man's presence.

"Mr. Gerald Dalton, from India, is waiting in the hall, and wishes to see you, sir."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the vicar, closing his book and starting from his chair. "Show him up directly, Thomas. Stay, I'll go myself. Who'd have thought it? What a surprise! Gerald come back!" and giving vent to a dozen similar ejaculations, the worthy vicar hurried down stairs and met Gerald in the hall.

"Welcome back, Mr. Dalton! Welcome back, Gerald!" he said, seizing the young man's extended hand, and shaking it warmly and vigorously, giving one of those hearty shakes that tell one more plainly than words can express, that the welcome extended is a heartfelt one. "Come up stairs, my boy; come up stairs. When did you arrive? Why didn't you write and let me know that you were coming? Bless me!

who'd have thought of seeing you to-night? And how stout you've got; and so brown, I should scarcely have known you. Take a seat; take a seat. No apologies." (Gerald had apologized for his dusty, travel-soiled appearance.)

And the young man took the proffered seat, and after asking several questions and replying to various inquiries, at once broached the main object of his visit.

"I need scarcely explain, sir," he said, "that the reason of my leaving India so soon after I received your letter, has been to prosecute inquiries respecting Miss Alice Thornton. Have you heard any further news of her?"

"I have received two letters since, from the young Frenchman," replied the vicar, "and I really begin to believe that there has been some extraordinary foul play at work, more especially as Dr. Knight paid a flying visit to Paris a month or two since with the express object of seeing the young man. He is an artist, and the doctor says appears to be a very worthy, intelligent young fellow. He also saw the young woman, Minette, who asserts that she served Alice in the capacity of waiting-maid in the island of Cuba, and she appears to be a very decent young female, with all the sprightliness and energy of purpose peculiar to a French girl, when her interest is excited in some special object."

"And this man, Mr. Craddock, what of him, sir? Has anything been heard of him?"

"Yes; Doctor Knight saw him in Paris, but did not make himself known; and Minette writes in her last letter, received only a few weeks since, that he is still in that city."

"Has anything transpired, sir, that can furnish a clue to his motive in thus persecuting Miss Thornton?" asked Gerald.

"There it is," continued the vicar; "the letters from Armand are so ambiguous in style. The writer evidently knows little or nothing about the matter himself; indeed, he and the young woman both said as much to Dr. Knight, that one scarcely knows what steps to take. All we can be certain of

is, that the poor young lady has suffered persecution. I have no doubt some pecuniary matter is involved—and she is now, and has been for some time past, immured in a convent, near Orleans. I have no doubt," continued the vicar, with a Protestant clergyman's holy horror, at the bare thought, "that Mr. Craddock's purpose is, if she refuse to consent to some arrangement or other, which we are all ignorant of, to compel her eventually to take the veil. Minette, the waiting-woman, however, has given a slight inkling of the cause of this persecution: She says that she thinks—she is not certain—but she thinks, that Mr. Craddock, who is her uncle, as I informed you in my letter, wishes to force her to consent to marry his son—her cousin."

"But," said Gerald, "is there no possibility of taking immediate measures to procure her release? Can it be possible that a young English girl can be lawfully carried off and immured in a jail, for it is little better—nay, in some respects much worse!"

"I fear not," replied the vicar, "unless we have some good grounds for our interference. You see this Mr. Craddock is her uncle, her only known relative living, and Alice, yet wanting some months of her majority, he is in fact, her natural guardian, so I have reason to believe the law would render it. By interfering too rashly, we might fail in our object altogether."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Gerald, "Is there no clue that we can weave a plan of action upon? Is the poor girl to remain subject to the tyranny of this man?"

"I think there is, Gerald," continued the vicar, "but it will require time, and involve considerable expense and trouble ——"

"I have sufficient money, sir," interrupted Gerald, "to serve me a year, and trouble as regards this matter, I shall not heed; but time is the mischief—while we are wasting time, this man may force Alice into his views; but, I beg your par-

don—what is the clue to the cause of this infamous coercion, of which you speak ?"

"It is this," replied the vicar, "I have observed that there is good reason to believe that the object of the persecution is of a pecuniary nature. I don't see what other motive Mr. Craddock could have in seeking to coerce his niece. Now, listen; he took the young lady to Cuba, and there, according to the French waiting-maid, endeavored to force her to wed his son. Minette also says, thereby corroborating the impression of Mr. Ashley, that Alice has told her more than once, that her mother was a native of Cuba, though of English parentage. The plantation upon which Mr. Craddock resided in Cuba, is said to be a very extensive and valuable estate; putting these things together, I am led to the conclusion, that the property, of right, belongs to Alice, and that by obtaining his niece's consent to marry her cousin, Mr. Craddock hopes to bring the estate into his own or at least into his son's possession. I can see no other motive for the persecution, and I think the argument I have advanced is a plausible one."

"I think so too, sir," said Gerald, eagerly; "but how to act in such a case, that is the question. I will go myself to Cuba."

"That is exactly what I was going to propose," said the vicar; "but you must see your way clearly first. The Cuban government is a very jealous one; one ill-advised step might spoil all. I have been speaking to Knight upon the subject, and he agrees with me that some one interested in the young lady ought to go to Cuba, and probe the subject to the bottom; but Mr. Craddock must remain in ignorance of any such action having been taken. You are the best person to go; but you will require letters of introduction and vouchers of respectability. Now Knight is acquainted with one of the members of a Spanish mercantile firm in Liverpool, and the house has a branch at Havana. He can procure you letters from his friend to the partners in Cuba, and they will advise you how to act when you arrive there. I believe that there is a will leaving

this property to Alice from one of her maternal relatives, and that her uncle has unlawfully obtained possession of it, with the object of accomplishing certain ends of his own. I am not sure that this is the case; but you will allow that circumstances point that way."

"Undoubtedly," eagerly replied Gerald, jumping at once to the conclusion he had arrived at, in his usual sanguine manner.

The vicar smiled at the young man's impetuosity:

"Don't be too sanguine, Gerald," he said, "we may be all wrong; but to-morrow morning we will see Dr. Knight together, and arrange the matter, I trust, satisfactorily."

The conversation then took another turn and Gerald spoke of his mother, and of the remorse he had felt and still continued to feel at his wilful, obstinate conduct.

Whatever Mr. Pearce might have thought, he "forbore to chide," rather endeavoring to console the young man, by speaking of the consolation Mrs. Dalton experienced in her dying hour, from the letter which had so opportunely arrived.

This was touching a tender chord in Gerald's breast. It brought to his recollection the singular vision he had seen, and he related the circumstances to the vicar.

"It was indeed strange," said the latter, when he had heard the story. "I have, however, heard of such things, though it is impossible to explain them satisfactorily. It would seem to be conclusive that there is a subtle magnetic attraction by which we are sometimes enabled to hold spiritual communion together, altogether independent of the body; but these things are beyond our feeble comprehension; perhaps, after all, it was but a dream, although the coincidence was singular. Are you going down to Abbottsford?"

"Not now," replied the young man. "The visit would unnerve me, and render me unfit for the task I have to perform. I must visit the grave of my mother alone, with my mind free from any other anxiety. When I return from Cuba, I shall

go thither and render the last service to her memory which I have hitherto been unable to perform. But it is growing very late, and I am keeping you up beyond your usual hour of retiring. I will now wish you good night, and to-morrow I will see you again."

"Why not remain here to-night? I have a spare bed at your service."

"I thank you," replied Gerald, "but my luggage is at the King's Arms, and as you perceive, I have not yet made any alteration in my attire, I was so anxious to see you. I had better return to the inn to-night."

"As you please," replied the vicar. "If you are resolved to go, good night."

"By the by," said Gerald, as he took his hat from the table near him. "I had almost forgotten to inquire after my old friend Jemmy Milton. I hope the old man is well."

"Quite well, only that he is beginning to feel the infirmities of age. By the way, I have some news to tell you in relation to old Jemmy. The deacon, his brother is dead, and the old man has come into possession of his property. There is something too, having relation to you, which will surprise you when you hear it, but I shall defer the explanation till to-morrow. Again, good night."

"Good night, sir," returned Gerald, as he quitted the room. A few minutes walk carried him to the hotel, and fatigued with the travel toil of the day, and the excitement he had passed through, he retired to his chamber and was soon asleep.

The next day he repeated his visit to the vicarage, and met Dr. Knight there, according to appointment. Armand's letters were read and re-read, and the doctor repeated the conversation he had held with the young Frenchman and Minette. Comparing one with the other, there remained little doubt in the mind of any one of the party that the surmise of the vicar would prove to be correct, and it was decided that Gerald should sail immediately for the West Indies. The young man

wished to visit Paris and see Armand and Minette himself, but he was overruled by his friends, who feared that something might occur to excite the suspicions of Mr. Craddock, who might learn by some means that he was in Paris, and take measures to defeat his object.

Dr. Knight promised to procure the letters of introduction that had been alluded to the night before, and wrote immediately to Liverpool with that object. Gerald dined at the vicarage with Mr. Pearce and the Doctor, and after dinner set out to pay a visit to Jemmy Milton, whose generosity towards himself, he had heard during dinner. He found the old man, as he had expected, seated in the boathouse. He looked as hale and hearty as ever, smoking his pipe and gazing upon the sea, dotted with vessels of every description, passing through the narrow channel. Jemmy was overjoyed to see his favorite once more.

"Gerald," he said, after the first warm salutations were over, this here does my old eyes good. I never expected to see you again on this yarth. I'm near up to the full three score and ten, and shall soon be into the period when the days is 'full of trouble and sorrow;' but I'm passin' away comfortable, and my blessin's is more than I desarve. The old hulk lives on while the young is taken off. Your mother, Gerald, was considerable younger than me, and it was only reasonable to expect that my glass 'ud run down afore her'n; but Providence has willed it otherwise, and nobody has any right to complain; but I was mortal sorry to hear on the good lady's death. Times has changed, Gerald, since you left home. You've heerd, I s'pose, as I've come into the deacon's money?"

"Yes," replied Gerald, "Mr. Pearce told me to-day, and he also informed me of your intended generosity towards me; but I cannot consent to accept it, Jemmy. It would not be right."

"Why not?" said the old man. "I've n'ary chick nor child to leave it to, and the vicar tells me how news has been

heerd of Miss Alice, poor little thing! You'll want money, Gerald, when you and she comes together. I won't hear a word agin the legacy, as they calls it. It's my business, and nobody has a right to gainsay me. But you'll be a goin' arter Alice, Gerald, and mayhap a little matter o' money 'ud be serviceable now; say the word, lad, and it's your'n at any time. I ain't no use for 't, and Jemmy Milton ain't the man to keep his friends a waitin' for dead men's shoes."

"I thank you sincerely, Jemmy," replied Gerald, "but I have money enough at present for my purposes. I am going to sail shortly for Cuba, where I hope to be able to clear up the mystery that has so long surrounded this strange affair. I trust I shall succeed, and that ere long Alice and I may together thank you for the interest you have ever expressed in our behalf."

"But the legacy, Gerald," said the old man, earnestly; "you won't deny an old man's wish, and refuse the rhino when I'm dead and gone?"

"I should be foolish to do so, if you so much desire it, and have no nearer and dearer friend to whom to leave it," said Gerald. "If I am satisfied such is the case," he added, smiling, "I shan't object; but I hope it will be many years before I am called upon to accept it."

"That's spoken like yourself, Gerald. You've eased my mind of a load, boy. I'd have been shocking cut up if you'd have continued to refuse. As to living very many years, it can't be expected in the course of natur. Howsumever, my health is tolerable good yet, and I should like to live long enough to see you and Miss Alice spliced, and then I shall feel ready to slip my cable at any moment that the word's passed from aloft."

Gerald remained until late conversing with the old man, and then, after walking with him to his lodgings, returned to the inn.

In the course of a few days, Dr. Knight received letters from

Liverpool, offering to assist him in any possible way, and Gerald started for Liverpool, where he received letters of introduction to the house of Hornby & Co. of Havana, the firm being requested therein to assist him to the extent of their capability. Within a week, he was on his way to Cuba.

The passage was a short and favorable one, and on his arrival at Havana, he called immediately upon the Messrs. Hornby, and presented his letters.

"I recollect something of this matter," said the senior partner of the firm, when, after he had read the letters of introduction, Gerald explained the object of his voyage. "It created at the time some little excitement and suspicion, the departure of Mr. Craddock was so sudden and unexpected, and during his stay here, the young lady, his niece, was kept in such seclusion; that is to say, she was not permitted to make the acquaintance of any of the European or American ladies residing here. But if it be as you suspect, we shall need to act with caution."

"What would you advise?" said Gerald.

"I would insert a cautiously worded advertisement in the Gazette, stating that an interview is requested with the late executor of the Craddock estates; I don't know who the man is; but the property, I know, has been for some years in litigation, and the case was at last decided in favor of Craddock. What was the tenor of the will, I never heard."

"And if I by this means discover the executor?"

"Then I would state the case clearly to him, explaining the method employed to abduct the young lady, and the suspicions to which this conduct has given rise, and I would demand a sight of the will. You had better assume a lofty, authoritative tone; it will serve you here. And before you take any steps in the matter, I will introduce you to some of the high officials of the government, with whom I am acquainted. Should you afterwards discover the person you seek, I will get one of these gentlemen to accompany you to his residence. Do you speak Spanish?"

"No," replied the young man.

"Then I will also accompany you in the capacity of interpreter; but we are reckoning without our host. We must first lay the train properly. Dine with me to-night, the intendant will be at my house. I will manage to introduce the subject, and get matters into a proper shape, and to-morrow insert the advertisement."

Gerald accepted the invitation, and thanking the merchant for his kindness, left the office, and set out for a stroll through the city.

In the evening, he met the intendant and one or two other officers, at the residence of the merchant, and after dinner, Mr. Hornby introduced the subject, and so managed to interest his Cuban friends, that they consented, for a consideration, as was pretty broadly hinted, to assist the young man in his endeavors, if their assistance should be required.

The next day a notice appeared in the Havana *Gazette*, calling for information respecting the executor of the estate of the late William Craddock, Esq., of Regla, and in the event of that gentleman's being still in Cuba, asking for an interview, which would result to his advantage.

A reply was inserted in the same journal in a few days, stating that the gentleman in question, Señor Alvero, was residing on a plantation, near St. Eugenio, and that he would be in the city of Havana at the commencement of the ensuing week, when he would grant the interview demanded.

Thus far, all worked well, and Gerald waited with impatience for the day that would bring about the promised interview.

CHAPTER XXX.

The interview with the executor, showing how he fell into the snare laid for him, and how Mr. Craddock consented to the release of his niece from the convent—He returns to England.

The interview with Señor Alvero took place a few days afterwards. The señor was greatly surprised when he discovered the object for which he had been summoned; perhaps he had received a *douceur* from Mr. Craddock; perhaps he had made a trifle on his own private account by pandering to that gentleman's desires. At all events, it was very evident that he expected he had been sought for for a very different purpose; but the trap had been laid so adroitly, that before he discovered it, he had involved himself beyond possibility of retraction.

On notifying his arrival at Havana to Mr. Hornby, by whom the advertisement had been signed, he was asked to meet a party at dinner, at that gentleman's house. The subject of the late Craddock litigation was introduced, in the presence of three or four of the city authorities, the conversation being in Spanish, in order that they might bear a part.

"It is a fine estate, that of the Craddock's, at Regla," observed Mr. Hornby, to one of the Spanish officers.

"Yes," returned the person addressed, who had been schooled in the affair on hand, "you were the executor, I believe," addressing Señor Alvero.

"Yes, sir," replied the señor.

"It was decided in favor of the Craddocks, after a long course of litigation, I believe," continued his interlocutor.

"Yes," again replied Señor Alvero.

"And the grand-daughter of the old gentleman comes into the entire property, if she can be found, I understand?" said Mr. Hornby.

"Yes, if she can be found," replied Señor Alvero; "but otherwise it goes to a grandson, who is now, I understand, a student, in Kingston, Jamaica."

"I wonder who that young lady was that old Mr. Craddock's son brought here a few months since? She was very beautiful, I have heard the señoritas say, although he kept her secluded from the society of her own sex," said Mr. Hornby.

"Yes, and then decamped with her so suddenly," observed the officer, who had opened the conversation. "I have often thought she was his niece, the grandson of the *viejo*. Do you know, Señor Alvero?"

The Señor by this time appeared to suspect that he was being led into some trap. He returned an evasive answer, and the conversation took another turn, and towards ten o'clock, the party separated, leaving Mr. Hornby, Gerald and Señor Alvero, alone.

Then, Mr. Hornby speaking for Gerald, whose ignorance of the Spanish language rendered him impotent to act on the occasion, seriously re-introduced the subject.

"You have promptly replied to the advertisement I caused to be inserted in the Gazette, Señor Alvero," he said, "You were the executor of Mr. Craddock, and, of course, are acquainted with the contents of the documents in question. Have you any objection to state their nature as nearly as you can recollect? or, perhaps you have the will in your possession?"

"I have it no longer, I surrendered it to Mr. Craddock, the son of the testator," replied Señor Alvero.

"But were you satisfied that he was the legatee?" inquired Mr. Hornby.

"In case the grand-daughter of the testator could not be discovered, his son was," replied Señor Alvero.

"But are you satisfied that proper and sufficient search has been made for the rightful heir?" continued Mr. Hornby. "Do you know who the young lady was who was lately in Cuba, residing on the Regla property with him, whom it was currently reported, he wished his son—a fine young man, George Craddock—to marry. She might be the heiress in question."

"I know not why you are questioning me in this manner," said Señor Alvero, growing angry. "The heiress could not be found; the son of Señor Craddock was the next heir in succession; his father claimed the title, and I, in duty bound, surrendered the will. Is this all that was required of me by the notice that appeared in the Gazette?"

"Not exactly all," said Mr. Hornby. "We demand the privilege of reading the will, in behalf of Miss Alice Craddock, the rightful heiress, whose present location we know, and whom we can produce when the occasion demands it."

"By what right do you dare to question me thus?" repeated Señor Alvero, in an angry tone of voice. "I have told you that I have surrendered the will to Mr. Craddock, by default, the rightful heir not appearing."

"We have a right which you will soon acknowledge, Señor," replied Mr. Hornby. "And you had no right to surrender your executorship over the estate of Mr. Craddock, as we can prove, if you force us so to do; but, it will be to your advantage to act honestly."

"You threaten me," returned Señor Alvero. "I shall not reply."

"Señor," said Mr. Hornby; "let us understand each other—you recollect that you confessed to-night, in the presence of more than one officer of the Government, that Miss Alice Thornton was the rightful heiress to the estates you now confess to have surrendered to Mr. Craddock, her uncle. We have your own word for this; reflect, in what an unfortunate position you will be placed, if we are compelled again to resort to law, which we shall assuredly do, if we cannot otherwise obtain satisfaction?"

Señor Alvero remained silent, and Mr. Hornby continued: "We mean you no harm, Señor Alvero; you have doubtless been the dupe of Mr. Craddock. It is your duty now to expose the fraud of which I have no doubt he has been guilty. Your honesty shall be rewarded, and all that is passed shall be forgotten, so far as it concerns you. If you still persist in your present position, we shall hold you guilty, and the result will be your own fault."

Señor Alvero began to perceive that his deception had been brought to light by some means unknown to him. The fact that he was in the dark in this respect increased his alarm—and he recollected that he had laid himself open to the authorities by his incautious remarks. Again, he had shrewdness enough to perceive that no harm was intended him, if he changed his tactics and supported the right cause, and, after a pause of some duration, he confessed that he had, he believed, been *misled* by Mr. Craddock's representations, and that he believed that gentleman had sinister motives in concealing the existence of Alice.

Mr. Hornby now related what he had heard from Gerald concerning Alice Thornton, and said that she was in France, and could and would be produced to make her claim good to the property; "and now," he added, in conclusion, "we perfectly understand each other. You have not given up the original will? produce it, and you shall find it to your interest in the end."

Señor Alvero confessed that he had surrendered only a copy of the will to Mr. Craddock, taking credit to himself for retaining the original, in the belief that Mr. Craddock was deceiving him, although, he observed, he made so good a claim in behalf of his son, that he felt himself justified in acting as he had done.

"Then the original will we shall see to-morrow," said Mr. Hornby.

"Not to-morrow, it is impossible. It is in my strong box, at home, at St. Eugenio; but I will send for it and produce it in the course of a few days."

"Be it so, then," said Mr. Hornby. "Recollect," he added, in a stern tone of voice, "we understand each other, and I shall allow of no further subterfuge."

"*De muy buena gana*," (with all my heart,) returned Señor Alvero, as bidding his host good night, he prepared to return to his hotel.

"We have managed this affair skilfully, Mr. Dalton," said Mr. Hornby, when Señor Alvero had departed. "I have no doubt whatever, that this fellow has been perfectly cognizant all throughout of a fraud having been perpetrated in this case; but it is as well to humor him, and profess ignorance, while, at the same time we hold a proper check over him. However, I congratulate you upon your success, and have no doubt that you will perfectly succeed in your undertaking."

Señor Alvero knew that he was watched by the police, and on the appointed day he was faithful to his word. The original will arrived from St. Eugenio, and was produced and read by Gerald and Mr. Hornby. The fraudulent intentions of Mr. Craddock were at once made manifest. He had stated the contents falsely to Alice. The estates of the late Mr. Craddock were left to her as the sole heiress, only in case of her death to descend to the heirs of Mr. Craddock. Knowing that she was living, he had endeavored to promote a marriage with his son, in order that the ownership of the property might devolve upon himself, or his own family.

Gerald demanded and obtained a fair copy of the will, legally executed and properly attested in court, and armed, as he was, with full power to overthrow the falsehood and wrong perpetrated by Mr. Craddock, lost no time in returning to England.

He learnt from Mr. Pearce, on arriving at Herrington, that another letter had been received from Armand. Minette had made the cause of Alice her own; and what will an intriguing French woman not accomplish, when her heart is set upon gaining some end? By some means or other, Minette had managed to obtain a knowledge of all that was passing in the

convent at Orleans, and had set Armand to track Mr. Craddock's every movement in Paris. He had written, to inform Mr. Pearce, that Ma'mselle Alice's term of probation had nearly expired, and that Minette feared, that unless relief were afforded, she would soon be compelled to take the veil, and be forever secluded in the convent. The original three months test promised by Mr. Craddock had been long extended, but his patience appeared to be wearied at last, and he, himself, was intending to leave Paris for Havana, in the course of a few weeks.

There was no time to be lost. The letter had already been a week in the possession of the vicar, and yet there existed much difficulty in managing the affair.

A bold course was the only one to pursue, and Gerald, accompanied by Doctor Knight, immediately set out for the French capital, resolved to seek out Armand, and from him discover where Mr. Craddock was to be found, and confronting him, to boldly prove his falsehood, and demand from him, as the only price of secrecy, the instant release of Alice, and the restoration of her rights.

Gerald had Armand's address in the *Quartier St. Antoine*, and the young man was soon found, seated at his easel, busily occupied in painting, while Minette was employed in setting his studio (which comprised bedroom and parlor, and all) in neat array.

She blushed and withdrew when the strangers entered, and Armand explained that though, as yet, she was not his wife, she was good enough to come every day and perform the same kind office. He expressed a perfect willingness to show his visitors where Mr. Craddock could be found, and, in reply to an expression of curiosity on the part of Dr. Knight, how Minette could obtain such correct information regarding what occurred in the seclusion of the convent, he shrugged his shoulders, and replied—"*Ma foi!* Nothing is impossible to a woman. She has made friends with the porteress and obtains

it from her; but how, I cannot say. She keeps her plans a secret from me, except when she dictates what I shall write; *Mais diable! Messieurs*, I wish this matter were settled satisfactorily, for, until it is, the little *coquine* swears she will not marry me."

Mr. Craddock resided at an hotel in the *Rue Richelieu*, and thither, guided by Armand, the travellers proceeded, and requested the *commissionaire* to direct them to his rooms, and to announce the arrival of two gentlemen from England.

They were readily admitted, although Mr. Craddock's countenance expressed considerable disgust and suspicion. However, he requested them to be seated, and asked the nature of their business with him.

"My name is Gerald Dalton," said Gerald, frankly, "and we have called to make inquiries respecting Alice Thornton."

"And pray, young sir," said Mr. Craddock. "What is your business with Miss Thornton, or if you have business with her, what reason have you to imagine that I know where she may be?"

The cool effrontery of this reply, temporarily disconcerted the young man, while Dr. Knight listened with perfect astonishment; but Gerald quickly recovered himself, and replied:

"This gentleman and I, and others in England and elsewhere, have ample evidence to prove that you abducted the young lady from England, and have since retained her almost a close prisoner."

"And if I have," said Mr. Craddock, "who dares gainsay my right to do so? Am I not her uncle; her only living relative, with the exception of my son, her cousin, and, consequently, her natural guardian?"

"I do not know," replied Gerald, "that the fact of your being her uncle, gives you the right to take her forciby from the guardian to whose care she was entrusted by her father on his death-bed, or from those to whom he transferred his guardianship when about to leave England. It is for the law to

settle that, and also to test your right to property which belongs to her, by her grandfather's will."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Craddock, "you are bold, young sir; pray, what do you know of a will, and who gave you or your friends the right to pry into matters that do not concern you?"

"We shall see," returned Gerald, making a preconcerted signal for Armand to enter.

"Who is this fellow that is engaged with you in this trumped-up conspiracy to obtain money from me, no doubt?" said Mr Craddock, sarcastically, glancing contemptuously at the paint-soiled blouse and untrimmed beard of the artist.

"I will shortly explain, Monsieur," replied Armand, exasperated at this taunt. "Monsieur recollects, perhaps, Ma'mselle Minette, who was waiting-maid to Miss Alice, in Cuba. She was curtly and rudely dismissed from the service of Madame Alice, by Monsieur, on his return to Paris, when Madame was sent to be immured in a convent. Ha! Ma'mselle Minette swore revenge—and a French *soubrette* knows how to obtain it. I have letters here to prove all I have asserted."

Excited to passion that he could no longer control, Mr. Craddock rose from his seat and was about to rush upon Armand, and expel him from the room, when he was interrupted by Gerald, who said:

"Calm yourself and control your temper, Mr. Craddock, you are the uncle of Alice, and for her sake no harm shall befal you, if you will render her the justice that is due. Nay, do not threaten——" (Mr. Craddock had commenced to reply, in a blustering, threatening tone.) "There is a certain will in the custody of Señor Alvero of Havana, the executor of the estate of the late Mr. Craddock—of which I have in my possession a faithful copy, sworn to and attested in the Cuban Courts—which has been wrongfully taken possession of by you and of which you have made a fraudulent use. I have just returned from Havana, whither I went with the express object of discovering the frauds that I and others learnt through Alice's

waiting-maid, Minette, and this young man, had been practiced upon the young lady, by you, her self-constituted guardian. I have learnt that which would consign you to prison for life; but release Alice from the Convent, and forego your unjust claims, and, for her sake, I will be forever silent on this subject."

Mr. Craddock had changed color several times while Gerald was speaking, with mingled rage and fear; but, he felt that the young man was speaking the truth in regard to the investigations he had made, and he knew that he had been guilty of a heinous crime. He calmed his passion and said:

"I confess that I have done wrong; but my original object was to benefit my niece, but the vengeance of Providence has overtaken me. I was about to return to Cuba. I shall now go to India. I will send to the Superior of the convent and give orders for the release of Alice, and shall then quit the country never to return."

"That is all that I ask," replied Gerald; but Dr. Knight, who had not yet spoken, now interposed.

"This must be done immediately, or we shall take other measures—"

"I will write now," said Mr. Craddock, thoroughly subdued, and in the presence of his visitors he wrote the letter, giving it to them unsealed.

"That is sufficient," said Gerald, after reading it. "Mr. Craddock, I wish you good day," and accompanied by the young Frenchman, the doctor and Gerald quitted the hotel, and that evening set out for Orleans, where the letter was presented at the convent, and within an hour Alice Thornton was freed from her restraint and heartily congratulated by Dr. Knight and Gerald.

The poor girl, who had so long considered her escape hopeless, was overpowered with joy and gratitude. As soon as the first transports of her delight were over, she inquired after her former friends, Mrs. Dalton, the Ashley's, and the vicar,

nor was old Jemmy Milton forgotten. She was deeply affected on hearing from Gerald of the death of his mother; but her joy at escaping from the convent was so great, that she soon dried the tears she shed on hearing of the decease of her second mother, as she styled Mrs. Dalton.

She had a thousand questions to ask and a thousand to reply to, and the relation of all that had befallen each since they had bid each other farewell in Herrington, was matter for conversation until they landed at Dover, to which place they travelled with all possible rapidity, and there hiring a carriage found themselves in the course of two hours at the entrance to the vicarage of Herrington.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In which the reader is conducted over a good deal of ground, and in which Love, Courtship and Matrimony are all introduced. Some readers may think better late than never.

The newly arrived party were warmly welcomed by the vicar who had seen the chaise coming up the lane which led to the vicarage. Alice, especially, although he declared that he could scarcely recognize her as the same little Alice whom he had so often met on the beach or on the path which led along the cliffs, was congratulated upon her happy return and on the good fortune that awaited her in Cuba. "Although," said the vicar with a sly smile, for the good man liked a joke now and then, "I shouldn't wonder if you are looking forward with greater pleasure to the consummation of a still greater happiness, eh, Gerald?" addressing the young man, "What do you think?"

Gerald smiled and looked fondly at Alice, and Alice cast down her eyes, almost shrouding them beneath their long dark fringes, and blushed, and so replied to the vicar's query in the most satisfactory manner.

A few days were passed pleasantly enough in visiting old friends in Herrington, Jemmy Milton, to be sure, not being forgotten. The old man was rejoiced to see her again, and made her sit down in the boathouse and recount to him all that had happened to her since her abrupt departure from Herrington.

"It does me good," he said, "to hear your sweet voice agin, Miss Alice. It is a cheersome sound to my old ears. It is like the south wind blowing softly through a ship's cordage after a blustering nor'wester, and wafting the good ship homeward, and recalling to mind the memory of those we left be-

hind us, and who we hope are waiting to welcome our return. So your voice, Miss Alice, minds me of old times when you and Gerald were boy and girl, and I was not so old and stiff as I have become during the year or two past."

The old man, too, hazarded his jokes upon the future union of the young couple. He insisted upon purchasing a valuable necklace for Alice, which he made her promise to wear on the day of her wedding, which he very shrewdly took for a settled affair, and would have insisted upon Alice's being measured at a jeweller's for a wedding ring, only Gerald, to whom he communicated his intentions, managed after much difficulty to persuade him that that would not be exactly the thing.

They were very happy wandering together over the cliffs, or on the beach, Alice and Gerald; but the latter felt that he had duties to perform, and he was at last fain to leave her for a time to the care of the vicar, while he paid a visit to Abbotsford and to London.

Mr. Pearce and he had held several private conversations together. On one of these occasions, he had informed the vicar that he had obtained Alice's consent to their speedy union, and the conversation had turned upon their future prospects.

"It is my intention to reside in the United States," said Gerald, in reply to a question put to him by the vicar. "I have intimated this to Alice, and she is willing to go with me thither; and it will be necessary that we both go to Cuba and arrange matters relating to the property belonging to her on that island."

"You are doubly fortunate, Gerald," replied the vicar, "in finding Alice to be an heiress."

"I suppose I am," said Gerald. "Indeed, it would be folly for me to pretend otherwise; but, although I still feel a delicacy with respect to that legacy of Jemmy Milton's, I should have felt unpleasantly in marrying Alice, poor as I would otherwise be."

"That would be false delicacy, my young friend," replied the vicar, "if you love each other. *You* have health and strength, and the ability to earn your own living; besides, you intend to go to America. It is not improbable that the estate I have heard your mother speak of may be of value."

"A mere chimera, I fear," replied Gerald. "I have heard something about it through a letter I received in India from my poor mother; but I could not properly understand the subject. However, I shall of course make proper inquiry when I reach the United States."

"You say you are going to set out for Abbottsford the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes sir, and I shall visit London and see Mr. Hoffmann before I return to Abbottsford."

"Of course Alice will remain here with me the while?"

"I was going to propose that, sir," said Gerald. "I thank you for the offer. Alice is like a *sister* to me now. She has no other protector, and yet I could not well have taken her to Abbottsford; besides, I wish to go there *alone*."

On the day mentioned, the young man bade Alice a temporary good-by, and set out for the village in Northamptonshire where his mother had died. Notwithstanding the happy prospects that were now opened to him, the young man felt sad and melancholy during the progress of this journey. He recalled to mind the last time he had travelled over that road—then he was accompanying his mother to her new abode—and how many times since, aye, even when in India, he had made up his mind to remain for some time abroad, he had pictured to himself the time when he should return and pass along that same road with a buoyant heart, eager to meet her again. He had never thought that the next time he travelled that road, it would be to visit his mother's grave.

The little quiet village was reached after two days' travel, and when he alighted at the "ride-away," as the lane was called which led to the village, for Abbottsford did not stand

on the high road, he recalled the vivid impression of his dream, when he had in fancy passed along this lane listening to the tolling of the village church bell which announced his mother's death, and her funeral. But the bell was not tolling now, although, as in the dream, the leaves were green upon the trees, and the sunbeams were shining brightly on the green sward, and the cattle were lazily reposing in the shade, and the birds were warbling sweetly amidst the branches and in the hedgerows.

In half an hour's walk he had reached the parsonage, where he intended to call and introduce himself to Mr. Davis, the rector.

He found that gentleman at home, and on hearing the errand upon which the young man had come, the clergyman kindly welcomed him to the village.

Refreshments were placed before him, and after he had partaken of them, the rector related to him many circumstances attending his mother's death.

"She was very anxious about you for a long time before her last illness," said the clergyman, "and looked eagerly for a letter by every mail that arrived from India. I shall never forget the look of anxiety she gave me when I entered her chamber bearing with me the letter I had but a few moments before received, nor the eagerness with which she stretched out her wasted hand to receive the prize. She was too feeble to read it; her eye-sight had already failed her; but, I read the letter aloud, close to her ear, and her countenance changed to an expression so happy, so thankful, that health appeared suddenly to have been restored to her; but she soon relapsed into a state of unconsciousness from which she never perfectly revived, although the happy expression rested upon her features to the last. She held the letter I had given into her hand after reading it, closely clasped to her bosom—and I have no doubt, her last earthly thoughts were of you. Only a few moments before her death, rousing herself as if from a stupor,

she asked me to kneel and pray—to let her hear me pray for you—she wished to die, she feebly whispered while that prayer was passing from my lips, and *so* she died. She spoke but once again and these last words were, "Remember, Gerald, remember!" The right hand was outstretched and the finger pointed as if in warning, and so it remained, stiffened in death, after the breath had passed from her. It was with difficulty we could relax its rigidity; the letter she clasped so closely to her bosom, we buried with her. She was followed to the grave by a great number of the villagers and all the school children, and deeply and sincerely lamented by all who had known her. What little property she died possessed of I hold in trust for you. I wrote to Mr. Pearce, stating many of these facts, and, I presume, you have heard them from him; but, I thought it would be a mournful gratification to you to listen to them from the lips of one who watched her last moments, and closed her eyes in death."

Gerald was much affected during this recital; and Mr. Davis perceiving his emotion, remained for some time silent. At length he inquired whether he should conduct the young man to the secluded spot in the church-yard where his mother's grave was situated; "A simple mound of turf marks the spot," he added, "I would gladly have erected a tomb-stone at the head of the grave, but I thought it better to leave that mournful duty to you, for I anticipated your speedy return, when you should hear the sad intelligence."

"If you will describe the spot to me, I will thank you," replied Gerald; "but I would rather visit the grave alone." "You can see the spot but not the mound itself, from my study window," said the rector, rising and advancing towards a low window which looked out upon a neat lawn overspread with ornamental shrubs, and from which the church-yard could be seen beyond; the group of horse-chestnuts with the tall, slender pointed spire, peeping out above the dark green foliage forming a beautiful and a fitting background to the prospect.

"You see that clump of yew and cedars of Lebanon, there to the right, just beyond where the chestnut trees grow thickest," said he, directing Gerald's attention to the spot with his outstretched finger. "It is there beyond the largest yew. The mound is right beneath its shade. You cannot mistake it, for it is the only grave there. The spot was chosen by your mother on her death-bed. She was fond of walking in the church-yard sometimes, and, there used to be a rustic seat there where she would sit in the summer evenings and read. That is removed now and the grave-mound marks the exact spot where it stood."

Gerald thanked the clergyman, and saying he had no doubt he would readily find the spot he was in search of, he took his hat and went on his melancholy quest.

The grave was found with ease—and there seated on the green mound where his mother had spent so many hours, he remained until twilight came on, and the rector growing anxious in consequence of his non-appearance, went in search of him, and invited him to return to the house.

What were the young man's thoughts during these hours of meditation—perhaps, of prayer, he never disclosed.

He remained at Abbottsford a week—and, at the expiration of that period, a tomb-stone that had been ordered the day after his arrival, from the neighboring town, was brought to the village and planted above the lowly grave. It was a tomb-stone neat and plain, as befitted the secluded country church-yard—and fashioned out of the purest white marble that could be procured—fitting emblem as the young man thought, of the virtues of her whose humble sepulchre it adorned.

It was a bright summer's morning when the tombstone was fixed at the head of the grass-grown mound above the grave. Daisies and butter-cups and cowslips covered the sod, and grew thickly around the spot, in whose petals yet glistened the diamond drops of morning dew; and as Gerald gazed upon these flowers springing up from the rich dank earth of the graveyard,

he thought they blossomed as a lively token to man, that out of corruption shall spring immortality, and that death is but the portal to a brighter and an eternal life.

A single plain inscription was traced upon the smooth white surface of the marble. It was this :—

"SACRED
TO
THE MEMORY
OF
MY MOTHER."

The day following that on which the tombstone had been placed in its position, Gerald bade farewell to the friendly rector, and took his departure for London, where he visited the old well-remembered store in Broad Street, Bloomsbury, and saw Mr. Hoffmann. The old gentleman received him with kindness, and expressed regret for the harshness of his conduct.

The young man, at another time, might have received this acknowledgment with some show of the pride and hauteur peculiar to his disposition ; but he had just returned from a scene calculated to chasten his spirit, and to subdue his pride and obstinacy of character. He accepted the proffered hand of the really honest, good-hearted old auctioneer, and expressed regret in his turn for the petulance of his conduct and the flippant tone of the letters he had written announcing his failure.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "we were all wrong—we all failed in some degree in that patience and proper regard for the feelings of each other, which is one of the chief duties of man. We were a pack of old noodles too—I see it now—to send out such a pack of trumpery ; and Gerald, I think you were a little hasty in getting rid of it."

"The loss you sustained, if ever I am able to do so, I will repay you, each and all," said Gerald.

"No, no," replied Mr. Hoffmann—"no need for that—no need for that, you suffered loss, too ; of course you did ; and

we were able to lose the money, though it troubled us some at the time, but it didn't ruin us, Gerald—it didn't ruin us," and the old gentleman chuckled at the thought, probably, of the comfortable condition of his finances; but Gerald insisted that if ever it should be in his power, he would refund the money lost, and the old gentleman ended the dispute, by saying:—

"Well, well—pay it, if you insist upon it; we shan't refuse the money, I dare say; but don't consider it a debt until you *are* able to repay it. What, by the way, are you going to do with yourself, now?"

"I am shortly going to the United States," replied the young man. "You know New York is my native place, and I have resolved to visit it again, with the intention of making it, or rather with making some part of the country, my future home. My mother is dead," he added, in a saddened tone of voice, "and I have no particular tie to bind me to England."

"Aye," said the old gentleman, "I heard of your mother's death while you were abroad, and though I was not acquainted with her, I was much grieved; but as you are going abroad again, suppose we were to make up a venture?"

"No, thank you," replied Gerald, laughing, "I should think you have had enough of that—I have, at all events."

"Well, then, dine with us to-day, and spend the evening; the old lady 'll find you a spare bed somewhere."

"I will accept your invitation to dinner," returned the young man, "but I cannot remain during the evening; I have much yet to do in London, considering the time I have to do it in, for I intend to set out, on my return to Herrington, to-morrow night."

"As you please," replied Mr. Hoffmann. "If you feel it to be your duty, it is quite right for you to refuse, and so manage your business as to be ready to return home at the appointed time."

Gerald dined with his former employer; and during that evening and the following morning, transacted what business

he had to do, which was very little after all; and at eight o'clock in the evening was seated in the stage, and on his way back to Herrington, and to Alice.

Soon after his return there were evident signs of the approach of some grand event. The quiet vicarage was almost turned inside out. Perhaps never had such strange doings been enacted there before. Such bales of muslin, and parcels of silk and satin, and such a passing to from the house of the tidy, smart-looking dressmakers and milliners, and the housekeeper was so busy and assumed such an air of importance, that people began to wonder what could be the matter at the vicarage, and to imagine all kinds of strange and silly things. "The vicar is going to marry his housekeeper, I'se warrant," said the old dames of the town over their bohea. "Marry come up with her for a stuck up thing. Why I've suspicioned it for a long time, such ogling in church, and he a clargy, too, and she an old maid, and as to good looks, I'd be ashamed if I warn't no better lookin' nor she."

And "Lawks no! he, he, he! Becky Sanford good looking!" tittered a lot of old dames in chorus, "I'd break all the lookin' glasses I came across if I were as ugly as Becky Sandford."

And so the news got abroad that the vicar was going to be married, and some doubted and some believed, and some thought it was none of their business whether he got married or not, and others though it *was* their business, any how.

But all this anxiety was set at rest on the morning of the ensuing Sabbath, when the Rev. Mr. Pearce publicly published the bans of marriage between Gerald Dalton and Alice Thornton, both of Herrington, in the county of Kent, and on the third Sunday morning from this, after morning service, a young man with pride and satisfaction depicted in his face, albeit, a slight nervous tremor occasionally betrayed the presence of some unwonted emotion, and a young lady clad in pure white and fair herself as the white garments she wore, save where the roses blushed in her cheeks, stood at the altar in

Herrington church and were united by the Rev. Mr. Pearce in the holy bonds of matrimony, and an old sailor stood near with such delight expressed in his visage, that every moment a looker on might have thought that he was about to give it some uproarious expression. The old sailor gave away the bride and when the ceremony was over imprinted a fatherly kiss on her fair cheek. The sailor was Jemmy Milton, and it was Gerald Dalton who quitted the church a happy husband, but Alice Thornton returned no more. A fair blushing girl of little more than twenty summers rested fondly upon the arm of the young man; and it was Alice Thornton's features and expression that she wore, but it was not she. It was Alice Dalton—Gerald's blooming bride.

They set out for a brief tour through France on the following day, and while in Paris visited Armand and Minette and found them happily married.

The services these had rendered Alice were not forgotten. They had formerly been rewarded; but now—Alice having succeeded in obtaining from the lawyer who had been employed after her return to England to manage any intricacies that might disarrange her affairs, permission to draw for what money she required—they were made happy—quite rich—*they* thought, with a really generous present.

After a two months' ramble, the young couple returned to England, and immediately commenced preparations for the projected voyage to America.

The island of Cuba was their first destination, Gerald and indeed Alice likewise being anxious to have all matters connected with the Cuban estates properly settled, and they were soon ready for the voyage.

The vessel on board of which their passage was engaged was to sail from Liverpool, and to that port they set out to join her, after having bid adieu to their friends, and promised to write and let them know how they prospered in the New World.

Three months from the date of their marriage, Gerald and Alice were on their way to the West Indies.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Which treats of various matters, showing how Gerald and Alice visited Cuba, and arranged matters to their own satisfaction, and afterwards went to New York, where Gerald met with some old acquaintances in name. How he visited Ohio, and returned to New York, leaving matters in abeyance which the next and concluding chapter will set to rights.

The Minerva brig, on board which Gerald and his young wife had sailed for Havana, arrived duly in port, after having made an ordinary passage out. Letters had been dispatched beforehand to announce their coming, and Mr. Hornby, whose friendship had been so serviceable to Gerald on the occasion of his former visit, received them at his house with true West Indian hospitality. They found no difficulty now in proving old Mr. Craddock's will. Señor Alvero was all smiles and obsequiousness, and Mr. Hornby was perfectly conversant with the method whereby the Cuban authorities, who might have opposed the succession, or at least caused a great deal of trouble, and thrown obstacles in the way, could be managed so as to be led with the utmost docility, so the matter was easily settled with the assistance of a few golden compliments, and Alice was put in possession of the title deeds of the Craddock estates without any opposition being made, and as both she and her husband were, of course, ignorant of the management of a West Indian plantation, Señor Alvero who, *ladrone* as he was, was quite as trustworthy as most of his class, was, at Mr. Hornby's suggestion, retained in the position of overseer, to which he had been appointed by Mr Craddock.

Alice's cousin George, who was still in Jamaica, heard through

the newspapers of the arrival of Gerald and Alice at Havana, and also of the circumstances which had induced to his cousin's return. He had been no party to his father's attempt at fraud, having never entertained a doubt of the correctness of Mr. Craddock's statements in relation to the clauses of the will; still he felt that something of the obloquy, necessarily, though undeservedly, rested upon him, and he resolved to visit his cousin at Regla and wipe off any stain that, in the opinion of her husband, might rest upon his character, by asking from his cousin's own lips an explanation of his conduct during her former sojourn on the estate.

He arrived at Regla about a month after Gerald and his wife had landed at Havana, and was kindly received by them. Alice, in fact, had told her husband of his generous behavior, and his fears that his conduct might be misinterpreted were unfounded, Gerald was not only ready but eager to give him a cordial reception and a generous welcome, and he was pressed to take up his abode with them while he remained.

"I will gladly do so," he replied, "but my stay will be but short. I received a letter from my father written in Paris, about a fortnight since, requesting me to go to the United States, and thence take passage to India. He will meet me there, having long before this sailed for Calcutta. My father made no allusion whatever to his niece, nor did he say why he was not again coming to the West Indies; but in order to induce me the more promptly to accede to his wishes, he hinted that as I had formerly mentioned to him that I had an "attachment" in Jamaica, I had his consent to marry the young lady and carry her with me to Calcutta. I couldn't understand the cause of this sudden alteration in his views, until I read the newspaper gossip in relation to these Cuban plantations. I was exceedingly mortified, and you will acknowledge with good reason, the more especially as the old commissary General, the father of my *fiance* —for I have been pushing matters hard since my return from Cuba, and have obtained the

young lady's promise to marry me—read the story in the papers, and demanded an explanation, and the young lady herself refused to see me.

"I told the old gentleman the whole story, and he was so pleased with my candor, as he expressed himself, that he shook hands with me and said that he thought better of me than ever, that I had acted quite right, and should immediately have an interview with his daughter."

"I trust," said Alice, "that you have had no difficulty in that quarter."

"A little, at first, I must confess. Miss Barton readily overlooked everything the gossiping newspapers had said, excepting the allusions to the beauty of the young heiress, whom I, forsooth, (so it was hinted) had been *trying* to win."

Alice smiled, and said that she hoped her cousin had satisfied Miss Barton of the falsity of these statements.

"Well, I did, after a while," replied George, smiling in his turn. "A little to your detriment, my fair coz. All is fair, they say, in love and war, and I plead guilty to a little subterfuge, and obliquity of expression. I told her you were a perfect fright, an uncouth, red-faced English girl, whose sole attraction was your money bags, and that I never, for one moment entertained a particle of affection for you, for if I had demonstrated the slightest partiality, you would have jumped into my arms, and——"

"Stop, stop," said Alice, laughing heartily, and placing her hand upon her cousin's mouth, "you call this a trifling obliquity of expression, eh, sir? Why, it's downright falsehood, and you know it. You ought to be made to do penance in a white sheet. Gerald ought to call you out. Who ever heard of such audacity? However, since I am married and my ugliness is no longer in the market, seeking a purchaser, into whose arms to jump, I forgive you this once, and go so far in my generosity as to hope that your pleading was successful."

"So successful," replied George, "that we are to be married on my return to Kingston, and in the course of a few weks we shall be on our way to Calcutta. What my father intends doing there I don't know. Probably nothing. I know him to be in possession of a handsome fortune, and this knowledge increases my surprise at his action in relation to this Cuban property. He has lived for many years in India. All his friends are there, and I suppose he intends to spend the remainder of his days in that country."

"Do you think it likely that you will remain?" inquired Gerald.

"That I cannot say. My father has influence there, and can no doubt, procure me a good appointment, and both Mary and I look forward to the voyage, and Mary is in extacies at the idea of seeing a distant country of which she has heard and read so much."

George very much enjoyed his visit, and he and Gerald laid the foundation of a friendship, which has never been broken.

But the day was at hand on which he was to set out on his return to Jamaica, and to meet his expectant *fiancee*, and with mutual good wishes and expressions of friendship, they parted.

Gerald was now growing anxious to visit the United States. The recollections of early boyhood which shed a golden halo upon the localities wherein that early boyhood had been spent, aided not a little by all that he had heard and read of the rapid progress of the land in which he had drawn his first breath, had determined him, now that he was enabled to gratify his often expressed wish, to visit America, to make the United States his future home; besides, he had business there which might prove of importance, and he wished, consequently, to visit Cincinnati, where his father's farm had been located, and to see this Mr. Brower, whom he recollected as his fellow-passenger in the Liverpool stage, and of whom his mother had written in one of her last letters to him when in India.

Preparations were accordingly made for the passage to New

York, and very soon after George Craddock sailed for Jamaica Gerald and his wife were on their way to the United States.

During the passage Gerald related to Alice his own faint recollections of his native land, and all that he recollected having heard from his mother, at different times, of his father's hard experience there. With the names of Mr. Biggin and Mr. Jenkins, the publisher, he was quite familiar, his mother had often spoken of his father's connection with the "*Trumpeter of Freedom*," and of the oddities of its proprietor and editor, and also of Mr. Dalton's interview with the publisher, who would not listen to him because he had not a European reputation. Washington Irving's works and Cooper's novels, and Bancroft's and Prescott's histories, and the speeches of Calhoun, and Clay and Webster, had been eulogized in England, and their names become household words—and, on one occasion, when Gerald was reading aloud to his mother, in her little sitting-room at Herrington, one of the then newly published works of the first-named author, with whose praises the newspapers and reviews of England were ringing, Mrs. Dalton had smilingly mentioned to Gerald the fact, of the publisher's stating to his father, that this young man would never acquire a European reputation.

"I should like to see these people," said the young man, to Alice, "but several years have passed away since then, and they may be no longer living."

It was a fine bright morning in June, when the schooner, on board which they had taken passage, arrived in the Bay of New York, the extraordinary beauty of which drew many an exclamation of delight from both. The sun shone gloriously and the still waters of the bay reflected his beams with dazzling brightness. The sloping shores, green and thickly wooded, and studded with villas and farm-houses and small villages, formed a beautiful frame-work to the nautical landscape—and the countless vessels, of all sorts and sizes, from the magnificent "liner" to the North river sloop, impressed the beholder with a grand idea of the wealth and of the unlimited commerce of the country.

"Yours is indeed a glorious country," said Alice in a whisper, pressing her husband's hand, "I shall readily become an American too, Gerald; but, you will not forget, that your mother and father were English, and that the bones of the former lie beneath English soil?"

"No," said Gerald, earnestly, "and it would be well if it were more generally remembered by others whose English ancestry is more remote, that the bones of their forefathers lie mouldering in English graves, and that English men and women would recollect, too, that their children have peopled this great and growing country, and that every instance of its progress reflects honor upon England. The people of both countries are to blame when any source of difficulty arises between them. Having naturally an almost equal affection and admiration for both countries, I have often read with disgust the tirades in the English newspapers against the United States, written, as it would appear, with no other object than to keep alive a feeling of distrust and jealousy that must be injurious to their mutual interest. I have seldom had an opportunity of seeing an American newspaper; but, I have been told that they are equally to blame. I shall soon know whether this be true or not. I hope not; for it appears to me to be one of the foolishest things on earth for two such nations as England and the United States to seek out, as it were, causes of quarrel, when united in indissoluble friendship they might do so much for the happiness and prosperity of the whole world."

"Whence arises this feeling of jealousy?" inquired Alice.

"It is hard to say," replied her husband; "but you know, Alice, that the most difficult quarrels to heal, are those which occur between different branches of the same family. I will illustrate the subject after a homely fashion.—An old couple having a larger family than they can conveniently maintain at home, send them to a distant farm, which they stock for them, and the cultivation of which they superintend, while the children are yet too young to manage for themselves. This is all very

well; but by and by, the children grow up to manhood, and fancy that they can manage their own affairs more satisfactorily for themselves than their parents can for them. All they want is to do this, and they are still willing to be subject, after an independent fashion, to the old folks at home; but the old folks being rather a meddlesome couple, fond of arranging every other family's affairs to their own liking, as a matter of course get into a great many scrapes and quarrels; to get the more easily out of which, they call upon their children, who are doing very comfortably on their distant farm, to help them, by selling a large portion of their produce. They object to this since the quarrels which have involved their parents have been none of their seeking—still they say, if you will place us on an equality with yourselves, we will do what is reasonable in the matter. This assumption of even partial independence affronts the old folks, who contend that the farm is theirs, and that the children are only there on sufferance.

"But," reply the children, "see how we have improved it. We found it a waste, and before long it will be richer than the old homestead."

"Who helped you to do so?" ask the old folks.

"You, at first," reply the children, "and we feel grateful for your aid; "but latterly we begin to discover that it is you that are receiving aid from us, even to the robbing of our own families. We are willing to do the thing that's right, but there is such a thing as asking too much."

"Parents cannot ask too much of their children," say the old couple.

"But," reply the children, "you should recollect we are not all children of yours. We have received a considerable accession of young folks from other families that have no connection with you; and then some of our younger brothers ran away from home and joined us, because you used them so harshly, and insisted upon their going to the Established Church on Sunday, when they wanted to go to Meeting. You surely

have no claim upon these; besides, we have married among these cousins and these visitors from other families, and have children of our own growing up, who, having never seen their grandparents, can't be expected to have any very strong attachment to them—at least, not so strong an attachment, as to be willing to supply them with the food they require themselves, for though we are thriving finely, we are young yet, and have not been able to lay up money in our coffers as you have, and it really requires our utmost efforts at present to support our own families.

"This was reasonable argument enough, but the old folks were obstinate, and wouldn't listen to it, but said they'd take, by force, what they couldn't get for love; and the spirit of the young people was roused at this, and they dared them to come on the farm at their peril. But they treated this threat with contempt, and did come and behaved very cruelly, not at all like parents ought to behave—burning down hay-ricks and the stores of grain that the children had laid aside for a rainy day, and doing all the mischief they could. The children, however, resisted with all their might, and some of the children of a neighbor of the old couple, with whom they had been quarrelling all their lives, came over to the farm and took the part of the young people; and after a long struggle they finally compelled the old folks to go back to the old homestead and promise never to interfere any more with the management of the farm.

"After some time, things on the farm were put to rights again, and the farm thrived more than ever, and the old people benefited by the change. They were better off than ever, by exchanging goods with the young people, although a lawyer, named Burke, whom they had consulted during the quarrel, had told them that the loss of the farm would prove the sunset of the old homestead. When they saw this, they became pretty good friends again, until, some years after, another quarrel occurred in consequence of the old couple insisting upon searching the young people's farm wagons in which they carried their

goods to market, under the pretence that they had kidnapped some of the younger branches of the old people's family, and concealed them among the produce. This second quarrel was settled after a short time, and since then they have rubbed along pretty comfortably together, and would continue to do so, if certain quarrelsome members of both branches of the family, who, generally speaking, have no interests at stake, did not persist in endeavoring to set them by the ears, merely for the sake of their own aggrandisement. More than once they have nearly succeeded in doing so, but the good sense of the more respectable and responsible members of both families, who are beginning to think that it is to their mutual interest to be friendly together, and to aid and assist one another, since the old people having laid by a good stock of money, and valuable household goods, can exchange these commodities with the young people's farm produce, and both be gainers by the transfer. Some people think, that if anything really serious should happen to either branch of the family—such for instance as a combination of other families to crush their rights and liberties —they would immediately unite and punish the offenders; and one thing is pretty certain, that united, they would be more than a match for any combination that could be brought against them. But you see, my love, how difficult it is to heal breaches that have occurred in a family."

While Alice had been an amused listener to Gerald's illustration, the schooner had arrived opposite the city, and came to an anchor. They took leave of the captain of the vessel and went on shore as soon as possible, and Gerald hiring a carriage, requested the driver to carry them to the Astor House.

After partaking of dinner and resting themselves, Gerald proposed a walk in Broadway.

Alice readily assented to this proposition, and they set out together. Alice was delighted with all she saw.

"Everybody, almost, appears well dressed, and well off," she said, "but yet everybody looks so earnest and thoughtful;

every gentleman at least—that it is painful to observe the expression of their countenances; and how they are hurrying along the street! Surely some great calamity must have occurred."

"Oh, no," said Gerald, smiling at her observation, "Everybody wears that expression here, especially in business hours; I was too young to notice it when here before, but I have heard my mother and others speak of it."

"But what is the cause?" asked Alice.

"It is difficult to say. An eager anxiety to make money, some assert. For my part, I think there are other causes, though these may have led to that result. The people of this country, when it was first settled, had much to contend with, and it required all their energies to combat the obstacles they encountered; consequently the ancestors, even of the men of the present generation, had little time to spare for recreation. They made their business a recreation, and the result has been that this restless seeking after business has descended to their children. The country has progressed in an unprecedented—a wonderful manner; but it is a young country yet. Perhaps by-and-by this constant eagerness may give way to a less fatiguing and exciting, and I must acknowledge a more sensible method of doing business. But what do you think of the ladies?"

"They are almost universally pretty, and dressed magnificently—too magnificently, I think, for good taste."

"And yet," said Gerald, smiling, "I warrant before you have been here six months, you will be as eager to be in the fashion as anybody. I declare, I am almost ashamed to walk with you, you look so dowdy-like."

"For shame!" said Alice, playfully tapping her husband's arm with her parasol. "If you think so, you have your remedy; go into that linen-draper's shop and buy me that handsome shawl, and then I shall look as fine as your own countrywomen."

"There!" said Gerald, "was I not right? You haven't been

three hours in America till you begin to catch the contagion. But you will be laughed at if you speak of a linen-draper's shop. The term here is dry goods store."

"Well, any term you please," said Alice; "but you shall not think to get off that way; you shall buy me that shawl as an atonement for your impertinence."

They entered the store, and Gerald purchased the article in question. When they came out of the store, Gerald asked his wife what she thought of Broadway.

"It is a very beautiful thoroughfare," she replied, "and very gay, almost as gay, though after a very different style, as the Boulevards of Paris, and a great deal more bustling; but that may be because it is so much narrower. Many of the buildings, too, are really magnificent, and when the street is finished, it will be one of the handsomest I have ever seen; but some of the houses are old and out of character."

"When the street is finished!" said Gerald, laughing, "I don't recollect much about it myself, but I believe it was about as nearly finished, at least this portion of it, when I was here before, thirteen years ago, as it is now, and about as far finished now as it ever will be."

"Why," said Alice, "I thought from the piles of brick laying about, and the timber stretching across the causeway, that it was a newly opened thoroughfare, and that these old houses had stood on the old line of street; it's not one or two new buildings that I see going up, but one here and there, as far as the eye can reach; and then these heaps of packing cases and goods on the pavement, are they not waiting to be carried in by persons who have recently moved here?"

"Not at all," said Gerald; "the street pavement is considered part of the legitimate store, and this constant scrambling over piles of lumber and all sorts of obstacles, and dodging occasionally out into the street, at the risk of being run over by the omnibusses, is supposed by the city authorities to impart vigor to the limbs of the citizens, and to inspire them with confidence and disregard of danger."

Alice looked up into her husband's face to see if he were joking or not, and noticing her looks, he continued :

"The very quality that I have just alluded to, the constant eagerness to have something better than one's neighbors, leads to this continual change in the aspect of things. I have been told that Americans leaving New York for a year or two have found things so changed on their return, that they have failed to recognize the localities they formerly knew well. They have found not only houses built where vacant lots stood before, and houses so altered and improved that the character of the street has undergone a change, but new streets and thoroughfares opened as miraculously, as it appears to the returned citizen, as if the genii of Aladdin's lamp had been summoned to do the work. So with Broadway ; it is built anew every few years, and ten to one the most magnificent structures you now admire will in a few years give place to others to gratify the whim or extravagance perchance of some new owner, for property here is continually changing hands. However, I am proud of my native city."

"And you have good reason to be so," returned Alice. "There is something inspiring in this very eagerness after novelty, and this continual change with all its inconveniences ; and then," she added, laughing, "this mingling of old and new houses, and this varied style of architecture, is so perfectly democratic. That old house there, which appears aged enough to be a relic of the Revolution, seems to say to its proud neigh bor, 'I have as good a right to stand on Broadway as you.'"

They rambled about, examining, admiring and criticising all they saw, until Alice began to feel weary, when they returned to the hotel.

That evening, Gerald, who had preserved Mr. Brown's address, wrote to him and informed him of his intended visit to Cincinnati, but said that he should await his reply in New York, as he should not leave the city for a week or two.

Gerald and his wife took frequent walks in all parts of the

city worth seeing, and made several excursions in its vicinity, and Gerald often took a stroll through the streets alone, when Alice was tired, or disinclined to join him.

On one of these occasions he stopped before a book store in a narrow street, and stood carelessly examining the titles of the volumes exposed for sale in the window. Happening to cast his eye upwards, towards the sign over the door, he read the inscription, "Albert Jenkins, Bookseller and Publisher."

"Can this be the person," he thought, "of whom I have so often heard my mother speak?"

He resolved to satisfy himself, and walking into the store, asked for a copy of Irving's Knickerbocker.

"I have not got it in the store, sir," replied a grey-headed, spectacled old gentleman, who was seated at a desk at the farther end of the store, and who came forward as he spoke. "You will find it at Mr. Irving's publisher, Mr. Putnam."

"It's of no consequence," replied Gerald, "I am a stranger here, stopping at the Astor House, and merely want a book for my wife to read. Have you any of Cooper's novels?"

"All of them, sir. Which do you want?"

"Give me the latest one that has been published. I have read all the early ones in England. Cooper has a great name there."

"Are you an Englishman?" carelessly asked the bookseller, apparently merely for the sake of saying something.

"No, I was born in New York; but, I have been for many years abroad, and I must acknowledge that I have felt some pride when I have heard the genius of my countrymen eulogized in other lands. Formerly a European reputation was required; now, it is not necessary, for the sale of an American book."

"No, sir, no," said the bookseller with a sigh, (he was evidently one of the olden school who regret the progress of the times.) "No, sir,—I have here," pointing to his shelves, "a large collection of the old standard authors, sir, Shakspeare, Addison, Fielding, Smollett, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Porter, and a host of others. I used to sell them freely, now they are seldom asked for. The trade has changed sir, sadly changed, and

there is little or no demand for any but American books. As you say sir, nobody stops to inquire now, if an author has achieved a European reputation."

"If they gain an American one, I should think they hardly need such, although it is almost sure to follow."

"Still, sir, I cannot but consider it a sad falling off. It has caused a vast change to take place in the publishing trade. Formerly there were only a few of us; now, publishers are to be found in shoals, and most of the old houses are unheard of, they no longer exist."

Seeing that the old gentleman was inclined to be chatty, Gerald, after having purchased and paid for a couple of volumes, continued the conversation, by asking the bookseller if he had been long in the business.

"More than thirty-five years," he replied, "I am getting very old now, and merely remain in business, for the sake of amusement. I sell but little and publish nothing at all. Young houses have sprung up into collossal magnitude, that were unheard of when I commenced business. There is the Harpers' establishment, twenty years ago it did not exist—now, more books are published by that firm, than are published by any other house in America, and few in Europe exceed them in the number and variety of their publications. If they go on thus much longer, they will be the greatest publishers in the world. I could name many others. It is a sad state of things, sir, a sad state of things."

Not being exactly able to view this state of things in the light they were seen by Mr. Jenkins, or even thoroughly to comprehend the old gentleman's meaning, Gerald was about to wish him good-day and leave the store, when the idea struck him to make inquiry respecting Mr. Biggin.

"By-the-by," said he, "do you know a person of the name of Biggin—a newspaper man,—who, many years ago, published the "*Trumpeter of Freedom?*"

"Mr. Biggin—Mr. Amos Biggin, I presume you mean,"

said Mr. Jenkins. "He has published several newspapers which have had but a brief existence, and has been engaged in various descriptions of business. I don't know what he is now engaged in—he has been an unfortunate man, sir—very unfortunate. But here is the directory, perhaps you will find his name there."

Gerald took the volume and looked along the pages "B," until he found the name he sought. There it was, "Amos Biggin—Bowery Office of the Gift Penwiper Society."

"Have you found the name, sir," inquired the bookseller.

"Yes; here it is, 'Amos Biggin, Office of the Gift Penwiper Society—Bowery.' What is the meaning of a Gift pen-wiper society?"

"Ah! I recollect now, I might have recollected sooner," said the bookseller, "Yes, I heard that Biggin had started that speculation. He is President of the Society, I believe. It is a description of Mutual Benefit Society, which has sprung up of late years, by the aid of which on purchasing a trifling article, the purchaser has a chance of receiving a valuable return for his money, in the shape of some gift. Sometimes, I am told, receiving an article of great value."

"Thank you," said Gerald, "My father was acquainted with the gentleman, and I should like to see him," and wishing the bookseller good-day, he walked out of the store.

Gaining the Bowery, Gerald had no difficulty in finding the Gift Establishment, for he had hardly entered the thoroughfare, before he saw opposite him, on the other side of the street, the name of Amos Biggin, in flaunting gold letters, heading a black board with gilded letters, setting forth the advantages that would accrue to all who invested two shillings in the purchase of a pen-wiper, the corners of the board being decorated with immense parti-colored pen-wipers, and the board itself being set in a frame-work of pen-wipers of smaller dimensions.

Crossing the street, he entered the store, when a portly gen

tleman, of pompous aspect and florid countenance, although beginning to show signs of age in his wrinkled brow and shrunken mouth, advanced to the counter and inquired his business, at the same time pushing towards him a heap of colored pen-wipers, as if to choose from.

"Mr. Amos Biggin, I presume?" said Gerald, disregarding the merchandise before him.

"The same, at your service," replied the individual addressed.

"You at one time published a newspaper, entitled the *Trumpeter of Freedom?*"

"I did sir, many years ago. Let me see, it must be now eighteen or nineteen years since the *Trumpeter of Freedom* burst up. I have published several newspapers since then sir. You may have heard of the '*Denouncer*,' and the '*Dem ocratic Thunderer.*' I had the honor to start both those sheets, sir; but *they* burst up, too. The envy of the monopolizing sheets, sir, proved too much for them. There was not, I am sorry to say, sufficient independence on the part of the public to enable me to carry out my views, or I would have shown to the world my idea of a good newspaper. But the public, sir, the public, always looking to the present and regardless of the welfare of posterity, wanted the news that my availabilities would not allow of my procuring, and they bought the venial sheets, and allowed my independent, patriotic journal to fall to the ground. But, may I inquire your name, sir, and the cause of your taking an interest in the by-gone *Trumpeter of Freedom?*'

"My name is Dalton—Gerald Dalton, and my father was associated with you on the *Trumpeter of Freedom.* I have been abroad for many years and just now, seeing your name in the directory, I thought I would call, not exactly for old acquaintance sake, since I don't know that I ever saw you; but still for the sake of old recollections. I was born during the period my father was associated with you on that journal."

"Indeed, I am glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Biggin. "Pray

take a seat. Now you mention the name, I recollect your father well—a most excellent gentleman. Still living and prospering, I hope. And I recollect, too the circumstance of your birth. Spoilt a most excellent leader of mine, sir. It came out not only misspelt, but full of ridiculous grammatical errors—the printer's, of course—I always left the revision of my articles to your father. I had full confidence in him, seldom found occasion to find fault with him; but the misfortune had a bad effect upon the paper—very bad. The editor of the "Raven," a scurrilous opposition sheet, started for a paltry election purpose, had the vandalism to publish in his vile journal, a card purporting to be sent in by your father, saying that his wife having given birth to a son, he, the sub-editor of the *Trumpeter*, had been unable to attend to the revision of the principal editor's leaders, and that consequently, he hoped the public would excuse the bad grammar and abominable spelling. But that's gone by, now, sir. How is your father?"

"My father has been dead many years," replied Gerald, "and I have been abroad since I was eight years of age. I am glad to see you doing so apparently prosperous a business, though, to judge from appearances—"

"Ah, Mr. Dalton," replied Mr. Biggin, "appearances are deceitful. You see in me, sir, as I often said to your lamented father, an ill-used man. One whose purposes have been misunderstood, and whose endeavors to ameliorate the condition of his fellow creatures, have all proved miserable failures. I have tried several things besides newspaper publishing. I have been a biologist, and have endeavored to reconcile the antipathies of mind and matter. I have been in the spirit line and endeavored to inculcate a taste for good genuine liquors among my countrymen, but in vain; I burst up, and I have been in the spiritual line; an humble preacher at one time, at another, a teacher of the mysteries of spiritualism; but I failed in all, was called an impostor, a charlatan, a toe-rapper, everything that is abusive.

"But in this present occupation?" said Gerald.

"In this occupation, sir, every intelligent man would conceive there was a fair field for success. What can be grander than its conception? Where a nobler union of the humble and the magnificent than is to be found in the object of this society? Think, sir, of a pen-wiper and a brown stone mansion in the Fifth avenue, or a pen-wiper and a farm of one hundred acres of land among the Rocky Mountains, or a pen-wiper and a pair of splendid bays, and a neat buggy behind them! Reason quails in making the comparison, and yet the penwiper is as useful in its way as either of the other things mentioned. The main object of my life has been to leave the name behind me when I am laid in the grave, of a benefactor to my fellow men. I should wish parents to lead their prattling children to my lowly tomb and to say, 'look, my children, and weep! beneath that stone lie the mortal remains of Amos Biggin, the great philanthropist, and the benefactor of his species. Weep over his grave and go and follow his example, and lie in such a grave when you die.' But, alas! the fates have been against me and if any child follows my example, such is the wickedness of the world, that very likely he would die without having any grave to lie in at all."

"You have been unfortunate, indeed," said Gerald.

"You may well say so," continued Mr. Biggin. "Bankrupt in purse, and bowed with years, I still sought to gain what had been the aim of my life, the esteem of my fellow men. Casting about how I should accomplish this end, in the ruined state of my finances, the glorious idea of the penwiper struck me. What innumerable garments are ruined annually, I said to myself, in consequence of the abominable and slovenly practice of wiping pens on coat-tails. How many gross of steel pens are corroded before their time by the negligence of those who never wipe the ink from their pens at all. How many innocent children's mouths are cankered by the practice of sucking the ink from their pens at school. Similar thoughts

crowded upon my imagination, and I resolved to dispose of penwipers in such a manner that the use of them should become general.

"Old clothes," I said, "will supply the cloth, and old clothes are cheap, and by making the pen-wipers parti-colored, I shall instil, by the judicious arrangement of these colors, a love of the beautiful in the juvenile bosom. The magnificent idea of a Gift Society flashed upon me like a clap of thunder—I mean a streak of lightning—and I drew out a prospectus—a glorious idea, sir. Here is one"—handing a paper to Gerald from a heap that lay on the counter—"read it at your leisure. You will see that by expending the small sum of two shillings in the purchase of a pen-wiper, the purchaser has a chance when pen-wipers are sold to the number of one million—a very small calculation, you will perceive, out of the twenty-two millions comprising our population—of obtaining something of value ranging from one dollar to twenty thousand dollars—from a smelling-bottle to a brown stone mansion with out-houses and all necessary conveniences, situated in the most fashionable part of the city. You will see that I have made the following calculation. One million quarters amount to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Out of this sum I propose to expend two hundred thousand dollars in gifts, only reserving to myself the paltry sum of fifty thousand dollars, out of which I pay all the expenses. The idea is a grand one; and yet, sir, would you—can you credit it, the public is so blind to its own interests that I have not sold a dozen pen-wipers in more than two months that the society has been established? Only two of these have I been paid the stipulated price for; they were purchased by a countryman who was seeing the city; the others I sold to children for a cent apiece. I am disgusted with human nature, and would sell the entire stock at the same rate, for quarter day is drawing near, and I have not wherewith to pay the first quarter's rent."

Gerald duly sympathized with the unfortunate Amos Big-

gin, and lamented the blindness of the public, and then having invested a dollar in the purchase of four red, white and green pen-wipers, quitted the store. This was the last he saw of Amos Biggin, although he heard some time after that he was again endeavoring to establish a campaign newspaper, the Gold Pen Association, consisting of Amos Biggin himself, who was president, board of directors, secretary and clerks in his own person, having, to use Mr. Biggin's own terms, "burst up," paying something less than a mill on the dollar.

Gerald's letter to Mr. Brower led to a visit from that gentleman himself. He expressed great satisfaction at seeing his young stage-coach acquaintance, and recalled to his recollection his prophecy that the piece of swamp land would one day be valuable property.

"It is so now," he said, "and will become still more valuable. But you must go with me to Ohio and see it, and take Mrs. Dalton with you."

This arrangement was agreed upon, and after Mr. Brower had transacted the other business which had called him to New York, Gerald and his wife set out with him for Ohio. He found that his late father's farm had been situated near where now one of the finest canals in the state was being cut, and the piece of swamp land that no one thought it worth while to take as a gift, now of itself afforded a considerable income. Mr. Brower had built warehouses upon it, and it was settled in a manner satisfactory to all parties, that Mr. Brower should continue to rent it of Gerald. He did not understand the business in which it would be necessary to engage if he had decided to hold it himself, nor would it have been right to dislodge Mr. Brower after all he had effected; besides, Gerald knew that he would be required to make frequent visits to Cuba to look after his wife's interests there. So, after making a tour of the state, and extending their tour in various other directions, he and Alice returned to New York, with the intention of remaining in that city until they had decided in what part of the country to settle.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Conclusion, which treats of various matters, each necessary to the winding up of the Story, and which, the author hopes, winds up everything to the satisfaction of the reader.

Some time elapsed before Gerald Dalton and Alice decided upon the locality wherein they should reside. At length, Gerald purchased a villa in New Hampshire, the beautiful scenery with which the neighborhood abounded, having made his wife, as she expressed herself, "in love with the spot." Thither they removed and resided, Gerald turning his attention to amateur farming for amusement, although he was frequently obliged to visit Cuba, and, during the course of five years, paid two visits to England. On one of the visits Alice accompanied him, and two or three times before she had any offspring to engage her attention at home, she went with him to Cuba, in two instances remaining in that country during its delightful winter season.

Of course when Gerald went to England, he always visited his friends at Herrington, which was beginning to rise out of its squalor, and promised to be, what it now is, the chief port of outlet to France. A short time after his first visit, Jemmy Milton paid the debt of nature, at the age of seventy-one. The vicar wrote to Gerald, informing him of the death of his old friend, and, it was on the receipt of this letter that he again resolved to visit England. Indeed, Mr. Pearce urged the visit, in order that he might be present when the will of the old sailor was read.

From the vicar's lips he heard the following account of the last days of his old and attached friend.

"Jemmy had been failing for some months," said the vicar to Gerald, the day after his arrival at Herrington, when both gentleman were seated in the study at the vicarage, "but for a couple of weeks before he died his infirmities increased rapidly. He suffered no pain; in fact labored under no illness, excepting that he felt an occasional twinge of rheumatism; but appeared to be slowly dying of old age. About a week before his death he became so weak that the crutches which he had made use of for some time were no longer of any service to him, and he had to be supported every fine day to the old boat-house on the beach, to which favorite resort he persisted in going to the last. He was very fond of sitting and enjoying his pipe, while his landlady's daughter, of whom he was very fond, read to him from the bible, and from tracts and other books I supplied her with, and there, in the old boat-house, would he sit, till the sun went down, and some of the fishermen returning from their daily labors, assisted him home.

"One day, the very day on which he died, little Molly Nelson came in a great hurry to the vicarage and requested to see me, and when I sent for her to the study, she said, that Jemmy Milton had sent his compliments and wished to see the vicar as soon as convenient. She is a very nice well-spoken, well-behaved girl this Molly Nelson, and she acquitted herself of her errand very prettily. I have been speaking to my housekeeper about taking her into my service.

"Is Jemmy Milton any worse to-day, my dear?" I asked.

"No, your reverence," she replied, "I don't think he's any worse; but, when I was going to read to him, as usual, after John Molson had led him to the boat-house, he told me to go up directly to the vicarage and ask you to call and see him. He said he had something very particular to talk to you about."

"I was writing my sermon for the next sabbath at the time; but I laid my books and manuscript aside, and went at once with the child to the beach.

"When we reached the boat-house, Jemmy was sitting on the bench inside, smoking his pipe as usual. An open bible was lying on the table before him and he had his spectacles on and appeared to be attentively reading its pages; but he closed the book when I entered, saying:

"I've been a tryin' to read a chapter to myself, while Molly was away to the vicarage for you, but I didn't make much headway. I never was a very easy reader, and now my eyesight is so bad, that I cannot see one word from another."

"I looked earnestly at the old man, but I did not observe any change since I had seen him last—only a few days before.

"Shall I read a chapter to you, Jemmy, or will you hear Molly read?" said I, "She reads very nicely."

"Molly shall read to me, presently," he replied, "She is a good girl, and very attentive to me; but, first of all, I want to talk to you, alone, sir. Here, Molly," he said, "here's a shilling for you, and go and take a walk and buy something for yourself and come back, like a good girl, in half an hour, and read to me."

"As soon as the little girl had gone out the old man turned his face towards me, and speaking very seriously, inquired whether I was a believer in dreams.

"No," I answered, "dreams are mere vagaries of the imagination, and they are generally caused by the recollection during sleep of some event that has passed, and are tinged by what our thoughts have been engaged upon during the day. When they come true, the truths they may appear to have foretold have usually been the result of circumstances we had a previous knowledge of and which were likely to lead to some particular result. The result would naturally have been the same whether we dreamed it or not."

"You talk very larned upon the subject," he replied; "but I had a strange dream last night, which I fancy has a moral in it, and I made bold to send for your reverence, to ax your opinion consarnin' it."

"I have no objection to hear it, Jemmy," I replied; "but you should not let such things trouble your mind,—dreams, as I have told you, are idle vageries"

"I scarcely agree with you, sir," interrupted Gerald; "you have heard of the dream—if indeed it were only a dream—which occurred to me at the very time of my mother's death."

"I have," replied the vicar, "and my theory has not been altered in the slightest degree after hearing it. It was a singular and startling coincidence, I grant, but your thoughts had for a long time been centered upon your mother and the village of Abbottsford, where you had last seen her. You knew that she was in failing health, and your conscience, as you have told me, was constantly reproaching you for remaining so long absent from her. That very night you had, for the first time, opened a volume she had presented you with but a short time before you parted from her. You had read therein a quotation from Cowper, in her handwriting, written at the time she presented you with the book—you have told me that she begged you to remember the conversation that had previously taken place—your brain was fevered with the broodings of your imagination, and your mind agitated with these recollections thus suddenly forced upon you in the stillness of the night—and when you insensibly fell asleep, you dreamed the dream that you fancied to be a waking vision. Even the word 'remember,' which you thought you heard from your mother's lips, and the fact of her uttering that word immediately before she died, leads me to no other conclusion. You had recalled that word to your memory that night. She, perhaps, was thinking of the time when she presented you with the volume, and at that very moment she drew her last breath. As to the dream which followed after you had lain yourself down in your hammock, that was but the sequel of the first. It was a remarkable coincidence, I repeat, nothing more."

Gerald was incredulous, but he did not reply, and the vicar continued his relation.

"Jemmy went on to tell me the nature of the dream that troubled his mind.

"I thought," said he, "I was sitting in the old boathouse, as usual; the sun was about setting, and the sea was all sparkling with gold and silver as it reflected his rays. Presently, while I was looking at the water and admiring the beauty of the scene, I seed a large ship suddenly bearin' down channel under all sail. She looked like a man-o'-war with all her canvas set. Her canvas was as white as snow, and her hull as clean and bright as if she'd just left the dockyard. While I was a-settin', wondering what ship she was, and how she came there, all of a sudden like—for I never seed her a-comin', she 'peared all at on'ct—and where she was bound, she threw her maintops'l aback, and a boat was lowered from her, and a crew got into the boat and pulled right for the shore, opposite the boathouse. I know'd then they was man-o'-war's men by the reg'lar sweep of the oars.

"The boat grounded on the shore, just byyonder where that yawl is a lyin', and the old man pointed to a yawl hauled up on the beach, high and dry, as he spoke; and the cox'sn', as I thought—for there didn't seem to be no other officer on board—sprang out on the beach, and came walking right up tow'rds me.

"As he came near, I seed as his toggery was all white and shinin'—such as a cox'n don't often wear—and says I to myself, "that's some officer in disguise—he can't blind an old hand like me—for you know, your reverence, I've often seen officers disguise themselves in seamen's toggery. Charley Paget, when on the South-sea station, often used to do so, at Valparaiso; but, I thinks, 'what can he be a wantin' with me?' When he got within a few yards of the boathouse, he put a bo'swin's whistle to his lips, and piped a reg'lar call. 'Hallo!' I shouts, out o' mere force o' habit.

"'Jemmy Milton, ahoy!' he sings out in return; 'your roll's called aboard yonder barky.'"

"By this time he'd got close up to the boathouse, and I saw his features was those of Bill Huntley, as used to be maintop-man aboard the Alert brig-o'-war when I was folk's'l-man. He and I were chums, and a man and a seaman every inch was Bill, and always serious and fond of talkin' of religious things. I wondered to see him actin' the guy in that fine toggery, and I was agoin' to tell him so, when upon lookin' closer at him, though his features was just like Bill's, he looked so young and spruce, that I thought I was mistaken, for Bill was an old man when I sailed with him, and this chap didn't look over twenty, and then, when he came near, the white jacket and trousers he wore, shone so bright, that I could hardly keep my eyes upon 'em they dazzled so.

"'Hillo! Jemmy Milton,' says he, 'don't you know your old shipmate, Bill Huntley?'

"'Then I know'd it was him; and I told him that I knew him afore, but thought I was mistaken on account of his fine clothes; for them, Bill,' says I, 'ain't such slops as a main-top-man, or even a coxs'n sports.'

"'Them's the garments,' says he, 'as every seaman aboard yonder bark wears, and your name's down on the roll call. You're shipped A. B., and must go right aboard.'

"'You'll tell an old chum first,' says I, 'where you're bound, and what's the name of the ship, and who the skipper is?'

"'To be sure, old shipmate,' says he. 'The ship's name is the Dreadnought, and the captain's name is Christian, and we're bound to Etarnity.'

"'I never heard of such a port as that,' says I, not knowin' 'xactly what he meant. 'Where's it laid down in the charts?'

"'It ain't laid down in no arthly chart,' says he, in reply. 'Our skipper guides us by the aid of a good conscience; and this here book,' says he, laying his hand on that 'dentical Bible—'this here book's our 'pitome of navigation. But,' says he, 'you must bear a hand aboard; the captain won't wait; he's hove aback a purpose for you, and sent me to fetch

you. I've been lookin' out for you a long time, Jemmy; ever since I shipped aboard the craft myself, and that's a year ago and more.'

"'Well,' says I, 'if so be as it must be so, I s'pose it must. What's the usage aboard?'

"'First rate,' says he. 'No purser's rations; no fatigue exercise. Watch and watch, and all friendship and kindness among both officers and men.'

"'I'm your man then,' says I, for something seemed to tell me as I must go. 'But what about my kit? I can't go aboard among such a smart ship's company as that in this here guise?'

"'You'll have shinin' garments sarved out when you get's aboard,' says he, 'and when you puts 'em on, you'll look as young as I do. We're all hale and hearty aboard yon craft.'

"I jumps up to go with him when I hears this, and wakes and finds that I'd got my legs out o' bed, and was sitting right straight up. I had to call Tommy Nelson to tuck me up in bed again. 'Now, your reverence, don't you think as there's a meanin' and a moral in that dream?'

"'The dream has no particular meaning,' said I. 'You had been listening yesterday to Molly reading some of those tracts I gave her, written for seamen, and had thought over them in your sleep, and mixed them up with some fanciful vagaries, that's all.'

"'For all that,' he replied, 'I think, sir, as it has both a meanin' and a moral.'

"'I b'lieve as its a summons to call me to t'other world. Howsomever, I thank you for listenin' to me so patiently, and p'r'aps you'll read me a chapter till Molly comes back?'

"I did as he desired, and having read, at his own request, the 107th Psalm, always a favorite chapter with the old man, I left him, as my sermon was only half written, and I was anxious to finish it.

"I had scarcely been an hour at home when Molly Nelson again called, bringing me the intelligence of Jemmy Milton's

death. It appeared that shortly after I left him, the girl returned, and he asked her again to read the chapter I had just read to him. When she had finished it, she asked him if she should read another; but receiving no reply, she raised her head and saw that he was sitting upright and stiff in his chair. She was frightened, and called to a fisherman who was near by, who, going into the boat-house, found the old man dead."

"It was a strange *presentiment* of death," said Gerald.

"Yes," replied the vicar, thoughtfully.

The day after this conversation took place, the will was read, and its requirements strictly complied with. To this day the old boat-house on Herrington beach is kept in good repair. At Christmas time six poor widows are still recipients of Jemmy Milton's *post-mortem* bounty; but the ancient messmates of old Jemmy, who for some years annually met to celebrate the anniversary of his death, have themselves all dropped into the grave, and the thousand pounds, the interest of which was annually expended for that purpose, has long since been divided amongst their widows and children.

Jemmy wished to be buried on the beach beneath the cliff, and had expressed this wish to the vicar, but the desire was overruled, the clergyman objecting to it because the sea beach was not consecrated ground. He lies in Herrington churchyard, and a plain head-stone alone marks the spot where lie interred the mortal remains of one of the kindest hearted and most single minded of God's creatures, for the old man had requested that no inscription, not even his name, should be carved upon his tomb-stone.

Peace to thy rest, good, kindly, honest Jemmy, and honor to thy memory. The evil that men do lives after them, so has written England's chiefest bard. If this be true indeed and if it be true also, that the good that men have done lies buried with their bones, then little *lives* of thee, even in the memory of those who knew thee best. But if oblivion does

not rest always, nor perhaps so often as the great bard supposed, over the sepulchres of honest men, whether they ranked them high amongst the world's dignitaries, or were humble and lowly, even as thou wert, then hast thou a living memory, there, where thou wert known and loved, and years will pass away, and years again, and still the widow's and the orphan's eye, whom thou befriended in thy life, shall drop the tear of kindly recollection o'er thy grave.

Gerald, shortly after this conversation, quitted Herrington, nor did he ever meet the worthy vicar again. Two years after old Jemmy Milton's death, Mr. Pearce was gathered to his fathers. He had lived a long and useful life and his death was lamented and felt to be a calamity by all the inhabitants of the parish whose spiritual welfare he had cared for so long and with such earnest zeal.

Dr. Knight, for aught I know, still lives; but if so, he must be a very aged man; may be, he has also passed into the grave and in him the poor have lost a friend who cannot be readily replaced.

Mr. Ashley still conducts the mission school at Colombo; but he has long since retired from the active duties of the school, his place being supplied by his second son Henry. Frederick Ashley has obtained the grade of full surgeon in the East India Company's service, and when last heard from was expecting to be appointed Superintendent of the Naval Hospital at Madras. Rumor also said that on the day that he received that appointment, he was to lead to the altar the accomplished daughter of a Madras judge, but this may be only an idle rumor. The younger children of Mr. Ashley, all girls, are growing up to be fine young women, and promise to be very pretty. So wrote Frederick to Gerald. If this be not a brother's partiality, and they really are pretty, they will not be long without eligible admirers in India. Mrs. Ashley, at last accounts was still living and in tolerably good health, although beginning to feel the infirmities of age.

Two years after George Craddock's marriage with Mary

Barton, he wrote to Gerald, from Calcutta. His father, he wrote, had just received the appointment of Resident at Bangalore, and he and his wife were going to remove thither with him. George furthermore wrote that it was not likely his father would ever leave India again, nor should he leave the country while his father lived.

Mr. Hoffmann lived to be a very old man. He attended the club regularly every evening until within a few weeks of his death. It is not thought that he ever sent a "venture abroad again, on speculation; but he often told the joke against himself about Gerald's bad luck. He was quite partial to repeating it, and thought it a most capital story, at which no one laughed more heartily than himself. But the old man has now been dead several years.

It was on the 21st of February, just twenty-four years, all but one day, since Gerald Dalton had opened his eyes to this world, amidst all the din and tumult of a New York celebration of the anniversary of Washington's birth-day that Gerald and Alice were seated by the fire in the parlor of their snug villa in New Hampshire. A fine little boy of three or four weeks old, only, was nestling on Alice's bosom. His mother looked delicate, but the bloom of health was returning to her cheek and her eyes sparkled with love and happiness as she gazed alternately at the infant in her arms and at her husband, whose arm encircled her waist.

"To-morrow is the anniversary of Washington's birth-day," said Gerald, after gazing for some moments abstractedly at the fire sparkling in the grate.

"And your birth-day, dear Gerald," said Alice.

"Yes, and suppose—since the boy *would* come into the world some weeks before his father's and Washington's birth-day—that we have him christened to-morrow, and call him George Washington Dalton. What do you think of that, for a name, Alice?"

"I like Gerald better," she replied, pressing her husband's hand.

"Then let it be Gerald Washington if you like."

"As you please," said Alice.

"Then it is settled, and I hope he'll turn out to be as good a man as his namesake."

"Which namesake, Washington or his father?" said Alice, smiling.

"As both his namesakes then, Madame sauce-box," replied Gerald. "I am glad to see the roses returning to your cheek, my love," he added, "for I really ought to go to Cuba; Alvero's last letter urged a speedy visit. If that offer to dispose of the Regla estate be an advantageous one, we would do well to accept it and close the bargain."

"Certainly," said Alice, "I hope our boy will not be such a wanderer as you—You wandered over half the world before we were married, and I think you have been wandering from home ever since."

"On business only, love," said Gerald, kissing the cheek of his wife, "I could always wish you to accompany me, but this time of course, it is impossible. But if we can sell our Cuban property, we can invest the money here to better advantage, and I shall not be so often called from home."

"Then I sincerely hope you will sell it," said Alice, earnestly, "I am content to remain here; but I like to have you always with me."

"And you do not wish again to return to England?"

"No, my husband's home is mine—Where he is there would I be also."

"You like America as well as England?" said Gerald.

"Better, dearest, I have known greater happiness since I have been here than I ever knew before."

"Then, Alice, I will go once again to Cuba, and manage to dispose of the estates, even if we have to suffer some little loss, and when I return, you shall never have occasion again to taunt me with being a wanderer from home and you."

More than ten years have elapsed since the birth of Gerald

and Alice Dalton's eldest boy—and six other children, boys and girls, all now living, all healthy and hearty have blessed their union. The Cuban property was sold, and the proceeds of the sale invested in American securities, from which, together with the rent from the Ohio property, and the interest of the legacy bequeathed by Jemmy Milton, Gerald enjoys an ample income. He is devoted to farming, and has introduced several improvements in agriculture which his neighbors have followed with success. Once, since he sold the Cuban estates, he has been again to Europe—and then Alice and the oldest boy accompanied him in his tour on the continent; but, he has now settled down for life—so he says—and has resolved to make his own homestead, or at the furthest, his own country—the boundary of his wanderings.

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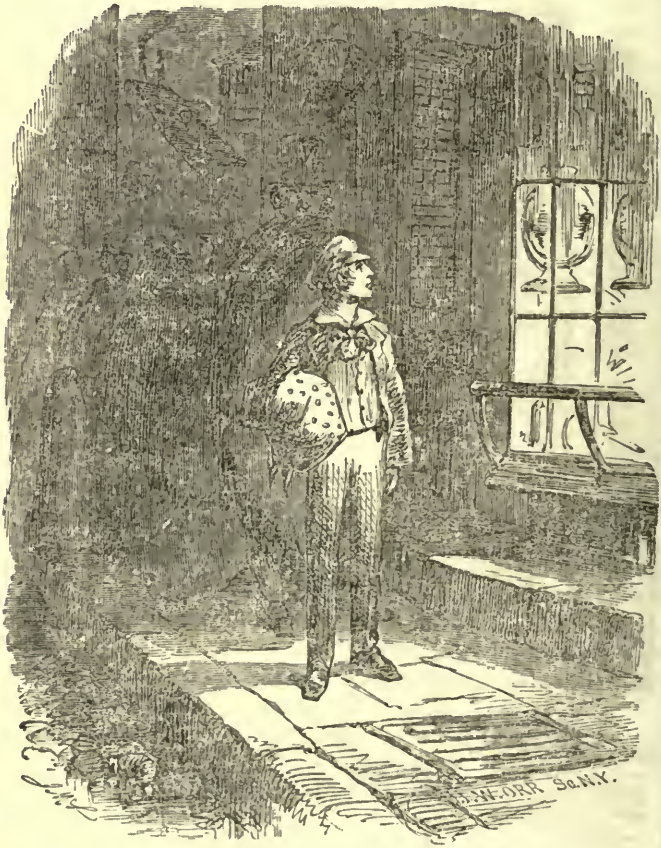

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